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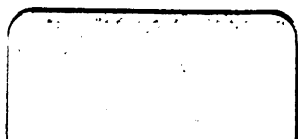
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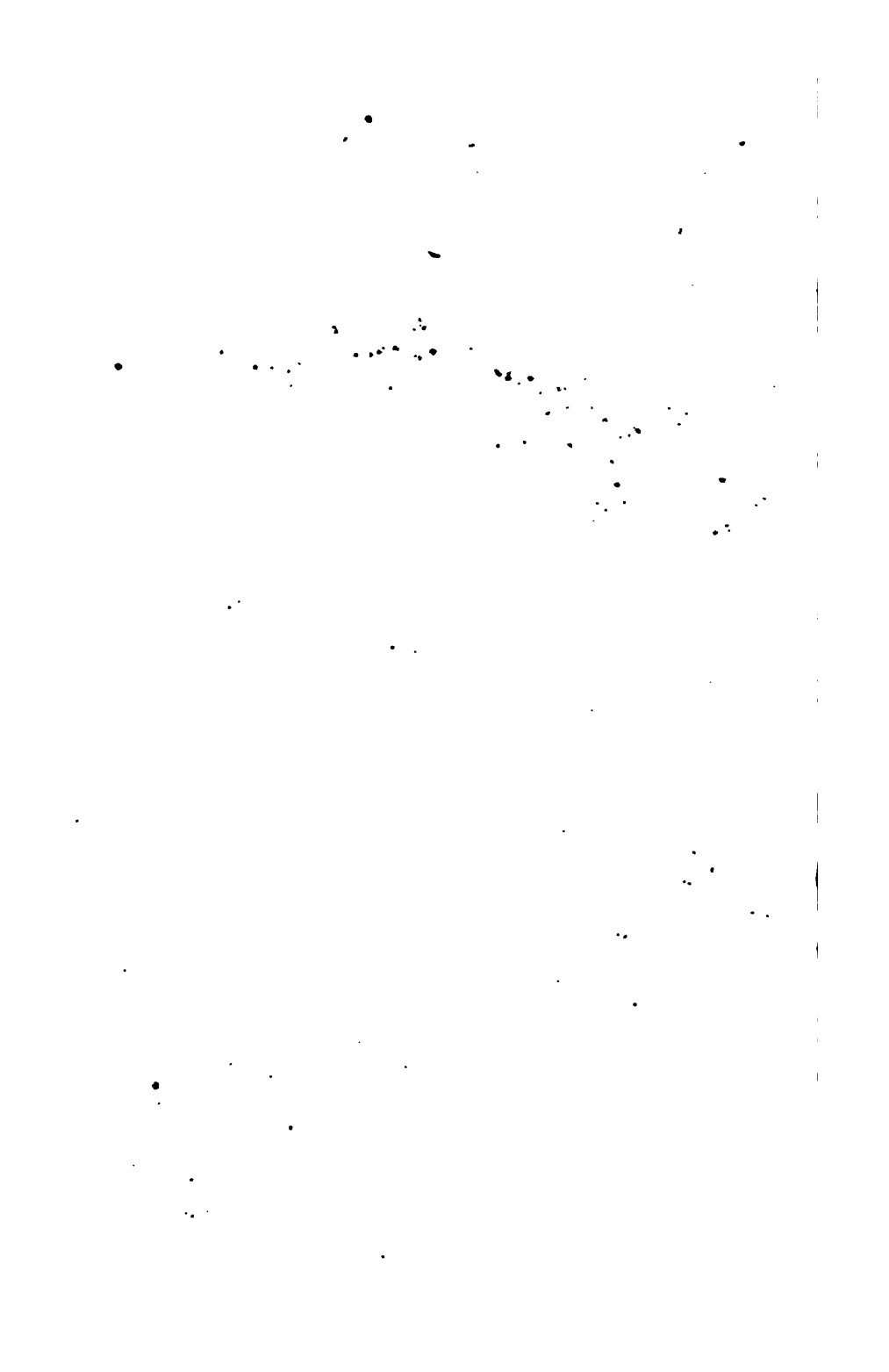
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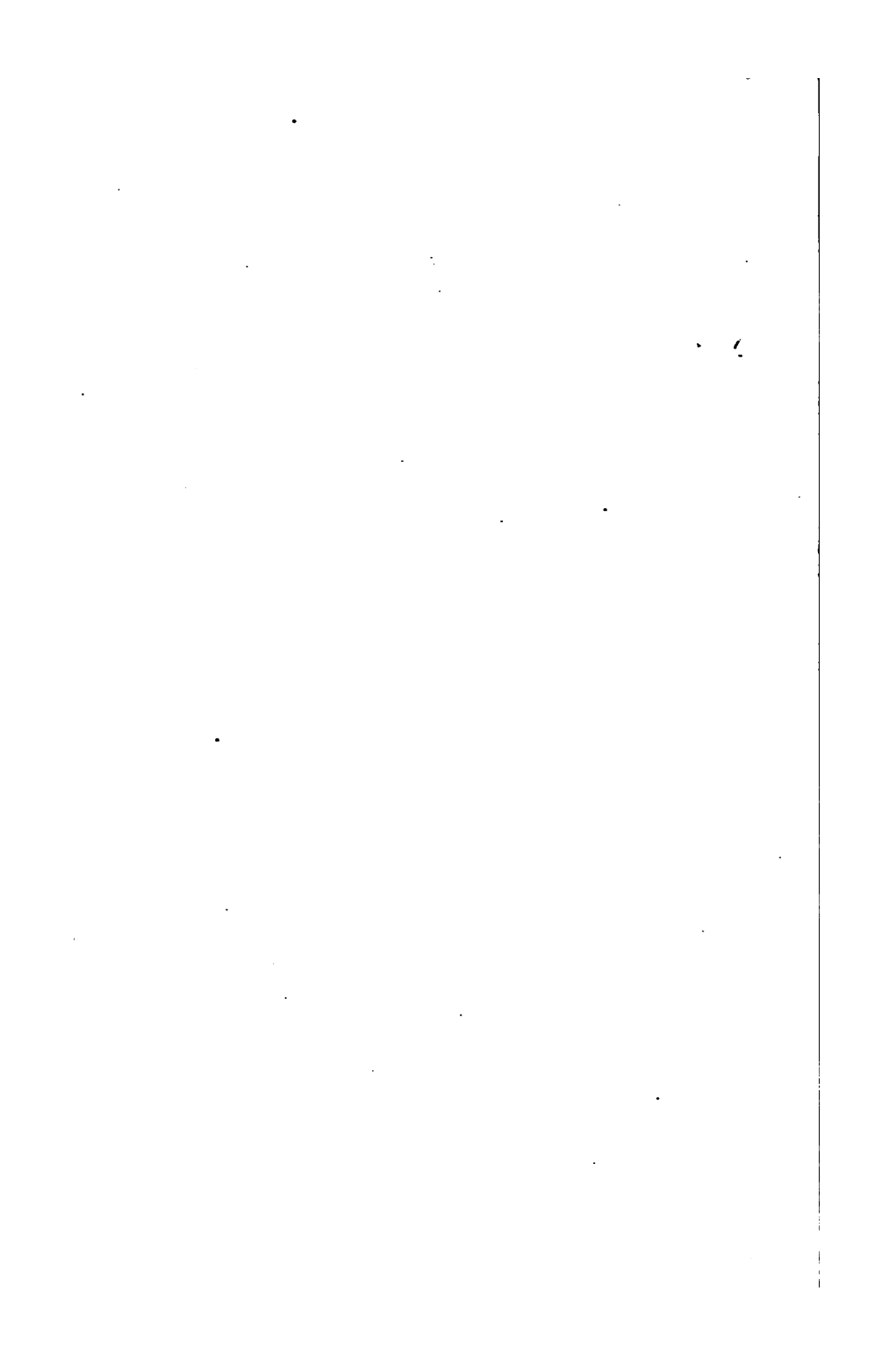




GRADUATED EXERCISES

FOR

TRANSLATION INTO GERMAN.



GRADUATED EXERCISES
FOR
TRANSLATION INTO GERMAN.

CONSISTING OF
EXTRACTS FROM THE BEST ENGLISH AUTHORS
ARRANGED PROGRESSIVELY;

WITH
AN APPENDIX CONTAINING
IDIOMATIC NOTES.

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PREFACE.

IN these days of school-book manufacture it is rare that an author is able to come before the public and announce the production of a work whose plan or purpose is entirely new: yet the compiler of this little book believes it to be, for the Student of German, the first of its kind. The great want of a carefully graduated series of Exercises for translation into German, consisting of pieces chosen from Standard English authors, has often been felt by teachers of German in this country.

More than four years ago the author began to make extracts from the most celebrated English authors and to translate them into German with the view of arranging them afterwards into a series of Graduated Exercises, thinking that a cursory perusal or oral translation of a piece was not alone sufficient to determine its difficulty.

After translating every extract carefully, and marking those idiomatic expressions which did not admit of a literal translation, a still more laborious task had to be performed, viz. to ascertain whether an ordinary dictionary gave the words required to form a correct version of the various passages.

It having been found that above five thousand of the words and phrases employed in these extracts were not given in any of our School dictionaries, it was determined to make the proportion in which such words and phrases occurred in any piece the criterion of its difficulty to an average English student.

On this principle the extracts were divided into three parts, the first containing not more than ten such words and phrases to the page; the second part not more than eighteen; and the third comprising the more difficult selections.

In arranging the extracts in each part it was thought desirable to aim only at securing as much variety of style as possible in the consecutive pieces.

The extracts are of sufficient length to give the student an opportunity of observing the style of the respective writers and of comparing it with the German Idiom. There are some writers whom it was desirable to include, but from whose works it was not easy to select a characteristic passage sufficiently short for the purpose. In these cases, the greater length of the extract has been a practical necessity, and will not, it is hoped, be found inconvenient.

The First Part is the longest, and forms one-half of the entire collection, as it is expected to be the most used.

Parts II and III contain each about fifty pages less than its preceding part. Each part is sufficient to give employment to a Class for about four successive classes of learners. The practical teacher will appreciate the advantage of being able to use a book for four consecutive years without being obliged to give the same piece twice over during that period.

The notes given in a separate part at the end of the book have been made as short as possible. They do not contain anything that a student may find in a good dictionary. Wherever a difficult passage presented itself, of which it was convenient to give another version in English, more suited for literal translation into German, this course has been preferred, on the ground that it furnishes a better exercise for the student than the mere copying of the words of a German phrase.

The hints for translation, to which the reader is sometimes referred, are added to the notes, and contain such rules as are not generally found in an ordinary Grammar. It will be seen that these hints occur in Part I more often at the beginning of each set of forty pages. This quantity was estimated to be the task of about a year, and it was thought desirable to repeat the rules more frequently at the beginning of the year than during the latter part, when the student might fairly be expected to know them.

Notwithstanding the great labour and care which the author has employed in collecting, translating, revising and annotating these Graduated Exercises, he will not be surprised if some errors have escaped him. He will feel grateful to anyone who will point out to him such errors and make any suggestions whereby the book may be improved in future editions.

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GRADUATED EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION INTO GERMAN.

Part I.

THE MONKEY AND THE TWO CATS.

Two cats, having stolen some cheese, could not agree about dividing their prize. In order, therefore, to settle the dispute they consented to refer the matter to a monkey. The proposed arbitrator very readily accepted the office, and, producing a balance, put a part into each scale. — “Let me see,” said he, “ay! this lump outweighs the other;” and immediately he bit off a considerable piece in order to reduce it, he observed, to an equilibrium. The opposite scale was now become the heaviest; which afforded our conscientious judge an additional reason for a second mouthful. — “Hold! hold!” said the two cats, who began to be alarmed for the event, “give us our respective shares, and we are satisfied.” — “If you are satisfied,” returned the monkey, “justice is not; a case of this intricate nature is by no means so soon determined.” Upon which he continued to nibble first at one piece and then the other, till the poor cats, seeing their cheese gradually diminishing, entreated him to give himself no farther trouble, but deliver to them what remained. — “Not so fast, I beseech you, friends,” replied the monkey; “we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you: what remains is due to me in right of my office.” Upon which he crammed the whole into his mouth, and with great gravity dismissed the court.

Dodsley.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

"When Alexandria was taken by the Mahometans, Amrus, their commander, found there Philoponus, whose conversation highly pleased him, as Amrus was a lover of letters, and Philoponus a learned man. On a certain day Philoponus said to him: 'You have visited all the repositories or public warehouses in Alexandria, and you have sealed up things of every sort that are found there. As to those things that may be useful to you, I presume to say nothing; but as to things of no service to you, some of them perhaps may be more suitable to me.' Amrus said to him: 'And what is it you want?' 'The philosophical books (replied he) preserved in the royal libraries.' 'This (said Amrus) is a request upon which I cannot decide. You desire a thing where I can issue no orders till I have leave from Omar, the commander of the faithful.' — Letters were accordingly written to Omar, informing him of what Philoponus had said; and an answer was returned by Omar, to the following purport: 'As to the books of which you have made mention, if there be contained in them what accords with the book of God (meaning the Alcoran) there is without them, in the book of God, all that is sufficient. But if there be any thing in them repugnant to that book, we in no respect want them. Order them therefore to be all destroyed.' Amrus upon this ordered them to be dispersed through the baths of Alexandria, and to be there burnt in making the baths warm. After this manner, in the space of six months, they were all consumed."

The historian, having related the story, adds from his own feelings, "Hear what was done, and wonder!"

Thus ended this noble library; and thus began, if it did not begin sooner, the age of barbarity and ignorance.

Harris.

THE OCCUPATIONS OF ALEXANDER SEVERUS.

The simple journal of his ordinary occupations exhibits a pleasing picture of an accomplished emperor, and, with some allowance for the difference of manners, might well deserve the imitation of modern princes. Alexander rose early; the first moments of the day were consecrated to private devotion, and his domestic chapel was filled with the images of those heroes who, by improving or reforming human life, had deserved the grateful reverence of posterity. But, as he deemed the service of mankind the most acceptable worship of the gods, the greatest part of his morning hours was employed in his council, where he discussed public affairs, and determined private causes, with a patience and discretion above his years. The dryness of business was relieved by the charms of literature; and a portion of time was always set apart for his favourite studies of poetry, history, and philosophy. The works of Virgil and Horace, the republics of Plato and Cicero, formed his taste, enlarged his understanding, and gave him the noblest ideas of men and government. The exercises of the body succeeded to those of the mind; and Alexander, who was tall, active, and robust, surpassed most of his equals in the gymnastic arts. Refreshed by the use of the bath, and a slight dinner, he resumed, with new vigour, the business of the day; and, till the hour of supper, the principal meal of the Romans, he was attended by his secretaries, with whom he read and answered the multitude of letters, memorials, and petitions, that must have been addressed to the master of the greatest part of the world. His table was served with the most frugal simplicity; and, whenever he was at liberty to consult his own inclination, the company consisted of a few select friends, men of learning and virtue, amongst whom Ulpian was constantly invited. Their conversation was familiar and instructive; and the pauses were occasionally enlivened by the recital of some pleasing

composition, which supplied the place of the dancers, comedians, and even gladiators, so frequently summoned to the tables of the rich and luxurious Romans. The dress of Alexander was plain and modest, his demeanour courteous and affable: at the proper hours his palace was opened to all his subjects, but the voice of a crier was heard, as in the Eleusinian mysteries, pronouncing the same salutary admonitions: "Let none enter these holy walls, unless he is conscious of a pure and innocent mind."

Gibbon.

THE STORY OF INKLE AND YARICO.

Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, in the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and, consequently, giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passion, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went on shore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired

and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the American, the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of the European. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and, consequently, solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she came every day in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and beads. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses without being exposed to wind or weather.

All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she

made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many day's interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant.

Steele.

THE WHISTLE.

When I was a child of seven years of age, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I saw on the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for it. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation, and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle;" and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for their whistle.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favours, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, I have said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle."

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect: "He pays, indeed," said I, "too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth: "Poor man," said I, "you do indeed pay too much for your whistle."

If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison: "Alas," said I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

In short, I conceived that a great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

Franklin.

THE CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society; formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in council; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity: generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are seldom found together, strength and elegance: Cicero ranks him among the

greatest orators that Rome ever bred; and Quintilian says that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he published addressed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning, wheresoever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself; rightly judging, that by making such men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition, and love of pleasure; which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess; yet the first was always predominant; to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers, when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth; so that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say, that there were two things necessary to acquire and to support power, — soldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other; with money therefore he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; sparing neither prince, nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons, who were known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome; but, disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest,

till he made himself a monarch. In acting this last part his usual prudence seemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it; and as men shorten life by living too fast, so, by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

Middleton.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division. As I was ruminating upon this, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds. There was a certain lady, of a thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective

burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me. There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion. Upon this occasion I observed one bringing in a fardel, very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap, at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties. I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaden with his crimes; but, upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance. When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying-glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at li-

berty to exchange his affliction, and return to his habitation with any such bundle as should be allotted to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. A poor galley-slave who had thrown down his chains took up the gout instead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, — for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain. I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, than he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for, as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a pair of thick bandy legs and two long trap-sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans, and lamentations.

Jupiter at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious, but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows than, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

Addison.

THE DEAD ASS.

"And this," said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet; — "and this should have been thy portion," said he, "hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me." I thought by the accent, it had been addressed to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to

lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature. The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with an ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time, then laid them down, looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it, held it some time in his hand, then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle, looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made, and then gave a sigh. The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home. It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go, in gratitude, to St. Iago in Spain. When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay nature his tribute, and wept bitterly. He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey; that it had ate the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern; La Fleur offered him money. The mourner said he did not want it; it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured loved him; and upon this, he told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the

Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass; and that they had scarce either ate or drank till they met. "Thou hast one comfort, at least," said I, "in the loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him." "Alas!" said the mourner, "I thought so when he was alive; but now that he is dead I think otherwise; I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him; they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for." "Shame on the world!" said I to myself. "Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass, 'twould be something."

Sterne.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S PILGRIMAGE.

Nothing could be more easy and agreeable than my condition when I was first summoned to set out on the road to learning, and it was not without letting fall a few ominous tears that I took the first step. Several companions of my own age accompanied me in the outset, and we travelled pleasantly together a good part of the way. We had no sooner entered upon our path, than we were accosted by three diminutive strangers. These we presently discovered to be the advance-guard of a Lilliputian army, which was seen advancing towards us in battle array. Their forms were singularly grotesque: some were striding across the path, others standing with their arms a-kimbo; some hanging down their heads, others quite erect; some standing on one leg, others on two; and one, strange to say, on three; another had his arms crossed, and one was remarkably crooked; some were very slender, and others as broad as they were long. But, notwithstanding this diversity of figure, when they were all marshalled in line of battle, they had a very orderly and regular appearance. Feeling disconcerted by their numbers, we were presently for sounding a retreat; but, being urged forward

by our guide, we soon mastered the three who led the van, and this gave us spirit to encounter the main army, who were conquered to a man before we left the field. We had scarcely taken breath after this victory, when, to our no small dismay, we descried a strong reinforcement of the enemy stationed on the opposite side. These were exactly equal in number to the former army, but vastly superior in size and stature; they were, in fact, a race of giants, though of the same species with the others, and were capitally accounted for the onset. Their appearance discouraged us greatly at first, but we found their strength was not proportioned to their size; and, having acquired much skill and courage by the late engagement, we soon succeeded in subduing them, and passed off the field in triumph. After this we were perpetually engaged with small bands of the enemy, no longer extended in line of battle, but in small detachments of two, three, and four in company. We had some tough work here, and now and then they were too many for us. Having annoyed us thus for a time, they began to form themselves into close columns, six or eight abreast; but we had now attained so much address, that we no longer found them formidable.

After continuing this route for a considerable way, the face of the country suddenly changed, and we began to enter upon a vast succession of snowy plains, where we were each furnished with a certain light weapon, peculiar to the country, which we flourished continually, and with which we made many light strokes, and some desperate ones. The waters hereabouts were dark and brackish, and the snowy surface of the plain was often defaced by them. Probably, we were now on the borders of the Black Sea. These plains we travelled across and across for many a day.

Upon quitting this district, the country became far more dreary: it appeared nothing but a dry and sterile region, the soil being remarkably hard and slaty. Here we saw many curious figures, and we soon found that the inhabitants of this desert were mere ciphers. Some-

times they appeared in vast numbers, but only to be again suddenly diminished.

Our road, after this, wound through a rugged and hilly country, which was divided into nine principal parts or districts, each under a different governor; and these again were reduced into endless subdivisions. Some of them we were obliged to decline. It was not a little puzzling to perceive the intricate ramifications of the paths in these parts. Here the natives spoke several dialects, which rendered our intercourse with them very perplexing. However, it must be confessed that every step we set in this country was less fatiguing and more interesting. Our course at first lay all up hill; but when we had proceeded to a certain height, the distant country, which is most richly variegated, opened freely to our view.

I do not mean at present to describe that country, or the different stages by which we advanced through its scenery. Suffice it to say, that the journey, though always arduous, has become more and more pleasant every stage; and though, after years of travel and labour, we are still very far from the Temple of Learning, yet we have found on the way more than enough to make us thankful to the kindness of the friends who first set us on the path, and to induce us to go forward courageously and rejoicingly to the end of the journey.

Jane Taylor.

THE SADDLER'S PET RAT.

I knew a worthy whipmaker who worked hard at his trade to support a large family. He had prepared a number of strips of leather, by well oiling and greasing them. These he carefully laid by in a box, but strange to say, they disappeared one by one: nobody knew anything about them, nobody had touched them.

However, one day as he was sitting at work in his shop, a large black rat, of the original British kind, slyly poked his head out of a hole in the corner of

the room, and coolly took a look about the place. Seeing all quiet, out he came, and ran straight to the box in which were kept the favorite leather strips. In he dived, and quickly reappeared, carrying in his mouth the most dainty morsel he could find. Off he ran to his hole, and vanished.

Having thus found out the thief, the saddler determined to catch him. He accordingly propped up a sieve with a stick, and put a bait underneath. In a few minutes out came the rat again, smelling the inviting toasted cheese, and forthwith attacked it. The moment he began nibbling at the bait, down came the sieve, and he became a prisoner. "Now," thought he, "my life depends upon my behaviour when this horrid sieve is lifted up by that two-legged monster with the apron. He has a tolerably good-natured face, and I don't think he wants to kill me. I know what to do."

The whipmaker at length lifted up the sieve, being armed with a stick ready to kill Mr Rat. when he rushed out. What was his astonishment on seeing that he remained perfectly still. After a few moments, he walked quietly up the whipmaker's arm, and looked up in his face, as much as to say, "I am a poor innocent rat, and if your wife will lock up all the good things in the cupboard, why, I must eat your nice thongs. Rats must live as well as whipmakers."

The man then said, "Tom, I was going to kill you, but now I won't; let us be friends. I'll give you some bread and butter every day if you will not take my thongs and wax, and leave the shopman's breakfast alone. But I am afraid you will come out once too often — there are lots of dogs and cats about who won't be so civil to you."

He then put him down, and Mr. Rat leisurely retired to his hole. For a long time afterwards he found his breakfast regularly placed for him at the mouth of his hole; in return for which he, as in duty bound, became quite tame, running about the shop, and inquisitively turning over everything on the bench at which his pro-

tector was at work. He would even accompany him into the stables, when he went to feed the pony; and pick up the corn as it fell from the manger, keeping, however, a respectful distance from the pony's legs. His chief delight was to bask on the warm window-sill, in the mid-day sun.

This comfortable but unfortunate habit proved his destruction, for one very hot day as he lay taking his nap, the dog belonging to the bird-shop opposite spied him afar off and instantly dashed at him through the window. The poor rat, who was asleep at the time, awoke, alas! too late to save his life. The dog caught him, and took him into the road, where a few sharp squeezes and shakings soon finished him.

The fatal deed being done, the murderous dog left his bleeding victim in the dusty road, and, with ears and tail erect, walked away quite proud of his performance.

Buckland.

INCIDENT DURING THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

John Hayward was at that time under-sexton of the parish of St Stephen, Coleman Street; by under-sexton was understood at that time grave-digger and bearer of the dead. This man carried, or assisted to carry, all the dead to their graves which were buried in that large parish, and who were carried in form; and after that form of burying was stopped, went with the dead-cart and the bell, to fetch the dead bodies from the houses where they lay, and fetched many of them out of the chambers and houses; for the parish was, and is, still remarkable, particularly, above all the parishes in London, for a great number of alleys and thorough-fares, very long, into which no carts could come, and where they were obliged to go and fetch the bodies a very long way, which alleys now remain to witness it; such as White's Alley, Cross Keys Court, Swan Alley, Bell Alley, White Horse Alley, and many more. Here they went with a kind of handbarrow, and laid the

dead bodies on, and carried them out to the carts; which work he performed, and never had the distemper at all, but lived about twenty years after it, and was sexton of the parish to the time of his death. His wife at the same time was a nurse to infected people, and tended many that died in the parish, being for her honesty recommended by the parish-officers; yet she never was infected either.

He never used any preservative against the infection other than holding garlic and rue in his mouth, and smoking tobacco; this I also had from his own mouth; and his wife's remedy was washing her head in vinegar, and sprinkling her head-clothes so with vinegar as to keep them always moist; and if the smell of any of those she waited on was more than ordinary offensive, she snuffed vinegar up her nose, and sprinkled vinegar upon her head-clothes, and held a handkerchief wetted with vinegar to her mouth.

It must be confessed, that, though the plague was chiefly among the poor, yet were the poor the most venturous and fearless of it, and went about their employment with a sort of brutal courage. I must call it so, for it was founded neither on religion or prudence; scarce did they use any caution, but run into any business which they could get any employment in, though it was the most hazardous; such was that of tending the sick, watching houses shut up, carrying infected persons to the pest-house, and, which was still worse, carrying the dead away to their graves.

It was under this John Hayward's care, and within his bounds, that the story of the piper, with which much people have made themselves so merry, happened, and he assured me that it was true. It is said that it was a blind piper; but, as John told me, the fellow was not blind, but an ignorant, weak, poor man, and usually went his rounds about ten o'clock at night, and went piping along from door to door, and the people usually took him in at public-houses where they knew him, and would give him drink and victuals, and sometimes farthings; and he in return would pipe and sing,

and talk simply, which diverted the people, and thus he lived. It was but a very bad time for this diversion, while things were as I have told, yet the poor fellow went about as usual, but was almost starved; and when anybody asked how he did, he would answer, the dead-cart had not taken him yet, but that they had promised to call for him next week.

It happened one night that this poor fellow, whether somebody had given him too much drink or no (John Hayward said he had not drink in his house, but that they had given him a little more victuals than ordinary at a public-house in Coleman-Street), and the poor fellow having not usually had a bellyful, or, perhaps, not a good while, was laid all along upon the top of a bulk, or stall, and fast asleep at a door, in the street near London-wall, towards Cripplegate, and that, upon the same bulk or stall, the people of some house, in the alley of which the house was a corner, hearing a bell, which they always rung before the cart came, had laid a body really dead of the plague just by him, thinking too that this poor fellow had been a dead body as the other was, and laid there by some of the neighbours.

Accordingly, when John Hayward with his bell and the cart came along, finding two dead bodies lie upon the stall, they took them up with the instrument they used, and threw them into the cart; and all this while the piper slept soundly.

From hence they passed along, and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart, yet all this while he slept soundly; at length the cart came to the place where the bodies were to be thrown into the ground, which, as I do remember, was at Mountmill; and as the cart usually stopt some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it, as soon as the cart stopped, the fellow awaked, and struggled a little to get his head out from among the dead bodies, when, raising himself up in the cart, he called out, Hey, where am I? This frightened the

fellow that attended about the work, but, after some pause, John Hayward, recovering himself, said, Lord bless us! there's somebody in the cart not quite dead. So another called to him, and said, Who are you? The fellow answered, I am the poor piper: Where am I? Where are you? says Hayward; why, you are in the dead-cart, and we are going to bury you. But I an't dead though, am I? says the piper; which made them laugh a little, though, as John said, they were heartily frightened at first: so they helped the poor fellow down, and he went about his business.

I know the story goes, he set up his pipes in the cart, and frighted the bearers and others, so that they ran away; but John Hayward did not tell the story so, nor say anything of his piping at all; but that he was a poor piper, and that he was carried away as above, I am fully satisfied of the truth of.

Defoe.

EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary passed into the hall, where was erected a scaffold covered with black; and she saw, with an undismayed countenance, the two executioners, and all the preparations of death. The room was crowded with spectators, and no one was so steeled against all sentiments of humanity as not to be moved when he reflected on her royal dignity, considered the surprising train of her misfortunes, beheld her mild but inflexible constancy, recalled her amiable accomplishments, or surveyed her beauty, which, though faded by years, and yet more by her afflictions, still discovered themselves in this fatal moment. Here the warrant for her execution was read to her; and during this ceremony she was silent, but showed, in her behaviour, an indifference, and unconcern, as if the business had no-wise regarded her. Before the executioners performed their office, the Dean of Peterborough stepped forth; and, though the queen frequently told him that he

needed not concern himself about her, that she was settled in the ancient Catholic and Roman religion, and that she meant to lay down her life in defence of that faith, he still thought it his duty to persist in his lectures and exhortations, and to endeavour her conversion.

During this discourse the queen could not forbear sometimes betraying her impatience, by interrupting the preacher; and the dean, finding that he had profited nothing by his lecture, at last bid her change her opinion, repent of her former wickedness, and settle her faith upon this ground, that only in Christ Jesus could she hope to be saved. She answered, again and again, with great earnestness: "Trouble not yourself any more about the matter; for I was born in this religion, I have lived in this religion, and in this religion I am resolved to die." Even the two earls perceived that it was fruitless to harass her any further with theological disputes; and they ordered the dean to desist from his unseasonable exhortations, and to pray for her conversion. During the dean's prayer she employed herself in private devotion from the office of the Virgin; and after he finished, she pronounced aloud some petitions in English for the afflicted Church, for an end of her own troubles, for her son, and for Queen Elizabeth; and prayed God that princess might long prosper and be employed in His service. The Earl of Kent observing that in her devotions she made frequent use of the crucifix, could not forbear reproving her for her attachment to that Popish trumpery, as he termed it; and he exhorted her to have Christ in her heart and not in her hand. She replied with presence of mind, that it was difficult to hold such an object in her hand without feeling her heart touched with some compunction.

She now began with the aid of her two women to disrobe herself; and the executioner also lent his hand to assist them. She smiled, and said, that she was not accustomed to undress herself before so large a company, nor to be served by such valets. Her servants,

seeing her in this condition, ready to lay her head upon the block, burst into tears and lamentations; she turned about to them, put her finger upon her lips, as a sign of imposing silence upon them; and, having given them her blessing, desired them to pray for her. One of her maids, whom she appointed for that purpose, covered her eyes with a handkerchief; she laid herself down, without any sign of fear or trepidation; and her head was severed from her body at two strokes by the executioner. He instantly held it up to the spectators, streaming with blood and agitated with the convulsions of death. The Dean of Peterborough alone exclaimed, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies." The Earl of Kent alone replied, "Amen." The attention of all the other spectators was fixed on the melancholy scene before them; and zeal and flattery alike gave place to present pity and admiration of the expiring princess.

Thus died, in the forty-fifth year of her age, and the nineteenth of her captivity in England, Mary Queen of Scots, a princess of great accomplishments both of body and mind, natural as well as acquired; but unfortunate in her life, and during one period very unhappy in her conduct. The beauties of her person, and graces of her air, combined to make her the most amiable of women; and the charms of her address and conversation aided the impression which her lovely figure made on the hearts of all beholders. Ambitious and active in her temper, yet inclined to cheerfulness and society; of a lofty spirit, constant and even vehement in her purpose, yet polite, and gentle, and affable in her demeanour; she seemed to partake only so much of the male virtues as to render her estimable, without relinquishing those soft graces which compose the proper ornaments of her sex. In order to form a just idea of her character, we must set aside one part of her conduct, while she abandoned herself to the guidance of a profligate man; and must consider these faults, whether we admit them to be imprudences or crimes, as the result of an inexplicable, though not uncommon,

inconstancy in the human mind, of the frailty of our nature, of the violence of passion, and of the influence which situations, and sometimes momentary incidents, have on persons whose principles are not thoroughly confirmed by experience and reflection. Enraged by the ungrateful conduct of her husband, seduced by the treacherous counsels of one in whom she reposed confidence, transported by the violence of her own temper, which never lay under the guidance of discretion, she was betrayed into actions which may, with some difficulty, be accounted for, but which admit of no apology, not even of alleviation. An enumeration of her qualities might carry the appearance of a panegyric; an account of her conduct must, in some parts, wear the aspect of a severe satire and invective.

Hume.

RODERICK RANDOM'S PROGRESS AT SCHOOL.

I was sent to a school at a village hard by, of which my grandfather had been dictator time out of mind; but as he neither paid for my board nor supplied me with clothes, books, and other necessaries I required, my condition was very ragged and contemptible; and the schoolmaster, who, through fear of my grandfather, taught me *gratis*, gave himself no concern about the progress I made under his instruction. In spite of all these difficulties and disgraces, I became a good proficient in the Latin tongue; and as soon as I could write tolerably, pestered my grandfather with letters to such a degree, that he sent for my master and chid him severely for bestowing such pains on my education, telling him that if ever I should be brought to the gallows for forgery, which he had taught me to commit, my blood would lie on his head. The pedant, who dreaded nothing more than the displeasure of his patron, assured his honour that the boy's ability was more owing to his own genius and application than to any instruction or encouragement he received; that, although he could not divest him of the knowledge he had already

imbibed, unless he would empower him to disable his fingers, he should endeavour, with God's help, to prevent his future improvement. And, indeed, he punctually performed what he had undertaken, for, on pretence that I had writ impertinent letters to my grandfather, he caused a board to be made with five-holes in it, through which he thrust the fingers and thumb of my right hand, and fastened it with whip-cord to my wrist in such a manner as effectually debarred me the use of my pen. But this restraint I was freed from in a few days by an accident which happened in a quarrel between me and another boy, who, taking upon him to insult my poverty, I was so incensed at his ungenerous reproach, that with one stroke of my machine I cut him to the skull, to the great terror of myself and school-fellows, who left him bleeding on the ground, and ran to inform the master of what had happened. I was so severely punished for this trespass that, were I to live to the age of Methusalem, the impression it made on me would not be effaced, no more than the antipathy and horror I conceived for the merciless tyrant who inflicted it. The contempt which my appearance naturally produced in all who saw me, the continual wants to which I was exposed, and my own haughty disposition, impatient of affronts, involved me in a thousand troublesome adventures, by which I was at length inured to adversity, and emboldened to undertakings far above my years. I was often inhumanly scourged for crimes I did not commit, because, having the character of a vagabond in the village, every piece of mischief whose author lay unknown, was charged upon me. I have been found guilty of robbing orchards I never entered, of killing cats I never hurt, of stealing gingerbread I never touched, and of abusing old women I never saw. Nay, a stammering carpenter had eloquence enough to persuade my master that I fired a pistol loaded with small-shot into his window, though my landlady and the whole family bore witness that I was a-bed fast asleep at the time when this outrage was committed. I was once flogged for having

narrowly escaped drowning by the sinking of a ferry-boat in which I was a passenger; another time for having recovered of a bruise occasioned by a horse and cart running over me; a third time for being bit by a baker's dog. In short, whether I was guilty or unfortunate, the correction and sympathy of this arbitrary pedagogue were the same. Far from being subdued by this cruel usage, my indignation triumphed over that slavish awe which had hitherto enforced my obedience; and the more my years and knowledge increased, the more I perceived the injustice and barbarity of his behaviour. By the help of an uncommon genius, and the advice and direction of our usher, who had served my father in his travels, I made a surprising progress in the classics, writing, and arithmetic; so that, before I was twelve years old, I was allowed by everybody to be the best scholar in the school.

Smollett.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES I.

In the character of Charles, as represented by his panegyrists, we find the qualities of temperance, chastity, regularity, piety, equity, humanity, dignity, condescension, and equanimity; some have gone so far as to allow him integrity, and many writers who condemn his political principles give him the title of a moral man. In the comparison of this representation with Charles's conduct, accurately and justly described, it is discernible that vices of the worst tendency, when shaded by a plausible and formal carriage, when concordant to the interests of a faction, and the prejudices of the vulgar, assume the appearances of, and are imposed on the credulous world, as virtues of the first rank.

Passion for power was Charles's predominant vice, idolatry to his regal prerogatives, his governing principle. The interests of the crown legitimated every measure, and sanctified, in his eye, the widest deviation from moral rule.

Neither gratitude, clemency, humanity, equity, nor generosity, have place in the fair part of Charles's character; of the virtues of temperance, fortitude, and personal bravery he was undeniably possessed. His manners partook of dissipation, and his conversation of the indecency of a court. His chastity has been called in question, by an author of the highest repute; and were it allowed, it was tainted by an excess of uxoriousness, which gave it the properties and the consequences of vice. The want of integrity is manifest in every part of his conduct; which, whether the corruption of his judgment or heart, lost him fair opportunities of reinstatement on the throne, and was the vice for which above all others he paid the tribute of his life. His intellectual powers were naturally good, and so improved by a continual exercise, that though in the beginning of his reign he spoke with difficulty and hesitation, towards the close of his life he discovered in his writings purity of language and dignity of style; in his debates, elocution, and quickness of perception. The high opinion he entertained of regal dignity occasioned him to observe a stateliness and imperiousness in his manner; which, to the rational and intelligent, was unamiable and offensive; by the weak and formal it was mistaken for dignity.

In the exercise of horsemanship he excelled; had a good taste, and even skill, in several of the polite arts; but though a proficient in some branches of literature, was no encourager of useful learning, and only patronized adepts in jargon of the divine right, and utility of kings and bishops. His understanding in this point was so depraved by the prejudices of his education, the flattery of priests, and the affections of his heart, that he would never endure conversation which tended to inculcate the principles of equal right in men; and notwithstanding that the particularity of his situation enforced his attention to doctrines of this kind, he went out of the world with the same fond prejudices with which he had been fostered in his nursery, and cajoled in the zenith of his power.

Charles was of a middle stature, his body strong, healthy, and justly proportioned; and his aspect melancholy, yet not unpleasing. His surviving issue were three sons and three daughters. He was executed in the 49th year of his-age, and buried, by the appointment of the parliament, at Windsor, decently, yet without pomp.

Macaulay.

THE VULTURE AND HIS CHILDREN.

"My children," said an old vulture to his young ones, "you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your eyes: you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowls, you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food. I have often regaled you with the flesh of man."—"Tell us," said the young vultures, "where man may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture. Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest?"—"He is too bulky," said the vulture; "when we find a man we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground."—"Since man is so big," said the young ones, "how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear; by what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenceless than a sheep?"—"We have not the strength of man," returned the vulture, "and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtlety; and the vultures would seldom feast upon his flesh, had not nature, that devoted him to our uses, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise, and see fire, with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying

one another; you will then find the ground smoking with blood, and covered with carcasses, of which many are dismembered and mangled for the convenience of the vulture."—"But when men have killed their prey," said the pupil, "why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it till he has satisfied himself. Is not man another kind of wolf?"—"Man," said the old vulture, "is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species."—"If man kill our prey, and lay it in our way," said the young one, "what need shall we have of labouring for ourselves?"—"Because man will, sometimes, remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together, like a flight of storks, you will soon revel in human blood."—"But still," said the young one, "I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter; I would never kill what I could not eat."—"My child," said the vulture, "this is a question which I cannot answer, though I am reckoned the most subtle bird of the mountain. When I was young, I used frequently to visit the eyry of an old vulture who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks; he had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly between the rising and the setting of the summer sun; he had fed year after year on the entrails of men. His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables with a power of motion; and that, as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten upon the fallen acorns, so men are by some unaccountable power driven one against another, till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these mischievous beings; and those that hover most closely round them pretend that there is, in every herd, one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more

eminently delighted with a wide carnage. What it is that entitles him to such pre-eminence we know not; he is seldom the biggest or the swiftest, but he shows by his eagerness and diligence that he is, more than any of the others, a friend of the vultures."

Johnson.

CATHARINE I., EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Catharine, born near Dorpat, a little city in Livonia, was heiress to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother in their cottage covered with straw; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catharine spun, the old woman would sit by and read some book of devotion; thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by their fireside.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a strong but a right understanding. Such accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage from the peasants of the country; but their offers were refused; for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

Catharine was fifteen when her mother died; she now therefore left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided in quality of governess to his children, at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music by the masters who attended the rest of his family; thus

she continued to improve till he died, by which accident she was once more reduced to pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catharine, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot; she was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who plundered it at discretion: but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening upon her journey, as she entered a cottage by the wayside, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, but a subaltern officer accidentally passing by came in to her assistance; upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was a happy interview for Catharine; the little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses; her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare, to buy her clothes, furnished her with a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Gluck, a faithful friend of his father's and superintendent at Marienburgh.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear to be well received; she was immediately admitted into the superintendent's family, as governess to his two daughters; and though yet but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing them, not only in virtue, but in politeness.

In the meantime Marienburgh was taken by the Russians; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children were put to the sword: at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharine was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but still was free; she was now to learn what it was to be a slave; in this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached Prince Menzikoff, the Russian General; he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her of the soldier her master, and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune. She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great, paying the Prince a visit, Catharine happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuantly to his own inclinations. He immediately inquired the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design: their nuptials were solemnized in private; the Prince assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the most proper ladder to a throne.

Goldsmith.

EULOGIUM ON MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles;

and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star; full of life, and splendour, and joy. O! what a revolution!—and what a heart must I have, to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall!

Little did I dream that, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom;—little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men,—in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever.

Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone. It is gone,—that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

Burke.

LOUIS XI.

Brave enough for every useful and political purpose, Louis had not a spark of that romantic valour, or of the pride generally associated with it, which fought on for the point of honour when the point of utility had

long been gained. Calm, crafty, and profoundly attentive to his own interest, he made every sacrifice, both of pride and passion, which could interfere with it. He was careful in disguising his real sentiments and purposes from all who approached him, and frequently used the expressions, "that the king knew not how to reign who knew not how to dissemble, and that, for himself, if he thought his very cap knew his secrets, he would throw it into the fire." No man of his own or of any other time better understood how to avail himself of the frailties of others, and when to avoid giving any advantage by the untimely indulgence of his own.

He was by nature vindictive and cruel, even to the extent of finding pleasure in the frequent executions which he commanded. But as no touch of mercy ever induced him to spare when he could with safety condemn, so no sentiment of vengeance ever stimulated him to a premature violence. He seldom sprang on his prey till it was fairly within his grasp, and till all hope of rescue was vain; and his movements were so studiously disguised that his success was generally what first announced to the world the object he had been endeavouring to attain.

In like manner the avarice of Louis gave way to apparent profusion, when it was necessary to bribe the favourite or minister of a rival prince for averting any impending attack, or to break up any alliance confederated against him. He was fond of license and pleasure, but not even his ruling passions ever withdrew him from the most regular attendance to public business and the affairs of his kingdom. His knowledge of mankind was profound, and he had sought it in the private walks of life; in which he often personally mingled; and, though naturally proud and haughty, he hesitated not, with an inattention to the arbitrary divisions of society which was then thought something portentously unnatural, to raise from the lowest rank men whom he employed on the most important duties, and knew so well how to

choose them that he was rarely disappointed in their qualities.

Yet there were contradictions in the character of this artful and able monarch; for human nature is never uniform. Himself the most false and insincere of mankind, some of the greatest errors of his life arose from too rash a confidence in the honour and integrity of others. When these errors took place, they seem to have arisen from an over-refined system of policy, which induced Louis to assume the appearance of undoubting confidence in those whom it was his object to over-reach; for, in his general conduct, he was as jealous and suspicious as any tyrant who ever breathed.

Two other points may be noticed to complete the sketch of this formidable character, by which he rose among the rude chivalrous sovereigns of the period to the rank of a keeper among wild beasts, who, by superior wisdom and policy, by distribution of food, and some discipline by blows, comes finally to predominate over those who, if unsubjected by his arts, would by main strength have torn him to pieces.

The first of these attributes was Louis's excessive superstition, a plague with which Heaven often afflicts those who refuse to listen to the dictates of religion. The remorse arising from his evil actions Louis never endeavoured to appease by any relaxation in his Macchiavelian stratagems, but laboured in vain to soothe and silence that painful feeling by superstitious observances, severe penance, and profuse gifts to the ecclesiastics. The second property, with which the first is sometimes found strangely united, was a disposition to low pleasures and obscure debauchery. The wisest, or at least the most crafty, sovereign of his time, was fond of ordinary life, and, being himself a man of wit, enjoyed the jests and repartees of social conversation more than could have been expected from other points of his character.

W. Scott.

SALATHIEL'S ACCOUNT OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

The fall of our illustrious and happy city was supernatural. The destruction of the conquered was against the first principles of the Roman policy; and, to the last hour of our national existence, Rome held out offers of peace, and lamented our frantic disposition to be undone. But the decree was gone forth from a mightier throne. During the latter days of the siege, a hostility, to which that of man was a grain of sand to the tempest that drives it on, overpowered our strength and senses; fearful shapes and voices in the air—visions starting us from our short and troublesome sleep—lunacy in its hideous forms—sudden death in the midst of vigour—the fury of the elements let loose upon our heads. We had every terror and evil that could beset human nature, but pestilence; the most probable of all, in a city crowded with the famishing, the diseased, the wounded, and the dead. Yet, though the streets were covered with unburied, though every well and trench was teeming, though six hundred thousand corpses were flung over the ramparts, and lay naked to the sun, pestilence came not;—for if it had come, the enemy would have been scared away. But “the abomination of desolation,” the Pagan standard, was fixed where it was to remain until the plough had passed over the ruins of Jerusalem.

On this fatal night no man laid his head upon the pillow. Heaven and earth were in conflict. Meteors burned over us—the ground shook under our feet—the volcanoes blazed—the wind burst forth in irresistible blasts, and swept the living and the dead in whirlwinds far into the desert. We heard the bellowing of the distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were at our sides, swelled by the deluge. The lakes and rivers roared and inundated the land. The fiery sword shot out tenfold fire—showers of blood fell—thunder pealed from every quarter of the heavens—lightning, in immense sheets, of an intensity and duration that turned the darkness into more than day, withering eye and

soul, burned from the zenith to the ground, and marked its track by forests of flame, and shattered the summits of the hills. Defence was unthought of, for the mortal enemy had passed from the mind. Our hearts quaked for fear; but it was to see the powers of heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and spear, and crouched before the descending judgment.

We were conscience-smitten. Our cries of remorse, anguish, and horror, were heard through the uproar of the storm. We howled to caverns to hide us. We plunged into the sepulchres, to escape the wrath that consumed the living. We should have buried ourselves under the mountains. I knew the cause—the unspeakable cause, and knew that the last hour of crime was at hand. A few fugitives, astonished to see one man amongst them not sunk into the lowest feebleness of fear, came around me, and besought me to lead them to some place of safety, if such were now to be found on earth. I told them openly that they were to die, and counselled them to die in the hallowed ground of the Temple. They followed; and I led through streets encumbered with every shape of human sufferings, to the foot of Mount Moriah; but beyond that, we found advance impossible. Piles of clouds, whose darkness was palpable even in the midnight in which we stood, covered the holy hill. Impatient, and not to be daunted by any thing that man could overcome, I cheered my disheartened band, and attempted to lead the way up the ascents; but I had scarcely entered the cloud, when I was swept down by a gust that tore the rocks in a flinty shower around me.

Now came the last and most wonderful sign that marked the fate of rejected Israel. While I lay helpless, I heard the whirlwind roar through the cloudy hill, and vapours began to revolve. A pale light, like that of the rising moon, quivered on the edges of the horizon; and the clouds rose rapidly, shaping themselves into the forms of battlements and towers. The sound of voices was heard within, low and distinct, yet strangely sweet. Still the lustre brightened; and the

airy building rose, tower on tower, and battlement on battlement, in awe that held us mute. We knelt and gazed on this more than mortal architecture, that continued rising and spreading, and glowing with a serener light, still soft and silvery, yet to which the broadest moonlight was dim. At last, it stood forth to earth and heaven, the colossal image of the first Temple—of the building raised by the wisest of men, and consecrated by the Visible Glory.

All Jerusalem saw the image; and the shout that, in the midst of their despair, ascended from the thousands and tens of thousands, told that proud remembrances were there. But a hymn was heard, that might have hushed the world beside. Never fell on my ears, never on the human sense, a sound so majestic, yet, so subduing—so full of melancholy, yet of grandeur and command. The vast portal opened, and from it marched a host, such as man had never seen before, such as man shall never see but once again—the guardian angels of the city of David. They came forth gloriously, but woe in all their steps—the stars upon their helmets dim—their robes stained—tears flowing down their celestial beauty. “Let us go hence!” was their song of sorrow. “Let us go hence!” was answered by sad echoes of the mountains. “Let us go hence!” swelled upon the night to the furthestmost limits of the land.

The procession lingered long upon the summit of the hill. The thunders pealed, and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. The chorus was heard, still magnificent, and melancholy, when their splendour was diminished to the brightness of a star. Then the thunder roared again—the cloudy Temple was scattered on the wind—and darkness, the omen of the grave, settled upon Jerusalem.

Croly.

CHARACTER OF RICHARD I.

To a degree of muscular strength, which falls to the lot of few, Richard added a mind incapable of fear.

Hence in the ancient annalists he towers as a warrior above all his contemporaries. Nor was this pre-eminence conceded to him by the Christians alone. Even a century after his death his name was employed by the Saracen cavalier to chide his horse, and by the Saracen mother to terrify her children.

But when we have given him the praise of valour, his panegyric is finished. His laurels were steeped in blood, and his victories purchased with the impoverishment of his people. Of the meanness to which he could stoop to procure money, and the injustices into which he was hurried by the impetuosity of his passions, the reader has found numerous instances in the preceding pages. To his wife he was as faithless as he had been rebellious to his father.

The only benefits which the nation received in return for the immense sums with which it had furnished the king in his expedition to Palestine, for his ransom from captivity, and in support of his wars in France, were two legislative charters. By one of these he established an uniformity of weights and measures throughout the realm: by the other he mitigated the severity of the law of wrecks. Formerly it had been held that by the loss of the vessel the original owner lost all right to his goods, which then became property of the crown. Henry I. had granted that, if any man escaped alive, it should be considered no wreck: Henry II. added that, if even a beast escaped by which the owner might be discovered, he should be allowed three months to claim his property. Richard now enacted, that if the owner perished, his sons and daughters, and in their default his brothers and sisters, should have a prior claim in preference to the crown.

Lingard.

THE WHITE SHIP.

King Henry the First went over to Normandy with his son Prince William, and a great retinue, to have the prince acknowledged as his successor by the Norman

nobles, and to contract the promised marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou. Both these things had been triumphantly done, with great show and rejoicing; and the whole company prepared to embark for home.

On that day, and at that place, there came to the King Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said: "My liege, my father served your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbor here, called the White Ship, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, sire, to let your servant have the honor of steering you to England!"

"I am sorry, friend," replied the King, "that my vessel is already chosen, and that I cannot therefore sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince, with all his company, shall go along with you, in the fair White Ship, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

An hour or two afterwards, the King set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of the ships heard a faint wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

Now the prince was a dissolute, debauched young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and had declared that when he came to the throne, he would yoke them to the plough like oxen. He went aboard the White Ship with one hundred and forty nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls.

"Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown. My father the King has sailed out of the harbor. What time is

there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?"

"Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning my fifty and the White Ship shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father the King, if we sail at midnight."

Then the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine; and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of the White Ship.

When, at last, she shot out of the harbor of Harfleur there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set and the oars all going merrily, Fitz-Stephen at the helm.

The gay young nobles, and the beautiful ladies wrapped up in mantles of various bright colors, to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honor of the White Ship.

Crash! a terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the King heard faintly on the water. The White Ship had struck upon a rock, and was going down!

Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince into a boat with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered, "and row to the land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die."

But as they rowed away fast, from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister Marie, the Countess of Perche, calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried in an agony "Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!"

They rowed back. As the prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was upset. And in the same instant the White Ship went down.

Only two men floated. They both clung to the main yard of the ship, which had broken from the mast, and now supported them. One asked the other who he

was. He said, "I am a nobleman, Godfrey by name, the son of Gilbert de l'Aigle, and you?" said he. "I am Berold, a poor butcher of Rouen," was the answer; then they said together, "Lord, be merciful to us both!" and tried to encourage one another as they drifted in the cold benumbing sea on that unfortunate November night.

By-and-by another man came swimming toward them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the prince?" said he. "Gone! gone!" the two cried together. "Neither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the King's niece, nor her brother, nor any one of the brave three hundred, noble or commoner, except we three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried "Woe, woe to me!" and sank to the bottom.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!" So he dropped and sank, and of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him floating in his sheep-skin coat, and got him into their boat, the sole relater of the dismal tale.

For three days no one dared to carry the intelligence to the King; at length they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that the White Ship was lost with all on board.

The King fell to the ground like a dead man, and never afterwards was seen to smile.

Dickens.

PRUSSIA.

While the frenzy of the Crusades possessed all Europe during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, several orders of religious knighthood were founded in defence of the Christian faith against Heathens and Infidels. Among these the Teutonic order in Germany was one

of the most illustrious, the knights of which distinguished themselves greatly in all the enterprises carried on in the Holy Land. Being driven at last from their settlements in the East, they were obliged to return to their native country. Their zeal and valour were too impetuous to remain long inactive. They invaded, on very slight pretences, the province of Prussia, the inhabitants of which were still idolaters; and having completed the conquest of it about the middle of the thirteenth century, held it many years as a fief depending on the Crown of Poland. Fierce contests arose during this period, between the Grand-masters of the order and the Kings of Poland; the former struggling for independence, while the latter asserted their right of sovereignty with great firmness. Albert, a prince of the house of Brandenburg, who was elected Grand-master in the year one thousand five hundred and eleven, engaging keenly in this quarrel, maintained a long war with Sigismund, King of Poland; but having become an early convert to Luther's doctrines, this gradually lessened his zeal for the interests of his fraternity, so that he took the opportunity of the confusions in the empire, and the absence of the Emperor, to conclude a treaty with Sigismund, greatly to his own private emolument. By it that part of Prussia which belonged to the Teutonic order was erected into a secular and hereditary duchy, and the investiture of it granted to Albert, who, in return, bound himself to do homage for it to the Kings of Poland as their vassal. Immediately after this, he made public profession of the reformed religion, and married a Princess of Denmark. The Teutonic knights exclaimed so loudly against the treachery of their Grand-master, that he was put under the ban of the empire; but he still kept possession of the province which he had usurped, and transmitted it to his posterity. In process of time, this rich inheritance fell to the electoral branch of the family, all dependence on the crown of Poland was shaken off, and the Margraves of Brandenburg, having assumed the title of Kings of Prussia, have not only

risen to an equality with the first Princes in Germany, but take their rank among the great Monarchs of Europe.

Robertson.

CRITICAL EXTRACTS: THE POETRY OF WORDSWORTH;
HOMER.

With all the great and essential faculties of the poet, Wordsworth possesses the calm and self-commanding powers of the philosopher. He looks over human life with a steady and serene eye: he listens with a fine ear "to the still sad music of humanity." His faith is unshaken in the prevalence of virtue over vice, and of happiness over misery, and in the existence of a heavenly law operating on earth, and, in spite of transitory defects, always visibly triumphant in the grand field of human warfare. Hence he looks over the world of life and man with a sublime benignity; and hence, delighting in all the gracious dispensations of God, his great mind can wholly deliver itself up to the love of a flower budding in the field, or of a child asleep in its cradle; nor, in doing so, feels that poetry can be said to stoop or to descend, much less to be degraded, when she embodies, in words of music, the purest and most delightful fancies and affections of the human heart. This love of the nature to which he belongs, and which is in him the fruit of wisdom and experience, gives to all his poetry a very peculiar, a very endearing, and, at the same time, a very lofty character. His poetry is little coloured by the artificial distinctions of society. In his delineations of passion or character, he is not so much guided by the varieties produced by customs, institutions, professions, or modes of life, as by those great elementary laws of our nature which are unchangeable and the same; and therefore the pathos and the truth of his most felicitous poetry are more profound than of any other, not unlike the most touching and beautiful passages in the sacred page. The same spirit of love, and benignity, and ethereal purity which breathes over all his pictures

of the virtues and the happiness of man, pervades those too of external nature. Indeed, all the poets of the age—and none can dispute that they must likewise be the best critics—have given up to him the palm in that poetry which commences with the forms, and hues, and odours, and sounds of the material world. He has brightened the earth we inhabit to our eyes; he has made it more musical to our ears; he has rendered it more creative to our imaginations.

* * *

We are no great Greek scholars, but we can force our way through the *Iliad*. What we do not clearly, we dimly understand, and are happy in the glorious glimpses; in the full unbroken light we bask like an eagle in the sunshine that emblazons his eyrie; in the gloom that sometimes falls suddenly down on his inspired rhapsodies, as if from a tower of clouds, we are for a time eyeless “as blind Mæonides,” while with him we enjoy the “darkness that may be felt;” as the lightnings of his genius flash, lo! before our wide imagination ascends “stately-structured Troy,” expand tented shore and masted sea; and in that thunder we dream of the nod that shuddered Olympus. Some people believe in twenty Homers—we in one. Nature is not so prodigal of her great poets. Heaven only knows the number of her own stars—no astronomer may ever count them; but the soul-stars of earth are but few, and with this Perryan pen could we name them all. Who ever heard of two Miltons—of two Shaksperes? That there should even have been one of each is a mystery, when we look at what are called men. Who, then, after considering that argument, will believe that Greece of old was glorified by a numerous brotherhood of coeval genii of mortal birth, all “building up the lofty rhyme,” till, beneath their harmonious hands, arose, in its perfect proportions, immortal in its beauty and magnificence, “the tale of Troy divine?”

The *Iliad* was written by Homer. Will Wolf and Knight tell us how it happened that all the heroic

strains about the war before Troy, poured forth, as they opine, by many bards, regarded but one period of the siege? By what divine felicity was it that all those sons of song, though apart in time and place, united in chanting the wrath of Achilles? The poem is one, like a great wood, whose simultaneous growth overspreads a mountain. Indeed, one mighty poem, in process of time, moulded into form out of separate fragments, composed by a brotherhood of bards—not even coeval—may be safely pronounced an impossibility in nature. Achilles was not the son of many sires; nor was the part he played written for him by a succession of “eminent hands,” all striving to find fit work for their common hero. He is not a creature of collected traditions. He stands there a single conception—in character and in achievement; his absence is felt like that of a thunder-cloud withdrawn behind a hill, leaving the air still sultry; his presence is as the lightning, in sudden illumination, glorifying the whole field of battle. Kill, bury, and forget him, and the Iliad is no more an Epic.

Wilson.

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY.

Edward III. intended crossing the Seine at Poissy, but found the French army encamped on the opposite bank, and the bridge there, as well as all others over the Seine, broken down by the orders of King Philip. Now as it was impossible for the soldiers to cross a deep and wide river without a bridge, and with the enemy on the other side waiting to attack them, Edward found himself in rather a perilous position, for he saw it was the intention of the French to shut him in their country and then surround him on all sides. But the undaunted Edward only smiled at their plans, and then crossed the river by a stratagem. He desired his army to leave Poissy, and advance further up the Seine; they did so, and the French on the opposite side followed his example: but Edward im-

mediately returning with his soldiers to Poissy, repaired the bridge with incredible speed, passed over, and advanced by quick marches into Flanders. The disappointed French followed him, but the English continued their march till they reached the banks of the Somme. There the bridges were likewise either broken down, or strongly guarded; an army under the command of Godemar de Faye, was stationed on the opposite side to attack them, and Philip, at the head of one hundred thousand men, was advancing in the rear.

Here was a difficult position! The English were in danger of being enclosed, and starved to death in an enemy's country! However, the soldiers depended on the skill and sagacity of the gallant leader, and their dependence was not in vain. He offered a reward of a thousand marks to any one who would show him a ford over the Somme. Alas! what will not money effect! The tempting bribe proved too much for the fidelity of a peasant named Gobin Agace, and for a thousand marks he betrayed the interests of his country. He informed Edward of a ford over the river below Abbeville, where it was possible to cross at low water. The King hastened thither, but found Godemar de Faye on the opposite bank.

Urged by necessity he hesitated not a moment, but threw himself into the river, sword in hand, calling out to his troops, "Let him who loves me, follow."

They followed bravely, and Godemar de Faye and his men were pursued to a distance on the plain.

Just as the last of the soldiers were crossing the ford, Philip and the French army came up. So narrow was Edward's escape from this danger! The tide was then rising, so that Philip had to take his troops round by the bridge of Abbeville, and thereby lost much time, which Edward took advantage of, by placing his army in an excellent position. He chose a gentle eminence near the village of Cressy, and calmly awaited the arrival of the enemy. Having divided his army into three lines, he gave the youthful Prince of Wales the command of the second, and he himself took charge

of the third. Imagine the feeling of the young prince,—a boy of fifteen,—as he took his post, and knew that on his skill and courage the fortune of the day in a great measure depended! No fear, however, blanched his cheek; on the contrary, his bright and flashing eye, and joyous look as he mounted his war horse, inspired his men with hope and courage.

Still they felt it would be a desperate conflict; there were only 30,000 English to oppose 120,000 Frenchmen, and they knew they must fight for their lives. And Edward knew it too; so he rode along the lines with such an air of cheerfulness and alacrity, and spoke so encouragingly to the soldiers, that every heart acquired fresh confidence. He told them they must be bold and brave that day, if they did not wish defeat in an enemy's country; that he knew they could conquer if they were determined; and that he only asked them to follow his own example, and that of the Prince of Wales.

"Ah!" thought the young Edward, as he heard his father's words, "then my example shall not teach them to be cowards; they shall follow me to victory or to death!"

And now the French approached, an immense host, but not in the order of Edward's small but well-disciplined band. Philip had ordered them to rest and refresh themselves before the battle, but so eager were they to defeat the English that they refused to obey him. In the front line of his army he placed 15,000 archers, but a thunder-storm coming on, the rain moistened and relaxed the strings of their cross-bows, so that when they came to shoot, their arrows fell short of the enemy. The English archers, more wisely, had kept theirs in cases.

On the 26th of August, 1346, about three in the afternoon, the famous battle of Cressy began. The English arrows flying thick and fast, soon routed the French archers, with their wet bow-strings, and they, falling back amongst the cavalry, produced much confusion. In this battle, cannon was first used, and Edward had posted some on a hill, which now firing

on the French, filled them with terror and dismay. A cannon-ball is indeed an engine of destruction. Down they came, men and horses; till the dead and the dying choked up the way. The Black Prince had the presence of mind to take advantage of this confusion, and led his men to the charge. And now the brave boy set an example of valor which was imitated by all his followers. Sword in hand, he was in the thickest of the fight, conspicuous by his daring courage, and by his black armor. The French fought bravely too; the battle became hot and dangerous; and the Earl of Warwick, fearing from the superior force of the enemy that the Prince would be surrounded and slain, and the English defeated, sent a messenger to King Edward, who had stationed himself with his division on the top of a hill, to request he would send immediate help to the Prince of Wales. The King, who was surveying with tranquillity the scene of action, instantly inquired if the prince were wounded or slain. Receiving an answer to the negative, he replied: "Return to my son and tell him I leave the honor of the day in his hands. I am confident he will show himself worthy of the honor of knighthood which I lately conferred upon him: he will be able without my assistance, to repel the enemy."

The speech being reported to the prince and his soldiers, inspired them with more courage than a strong re-inforcement could have done. With a tremendous shout, and redoubled ardor, they again charged the enemy, and overthrew them on all sides with prodigious slaughter.

The whole French army was completely routed and followed by the victors, till the darkness of the night put an end to the pursuit.

King Edward, on his return to the camp, embraced the Prince of Wales with joy and exultation at his conduct. "My brave son!" he exclaimed, "go on as you have begun. You are my son; for valiantly have you acquitted yourself to-day. You have shown yourself worthy of an empire!"

The king of Majorca and the king of Bohemia were slain in the battle of Cressy. The fate of the latter was remarkable. He was blind from age; but being resolved to hazard his person, and set an example to others, he ordered the reins of his bridle to be tied on each side to the horses of two gentlemen of his train; and his body, and those of his attendants, were afterwards found amongst the slain, with their horses standing round them in that position. His crest was three ostrich feathers; and his motto the German words, *Ich dien*, "I serve," which the Prince of Wales and his successors adopted in memorial of the glorious victory.

White.

OF THE INTRODUCTION, IMPROVEMENT, AND FALL OF THE ARTS OF ROME.

The city of Rome, as well as its inhabitants, was in the beginning rude and unadorned. Those old rough soldiers looked on the effects of the politer arts as things fit only for an effeminate people; as too apt to soften and unnerve men; and to take from that martial temper and ferocity which they encouraged so much and so universally in the infancy of their state. Their houses were (what the name they gave them signified) only a covering for them, and a defence against bad weather. These sheds of theirs were more like the caves of wild beasts than the habitations of men; and were rather flung together as chance led them, than formed into regular streets and openings: their walls were half mud, and their roofs pieces of wood stuck together; nay, even this was an after improvement; for in Romulus's time their houses were only covered with straw. If they had any thing that was finer than ordinary, that was chiefly taken up in setting off the temples of their gods; and when these began to be furnished with statues (for they had none till long after Numa's time) they were probably more fit to give terror than delight; and seemed rather formed so as to

be horrible enough to strike an awe into those who worshipped them, than handsome enough to invite any one to look upon them for pleasure. Their design, I suppose, was answerable to the materials they were made of: and if their gods were of earthen ware, they were reckoned better than ordinary; for many of them were chopt out of wood. One of the chief ornaments in those times, both of the temples and private houses, consisted in their ancient trophies: which were trunks of trees cleared of their branches, and so formed into a rough kind of posts. These were loaded with the arms they had taken in war, and you may easily perceive what sort of ornaments these posts must make, when half decayed by time, and hung about with old rusty arms, besmeared with the blood of their enemies. Rome was not then that beautiful Rome whose very ruins at this day are sought after with so much pleasure; it was a town which carried an air of terror in its appearance; and which made people shudder whenever they first entered within its gates.

Spence.

THE GORILLA.

In 1847 Professor Owen received a letter from Dr. Savage, a church missionary at Gaboon, a richly-wooded tract in the western part of Africa, enclosing sketches of the cranium of an ape, which he described as much larger than the chimpanzee, ferocious in its habits, and dreaded by the negro natives more than they dread the lion or any other wild beast of the forest.

The gorilla is of the average height of man, five feet six inches; his brain case is low and narrow, and, as the fore part of the skull is high, and there is a very prominent ridge above the eyes, the top of the head is perfectly flat, and the brow, with its thick integument, forms a "scowling pent-house over the eyes." Coupled with this a deep lead-colored skin, much wrinkled, a prominent jaw with the canine teeth (in

the males) of huge size, a receding chin, and we have an exaggeration of the lowest and most forbidding type of human physiognomy. The neck is short; the head projects. The relative proportion of the body and limbs are nearer those of man, yet they are of more ungainly aspect than in any other of the brute kind. Long, shapeless arms, thick and muscular, with scarce any diminution of size deserving the name of wrist (for at the smallest they are fourteen inches round, while a strong man's wrist is not above eight); a wide, thick hand: the palm long, and the fingers short, swollen and gouty-looking; capacious chest; broad shoulders; legs also thick and shapeless, destitute of calf, and very muscular, yet short; a hand-like foot with a thumb to it, "of huge dimensions and portentous power of grasp." No wonder the lion skulks before this monster; and even the elephant is baffled by his malicious cunning, activity, and strength. The chief reason of his enmity to the elephant appears to be not that it ever intentionally injures him, but merely that it shares his taste for certain favorite fruits. And when, from his watch-tower in the upper branches of a tree, he perceives the elephant helping himself to these delicacies, he steals along the bough, and striking its sensitive proboscis a violent blow with the club with which he is almost always armed, drives off the startled giant, trumpeting shrilly with rage and pain.

Towards the negroes the gorilla seems to cherish an implacable hatred; he attacks them quite unprovoked. If a party of blacks approach unconsciously within range of a tree haunted by one of those wood-demons—swinging rapidly down to the lower branches, he clutches with his thumbled foot at the nearest of them; his green eyes flash with rage, his hair stands on end, and the skin above the eyes drawn rapidly up and down gives him a fiendish scowl. Sometimes, during their excursions in quest of ivory, in those gloomy forests, the natives will first discover the proximity of a gorilla by the sudden mysterious disappearance of one of their companions. The brute, angling for him

with his horrible foot dropped from a tree, while his strong arms grasp it firmly, stretches down his huge hind-hand, seizes the hapless wretch by his throat, draws him up into the boughs, and, as soon as his struggles have ceased, drops him down, a strangled corpse.

A tree is the gorilla's sleeping-place by night, his pleasant abode by day, and his castle of defence. If surprised as he waddles along, leaning on his club, instantly he betakes him to all-fours, applying the back part of the bent knuckles of his fore-hands to the ground, and makes his way rapidly, with an oblique, swinging kind of gallop, to the nearest tree. From that vantage ground he awaits his foe, should the latter be hardy, or foolhardy, enough, to pursue. No full-grown gorilla has ever been taken alive. A bold negro, the leader of an elephant-hunting expedition, was offered a hundred dollars for a live gorilla. "If you gave me the weight of yonder hill in gold, I could not do it," he said.

Nevertheless, he has his good qualities, in a domestic point of view; he is an amiable and exemplary husband and father, watching over his young family with affectionate solicitude, and exerting in their defence his utmost strength and ferocity. At the close of the rice harvest, the period when the gorillas approach nearest the abodes of man, a family group may sometimes be observed, the parents sitting on a branch, leaning against the trunk, as they munch their fruit, while the young innocents sport around, leaping and swinging from branch to branch, with hoots or harsh cries of boisterous mirth. The mothers show that devotion to their young in times of danger which is the most universal of instincts. A French natural-history collector accompanying a party of the Gaboon negroes into the gorilla woods, surprised a female with two young ones on a large bread-fruit-tree which stood some distance from the nearest clump. She descended the tree with her youngest clinging to her neck, and made off rapidly on all fours to the forest, and escaped. The deserted young one on seeing the approach of the

men, began to utter piercing cries; the mother having disposed of one infant, returned to the rescue of the other, but before she could descend with it, her retreat was cut off. Seeing one of the negroes level his musket at her, she, clasping her young with one arm, waved the other, as if deprecating the shot. The ball passed through her heart, and she fell with her young one clinging to her. The latter was a male, and survived the voyage to Havre, where it died on arriving.

The gorilla constructs himself a snug hammock out of the long, tough, slender stems of parasitic plants, and lines it with the broad dried leaves of palms, or with long grass—a sort of bed surely not to be despised, swung in the leafy branches of a tree. By day he sits on a bough, leaning his back against the trunk, owing to which habit elderly gorillas become rather bald in those regions. Sometimes, when walking without a stick, he clasps his hands across the back of his head, thus instinctively counterbalancing its forward projection. The natives of Gaboon always speak of the gorilla in terms which imply a belief in his close kinship to themselves. But they have a very low opinion of his intelligence. They say that during the rainy season he builds a house without a roof, and that he will come down and warm himself at the fires left by them in their hunting expeditions; but has not the wit to throw on more wood out of the surrounding abundance to keep it burning, “the stupid old man.” Mimic though he be, he cannot even catch the trick of human articulation so well as the parrot or the raven. The negroes aver that he buries his dead by heaping leaves and loose earth over the body.

“All the year round.”

JAMES HARROD OF HARRODSBURG.

An extraordinary love of solitary adventure was one of the marked characteristics of James Harrod: indeed, the Indians christened him the “Lone Long-Knife,” and dreaded his mysterious prowess very greatly.

He on several occasions entered their villages in the night to ascertain their plans; and once, when discovered by a young warrior, struck him to the earth with his huge fist, and then threw himself into the neighbouring forest, though not without being seen and pursued; twenty or thirty warriors followed him, and so close were they upon his heels at the start, that their rifle balls showered like hail about him. The swiftness of Indian runners has passed into a proverb, but they had a man before them more swift than themselves. He gained so much upon them, that by the time they reached the Miami, which was ten miles distant, there were only three warriors who seemed to be continuing the chase.

Harrod swam the river without hesitation; as he reached the opposite bank they came up, and fired at him as he climbed the bank: the river was wide here, and the balls fell short. He now took to a tree upon the edge of the forest, and removing the waterproof cover of deer's bladder from the lock of his rifle, prepared for them, should they attempt to cross the river. The Indians hesitated a moment, for it had now been some time full daylight, and they seemed to have some apprehension that he might make a stand, but hearing at this distance the coming yells of those who had fallen behind, they replied, and plunged into the stream.

Harrod waited until they were more than half across, when at the crack of his rifle the foremost sank; the other two paused, then turned to go back; but before they could get out of range, he wounded a second desperately, who gave himself up to the current, and was swept down. The third, by a series of rapid dives, after the manner of a chased wild duck, succeeded in getting out of range.

Harrod heard the furious howl of the main body of his outwitted pursuers, who had reached the river as he was making off again through the forest: the chase was not continued further.

Two hours afterwards, Harrod struck the bank of the Miami again; he saw upon a pile of driftwood,

which had collected at the mouth of one of the small tributaries of the stream, some living object, which he took for a large turtle glistening in the sun, as he struggled to drag his unwieldy body upon the logs to bask.

He stopped to gaze; and imagine his astonishment when he saw a tall Indian drag his body slowly from the water, and finally seat himself upon the logs. He had lost his gun, and commenced endeavouring to stifle the bleeding from a bullet wound in his shoulder. Harrod knew that this was the second Indian he had shot, and who had most probably reached one of the pieces of driftwood of which the swollen river was at the time full, and sustained himself by it all this distance, badly wounded as he was.

Here was a trial for such a man as Harrod; his foe was wounded and helpless; to take him prisoner he feared would be impossible, and letting him escape he felt to be contrary to his duty to his own people. He thought within himself some little time before deciding his course, for shoot the poor wretch he could not.

His determination formed, he made a wide circuit, and crept cautiously upon the wounded warrior from behind. A large tree stood close to the drift, which being gained, Harrod laid down his gun, then suddenly stepping into full view from behind the tree raised his hands to show that he was unarmed.

"Uguh!" grunted the astonished warrior, making a sudden movement as if to plunge into the water again. Harrod placed his hand upon his heart, and spoke two words in the Shawanee tongue. The Indian paused, and looking at him a moment earnestly, bowed his head in token of submission. Harrod helped him to the bank, tore his own shirt and bound up the wound with cooling herbs; and then, as he found the savage unable to walk, threw him across his broad shoulders, and bore him, not to the "station," but to a cave which he used as one of his places of deposit. No one knew of the existence of this hiding-place but himself, and he had discovered it by the accident of having driven a wounded bear into it.

Here Harrod concealed his wounded foe; for the generous hunter having once determined to aid him, possessed too much delicacy of feeling to subject the proud warrior to the humiliation, worse to him than death, of being paraded before his white foes as a prisoner. Harrod took care of him till his recovery, visiting him regularly on his hunting excursions. When the warrior grew strong again, Harrod gave him a supply of provisions, and pointing towards the north, bade him return to his people, and tell them how the "Long-Knife" treats his wounded foe.

Nothing was ever heard directly from this warrior again, though Boone, who was aware of the circumstance, and who was taken prisoner by the Shawanees a short time afterwards, always attributed the kind treatment he received from the Indians, and their good faith to eighteen of his men, to the good offices of this grateful savage.

"Forest and Prairie Life."

EXILE ONLY AN IMAGINARY EVIL.

To live deprived of one's country is intolerable. Is it so? How comes it then to pass that such numbers of men live out of their countries by choice? Observe how the streets of London and of Paris are crowded. Call over those millions by name, and ask them one by one, of what country they are: how many will you find, who from different parts of the earth come to inhabit these great cities, which afford the largest opportunities and the largest encouragement to virtue and vice? Some are drawn by ambition, and some are sent by duty; many resort thither to improve their minds, and many to improve their fortunes; others bring their beauty, and others their eloquence to market. Remove from hence, and go to the utmost extremities of the east or west; visit the barbarous nations of Africa, or the inhospitable regions of the north: you will find no climate so bad, no country so savage, as not to have

some people who come from abroad, and inhabit those by choice.

* * *

Amor patriæ ratione valentior omni. This notion may have contributed to the security and grandeur of states. It has therefore been not unartfully cultivated, and the prejudice of education has been with care put on its side. Men have come, in this case, as in many others, from believing that it ought to be so, to persuade others, and even to believe themselves, that it is so.

* * *

Whatever is best is safest; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is the great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, whereof it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one we shall enjoy the other. Let us march, therefore, intrepidly wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature.

We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end, the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolution of seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be every where spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits, round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe;

innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

Bolingbroke.

PELHAM AT ETON AND CAMBRIDGE.

At ten years old I went to Eton. I had been educated till that period by my mother, who, being distantly related to Lord (who had published 'Hints upon the Culinary Art'), imagined she possessed an hereditary claim to literary distinctions. History was her great *forte*; for she had read all the historical romances of the day, and history accordingly I had been carefully taught.

I think at this moment I see my mother before me, reclining on her sofa, and repeating to me some story about Queen Elizabeth and Lord Essex; then telling me, in a languid voice, as she sank back with the exertion, of the blessing of a literary taste, and admonishing me never to read above half an hour at a time for fear of losing my health.

Well, to Eton I went; and the second day I had been there I was half killed for refusing, with all the pride of a Pelham, to wash tea-cups. I was rescued from the clutches of my tyrant by a boy not much bigger than myself, but reckoned the best fighter, for his size, in the whole school. His name was Reginald Glanville: from that period we became inseparable, and our friendship lasted all the time he stayed at Eton, which was within a year of my own departure for Cambridge.

His father was a baronet, of a very ancient and wealthy family; and his mother was a woman of some talent and more ambition. She made her house one of the most *recherchée* in London. Seldom seen at large assemblies, she was eagerly sought after in the *well winnowed soirées* of the elect. Her wealth, great

as it was, seemed the least prominent ingredient of her establishment. There was in it no uncalled-for ostentation—no purse-proud vulgarity—no cringing to great, and no patronizing condescension to little people; even the Sunday newspapers could not find fault with her, and the querulous wives of younger brothers could only sneer and be silent.

"It is an excellent connexion," said my mother, when I told her of my friendship with Reginald Glanville, "and will be of more use to you than many of greater apparent consequence. Remember, my dear, that in all the friends you make at present, you look to the advantage you can derive from them hereafter; that is what we call knowledge of the world, and it is to get a knowledge of the world that you are sent to a public school."

I think, however, to my shame, that notwithstanding my mother's instruction, very few prudential considerations were mingled with my friendship for Reginald Glanville. I loved him with a warmth of attachment which has since surprised even myself.

He was of a very singular character: he used to wander by the river in the bright days of summer, when all else were at play, without any companion but his own thoughts; and these were tinged, even at that early age, with a deep and impassioned melancholy. He was so reserved in his manner, that it was looked upon as coldness or pride, and was repaid as such by a pretty general dislike. Yet to those he loved, no one could be more open and warm; more watchful to gratify others, more indifferent to gratification for himself: an utter absence of all selfishness, and an eager and active benevolence, were indeed the distinguishing traits of his character. I have seen him endure with a careless good-nature the most provoking affronts from boys much less than himself; but directly I, or any other of his immediate friends, was injured or aggrieved, his anger was almost implacable. Although he was of a slight frame, yet early exercise had brought strength to his muscles, and activity to his limbs; and his skill in all athletic exercises, whenever (which was but

rarely) he deigned to share them, gave alike confidence and success to whatever enterprise his lion-like courage tempted him to dare.

Such, briefly and imperfectly sketched, was the character of Reginald Glanville—the one, who of my early companions differed the most from myself; yet the one whom I loved the most, and the one whose future destiny was the most intertwined with my own.

I was in the head class when I left Eton. As I was reckoned an uncommonly well-educated boy, it may not be ungratifying to the admirers of the present system of education to pause here for a moment, and recall what I then knew. I could make twenty Latin verses in half an hour; I could construe, *without* an English translation, all the easy Latin authors, and many of the difficult ones, *with it*: I could read Greek fluently, and even translate it through the medium of a Latin version at the bottom of the page. I was thought exceedingly clever, for I had only been eight years acquiring all this fund of information, which, as one can never recall it in the world, you have every right to suppose that I had entirely forgotten before I was five-and-twenty. As I was never *taught* a syllable of English during this period; as when I once attempted to read Pope's poems, out of school hours, I was laughed at, and called '*a sap*;' as my mother, when I went to school, renounced her own instructions; and as, whatever schoolmasters may think to the contrary, one learns nothing now-a-days by inspiration—so of every thing which relates to English literature, English laws, and English history (with the exception of the said story of Queen Elizabeth and Lord Essex), you have the same right to suppose that I was, at the age of eighteen, when I left Eton, in the profoundest ignorance.

At this age I was transplanted to Cambridge, where I bloomed for two years in the blue and silver of a fellow commoner of Trinity. At the end of that time (being of royal descent) I became entitled to an honorary degree. I suppose the term is in contradistinction to

an honourable degree, which is obtained by pale men in spectacles and cotton stockings, after thirty-six months of intense application.

I do not exactly remember how I spent my time at Cambridge. I had a piano-forte in my room, and a private billiard-room at a village two miles off; and between these resources I managed to improve my mind more than could reasonably have been expected. To say truth, the whole place reeked with vulgarity. The men drank beer by the gallon, and eat cheese by the hundred-weight—wore jockey-cut coats, and talked slang—rode for wagers, and swore when they lost—smoked in your face, and expectorated on the floor. Their proudest glory was to drive the mail—their mightiest exploit to box with the coachman—their most delicate amour to leer at the bar-maid.

It will be believed, that I felt little regret in quitting companions of this description. I went to take leave of our college tutor. "Mr. Pelham," said he, affectionately squeezing me by the hand, "your conduct has been most exemplary; you have not walked wantonly over the college grass-plots, nor set your dog at the protector—nor driven tandems by day, nor broken lamps by night—nor entered the chapel in order to display your intoxication—nor the lecture-room, in order to caricature the professors. This is the general behaviour of young men of family and fortune; but it has not been yours. Sir, you have been an honour to your college!"

Thus closed my academical career. He who does not allow that it passed creditably to my teachers, profitably to myself, and beneficially to the world, is a narrow-minded and illiterate man, who knows nothing of the advantages of modern education.

Bulwer.

. THE ANT.

When an ant discovers a store of food it at once sets about spreading the good news among its tribe. But how? That it can communicate ideas by means of

its antennæ, mysteriously rubbed against those of its companions, every one knows; but "rubbing noses" is, after all, a limited form of utterance, and cannot easily convey many details. How, then, is the insect Columbus to inform his friends of the geographical position of his America? He knows the route himself, and he can carry another ant to the spot. Seizing with his mouth the companion to whom he has just announced his discovery, and who twines himself around his body, Columbus carries his friend to the spot. The two then return, and carry two more. The four return, and carry four. And thus in the most regular manner the emigration swells, till, at the end of the twentieth journey, a million of ants will be ready to devour the food. It is noticeable that they always employ this method of transport when they have to do each other a service. Thus Huber, one winter, being desirous of watching their habits, bethought him of attracting them to a particular part of the frame in which he kept them; which was made of glass. For this purpose he warmed that part with a candle flame, knowing how fond they were of warmth. A few ants were on the spot at the time, and no sooner did they feel the pleasant warmth than they became very animated, brushing their heads and antennæ with their fore-feet, and rapidly running about the warm spot. Whenever they approached other ants they "rubbed noses" with the greatest eagerness, and immediately separated. They seemed desirous of mounting to the second storey, but no sooner did they get beyond the region of warmth than they returned again. At last they seemed to have made up their minds. Away they started for the second storey. Huber guessed that they had departed with the intention of communicating to their companions above the pleasant news that warmth was to be had cheap below. In a few minutes his guess was verified. Two descended carrying two others. These were deposited on the warm spot, and the carriers again ascended to bring down others. The new-comers, having warmed themselves, also ascended, and brought down

others. This excitement continued, till at last the whole hive had collected in this place. After the spot had become cool the ants remounted to the second storey; but at any time Huber was able to repeat this interesting experiment, and always with similar success.

In the construction of their galleries, wonderful as that is, most persons see nothing but instinct. Huber observed, however, that if ever a serious mistake was made—when one wall was raised higher than another, for example—one of the ants would destroy the whole, and rebuild it again correctly. It is their conduct towards the bee tribe, however, that most amusingly illustrates their intelligence. The little green insects, mostly wingless, found on the leaves and in the calyx of the rose, in great numbers throughout the summer, secrete on the surface of their bodies a sugary fluid, of which the ants are as fond as dainty people are of turtle. The ants find out where the bees “most do congregate,” and they cunningly wheedle them out of their sugar by the most flattering attentions. A stupid animal would kill such a food-bearing stranger, and kill the goose that laid the golden eggs; but, although their attentions are successful, the ants, thoughtful creatures! do not trust alone to the chances of finding bees: they rear them, as a slave-holder rears niggers! The ants take their eggs into their own nests, rear them with motherly care, and carry them with them in all their migrations. Not only do they rear them, but they have frequent battles with rival tribes on their account; the possession of these eggs is the trophy of conquest.

Darwin.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! still thou art a bitter draught: and though thousands, in all ages, have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty!—thrice sweet and gracious goddess whom all in public or in

private worship,—whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so till Nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron:—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious heaven! grant me but health, thou Great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion; and shower down thy mitres,—if it seem good unto thy divine providence,—upon those heads which are aching for them.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery, but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—

—I took a single captive, and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half-wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—

But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there: he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to

the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door—then cast it down—shook his head—and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a sigh—I saw the iron enter his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my *fancy* had drawn.

Sterne.

JAMAICA.

There is scenery in Jamaica which almost equals that of Switzerland and the Tyrol, and there is also, which is more essential, a temperature among the mountains in which a European can live comfortably.

It is of course known that the sugar-cane is the chief production of Jamaica; but one may travel for days in the island and only see a cane piece here and there. By far the greater portion of the island is covered with wild wood and jungle,—what is there called bush. Through this, on an occasional favorable spot, and very frequently on the roadsides, one sees the gardens or provision-grounds of the negroes. These are spots of land cultivated by them, for which they either pay rent, or on which, as is quite as common, they have squatted without payment of any rent.

The provision-grounds are very picturesque. They are not filled, as a peasant's garden in England or in Ireland is filled, with potatoes and cabbages, or other vegetables similarly uninteresting in their growth; but contain cocoa trees, bread-fruit trees, oranges, mangoes, limes, plantains, jack fruits, avocado pears, and a score of others, all of which are luxuriant trees, some of considerable size, and all of them of great beauty. The bread-fruit tree and the mango are especially lovely, and I know nothing prettier than a grove of oranges in Jamaica. In addition to this they always have the yam, which is with the negro somewhat as the potato is with the Irishman; only that the Irishman has nothing

else, whereas the negro generally has either fish or meat, and has also a score of other fruits besides the yam.

The yam, too, is picturesque in its growth. As with the potato, the root alone is eaten, but the upper part is fostered and cared for as a creeper, so that the ground may be unencumbered by its thick tendrils. Support is provided for it as for grapes or peas. Then one sees also in these provision-grounds patches of coffee and arrow-root; and occasionally also patches of sugar-cane.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Jamaica is the copiousness of its rivers. It is said that its original name, Xaymaca, signifies a country of streams; and it certainly is not undeserved. This copiousness, though it adds to the beauty, as no doubt it does also to its salubrity and fertility, adds something, too, to the difficulty of locomotion. Bridges have not been built, or, sad to say, have been allowed to go to destruction. One hears that this river or that river is "down," whereby it is signified that the waters are swollen; and some of the rivers when so down are certainly not easy of passage.

It was here that I first saw the full effect of tropical vegetation, and I shall never forget it. Perhaps the most graceful of all the woodland productions is the bamboo. It grows either in clusters, like clumps of trees in an English park, or, as is more usual when found in its indigenous state, in long rows by the river sides. The trunk of the bamboo is a huge hollow cane, bearing no leaves except at its head. One such cane alone would be uninteresting enough. But their great height, the peculiarly graceful curve of their growth, and the excessive thickness of the drooping foliage of hundreds of them clustered together, produce an effect which nothing can surpass.

The cotton-tree is almost as beautiful when standing alone. The trunk of this tree grows to a magnificent height, and with magnificent proportions: it is frequently straight; and those which are most beautiful throw out

no branches till they have reached a height greater than that of any ordinary tree with us. Nature, in order to sustain so large a mass, supplies it with huge spurs at the foot, which act as buttresses for its support, connecting the roots immediately with the trunk as much as twenty feet above the ground. I measured more than one, which including the buttresses, were over thirty feet in circumference. Then from its head the branches break forth in most luxurious profusion, covering an enormous extent of ground with their shade.

But the most striking peculiarity of these trees consists in the parasite plants by which they are enveloped, and which hang from their branches down to the ground with tendrils of wonderful strength. These parasites are of various kinds, the fig being the most obdurate with its embraces. It frequently may be seen that the original tree has departed wholly from sight, and I should imagine almost wholly from existence; and then the very name is changed, and the cotton-tree is called a fig tree. In others the process of destruction may be observed, and the interior trunk may be seen to be stayed in its growth and stunted in its measure by the creepers which surround it.

But it often happens that the tree has reached its full growth before the parasites have fallen on it, and then, in place of being strangled, it is adorned. Every branch is covered with wondrous growth—with plants of a thousand colors and a thousand sorts. Some droop with long and graceful tendrils from the boughs, and so touch the ground; while others hang in a ball of leaves and flowers, which swings for years.

Trollope.

ENVY.

Envy is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place—the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation; its effects, therefore, are everywhere discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name, which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader, however he may abstract himself from public affairs, will never want those who hint with Shylock, that ships are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich whose fortune is at the mercy of the winds. The beauty adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes, whenever she appears, a thousand murmurs of detraction and whispers of suspicions. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleasing images of nature, or instruct by uncontested principles of science, yet suffers persecution from innumerable critics, whose acrimony is excited merely by the pain of seeing others pleased—of hearing applauses which another enjoys. The frequency of envy makes it so familiar that it escapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice but by attempting to excel in some useful art, finds himself pursued by multitudes, whom he never saw, with implacability of personal resentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let loose upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every stratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family or the follies of his youth exposed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor those artifices at which he only laughed before, and discovers how much the happiness of life, would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a stubborn weed of the mind, and seldom yields to the culture of philosophy. There are, however, considerations which if carefully implanted, and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repress it, since no one can nurse it for the sake of pleasure, as its effects are only shame, anguish and perturbation. It is, above all other vices, inconsistent with the character of a social being, because it sacrifices truth and kindness

to very weak temptations: He that plunders a wealthy neighbour gains as much as he takes away, and improves his own condition in the same proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blasts a flourishing reputation, must be content with a small dividend of additional fame, so small as can afford very little consolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided mentioning that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is so base and detestable, so vile in its original, and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other quality is to be desired. It is one of these lawless enemies of society, against which poisoned arrows may honestly be used. Let it therefore be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confesses his superiority; and let those be reformed by their pride who have lost their virtue.

Almost every other crime is practised by the help of some quality which might have produced esteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is a more unmixed and genuine evil; it pursues a hateful end by despicable means, and desires not so much its own happiness as another's misery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not necessary that any one should aspire to heroism or sanctity; but only that he should resolve not to quit the rank which nature assigns, and wish to maintain the dignity of a human being.

Johnson.

LASSOING THE BUFFALO.

After riding for about an hour we heard the baying of the dogs, and understood that the enemy was forced from its forest retreat. We watched with the deepest attention the spot where we expected him to break forth. He required a great deal of coaxing before he would show fight. At last there was a sudden crashing noise in the wood; branches were broken, young trees were overthrown, and a superb buffalo presented him-

self at about one hundred and fifty paces' distance. He was of a beautiful black, and his horns were of very large dimensions. He carried his head high, and snuffed the air as though scenting his enemies. Suddenly starting off at a speed incredible in so bulky an animal, he made for one of our groups, composed of three Indians, who immediately put their horses to a gallop, and distributed themselves in the form of a triangle.

After much flight and pursuit, hard riding, and imminent peril, a dexterous hunter encircled the animal's horns with his lasso. The buffalo slackened his speed, and shook and tossed his head, stopping now and then to try to get rid of the obstacle which impeded his career. Another Indian, not less skilful than his predecessor, threw his lasso with a like rapidity and success. The furious beast now ploughed the earth with his horns, making the soil fly around him, as if anxious to display his strength, and to show what havoc he would have made with any of us who had allowed themselves to be surprised by him. With much care and precaution the Indians conveyed their prize into a neighbouring thicket.

Having done this, an Indian dismounted, and, with great agility, attached to the trunk of a solid tree the two lassos that retained the savage beast; then he gave the signal that his office was accomplished, and retired. Two hunters approached, threw their lassos over the animal, and fixed the ends to the ground with stakes. And now our prey was thoroughly subdued, and reduced to quietude, so that we could approach him with impunity. With blows of their cutlasses the Indians' hacked off his horns, which would so well have revenged him had he been free to use them; then, with a pointed bamboo, they pierced his nostrils, and passed through them a cane twisted in the form of a ring. In this state of martyrdom they fastened him securely behind two tame buffaloes, and led him to the next village to be butchered.

M' Cann.

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

He had a thin and weak body, was brown-haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical; and the dregs of the small-pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few. He spoke little, and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion. He was then everywhere, and looked to everything. He had no great advantage from his education. De Witt's discourses were of great use to him; and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who were looking narrowly into everything he said or did, had brought himself under a habitual caution that he could never shake off, though, in another sense, it proved as hurtful as it was then necessary to his affairs. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well; and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian; so that he was well fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him. He was an exact observer of men and things. His strength lay rather in a true discerning and sound judgment than in imagination or invention. His designs were always great and good; but it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough to the humours of his people to make himself and his notions more acceptable to them. This, in a government that has so much of freedom in it as ours, was more necessary than he was inclined to believe. His reservedness grew on him; so that it disgusted most of those who served him. But he had observed the errors of too much talking more than those of too cold a silence. He did not like contradiction, nor to

have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favour those who had the arts of complaisance; yet he did not love flatterers. His genius lay chiefly in war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct. Great errors were often committed by him; but his heroical courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him. He was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to his favourites; but too sparing in rewarding services, or in encouraging those who brought intelligence. He was apt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck long with him; but he never carried them to indecent revenges. He gave too much way to his own humour almost in everything, not excepting that which related to his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly. He instructed his own ministers himself; but he did not apply enough to affairs at home. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very firmly, and he expressed a horror of atheism and blasphemy; and though there was much of both in his court, yet it was always denied to him and kept out of his sight. He was most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God; only on week-days he came too seldom to them. He was an attentive hearer of sermons, and was constant in his private prayers and in reading the Scriptures; and when he spoke of religious matters, which he did not often, it was with a becoming gravity. His indifference as to the forms of church government, and his being zealous for toleration, together with his cold behaviour towards the clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him. In his deportment towards all about him, he seemed to make little distinction between the good and the bad, and those who served well or those who served him ill. He loved the Dutch, and was much beloved among them; but the ill returns he met from the English nation, their jealousies of him, and their perverseness towards him, had too much soured his mind, and had in a great measure alienated

him from them, which he did not take care enough to conceal, though he saw the ill effects this had on his business. He grew, in his last years, too remiss and careless as to all affairs, till the treacheries of France awakened him, and the dreadful conjunction of the monarchies gave so loud an alarm to all Europe; for a watching over that court, and a bestirring himself against their practices, was the prevailing passion of his whole life. Few men had the art of concealing and governing passions more than he had; yet few men had stronger passions, which were seldom felt but by inferior servants, to whom he usually made such recompences for any sudden or indecent vents he might give his anger, that they were glad at every time that it broke upon them. He was too easy to the faults of those about him when they did not lie in his own way or cross any of his designs, and he was so apt to think that his ministers might grow insolent if they should find that they had much credit with him, that he seemed to have made it a maxim to let them often feel how little power they had, even in small matters. His favourites had a more entire power; but he accustomed them only to inform him of things, but to be sparing in offering advice, except when it was asked. I had occasion to know him well, having observed him very carefully in a course of sixteen years. I had a large measure of his favour, and a free access to him all the while, though not at all times to the same degree. The freedom that I used with him was not always acceptable; but he saw that I served him faithfully, so that, after some intervals of coldness, he always returned to a good measure of confidence in me. I was in many great instances much obliged by him; but that was not my chief bias towards him. I considered him as a person raised up by God to resist the power of France, and the progress of tyranny and persecution. After all the abatements that may be allowed for his errors and faults, he ought still to be reckoned among the greatest princes that our history, or indeed that of any other country, can afford.

Burnet.

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"—"Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he, "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with his compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered, "it is down in the shop." "And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful. "How old are you, and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen. Will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Tickled with the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant; scud to school or you'll rue it." Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal was too much. It sank deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter—thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant—methinks, look out, good people; that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit—without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful—alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby.

Franklin.

DANTE AND MILTON.

The character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of thought; that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the *Divine Comedy*, we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is perhaps no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of the earth nor the hope of heaven, could dispel it. It turned every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness!" The gloom of his character discolours all the passions of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of paradise and the glories of the Eternal Throne.

Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home and the prosperity of his party. Of the great man by whom he had been distinguished on his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. That hateful proscription—facetiously termed, "The act of indemnity and oblivion"—had set a mark on the poor, blind, deserted poet, and held him up by name to the hatred of a profligate court and an inconstant people.

If ever despondency could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness,

nor gout, nor penury, nor age, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscriptio, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was when, on the eve of great events he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions and glowing with patriotic hopes—such it continued to be when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature—old, poor, sightless, and disgraced—he retired to his hovel to die!

Macaulay.

ADVANTAGES OF DISCUSSION.

Man is capable of rectifying his mistakes by discussion and experience. Not by experience alone. There must be discussion to show how experience is to be interpreted. Wrong opinions and practices gradually yield to fact and arguments; but facts and arguments, to produce any effect on the mind, must be brought before it. Very few facts are able to tell their own story without comments to bring out their meaning. The strength and value, then, of human judgment depending on the one property, that it can be set right when it is wrong, reliance can be placed on it only when the means of setting it right are kept constantly at hand. In the case of any person whose judgment is really deserving of confidence, how has it become so? Because he has kept his mind open to criticism of his opinions and conduct. Because it has been his practice to listen to all that has been said against him, to profit by as much of it as was just, and expound to himself, and upon other occasions to others, the fallacy of what was fallacious. Because he has felt that the only way in which a human being can make some approach to knowing the whole of a

subject is by hearing what can be said about it by persons of every variety of opinion, and studying all modes in which it can be looked at by every character of mind. No wise man ever acquired his wisdom in any mode but this, nor is it in the nature of human intellect to become wise in any other manner. The steady habit of collecting and completing his own opinion by collating it with those of others, so far from causing doubt and hesitation in carrying it into practice, is the only stable foundation for a just reliance on it: for, being cognisant of all that can, at least obviously, be said against him, and having taken up his position against all gainsayers, knowing that he has sought for objection and difficulties, instead of avoiding them, and has shut out no light which can be thrown upon the subject from any quarter, he has a right to think his judgment better than that of any person, or any multitude, who have not gone through a similar process.

M. II.

ON WAGES.

Some labourers are paid higher than others. A carpenter earns more than a ploughman, and a watchmaker more than either; and yet this is not from the one working harder than the other. And it is the same with the labour of the mind as with that of the body. A banker's clerk, who has to work hard at keeping accounts, is not paid so high as a lawyer or a physician. You see, from this, that the rate of wages does not depend on the hardness of the labour, but on the value of the work done. But on what does the value of the work depend? The value of each kind of work is like the value of anything else; it is greater or less according to the limitation of the supply,—that is, the difficulty of procuring it. If there were no more expense, time, and trouble, in obtaining a pound of gold than a pound of copper, then gold would be of no more value than copper.

But why should the supply of watchmakers and surgeons be more limited than that of carpenters and ploughmen? That is, why is it more difficult to make a man a watchmaker than a ploughman? The chief reason is, that the education required costs a great deal more. A long time must be spent in learning the business of a watchmaker or a surgeon before a man can acquire enough skill to practise. So that, unless you have enough to support you all this time, and also to pay your master for teaching you the art, you cannot become a watchmaker or a surgeon. And no father would go to the expense of breeding up his son a surgeon or watchmaker, even though he could well afford it, if he did not expect him to earn more than a carpenter, whose education costs much less. But sometimes a father is disappointed in his expectation. If the son should turn out stupid, or idle, he would not acquire skill enough to maintain himself by his business; and then the expense of his education would be lost. For it is not the expensive education of a surgeon that causes him to be paid more for setting a man's leg than a carpenter is for mending the leg of a table; but the expensive education causes fewer people to become surgeons. It causes the supply of surgeons to be more limited,—that is, confined to a few; and it is this limitation that is the cause of their being better paid. So that, you see, the value of each kind of labour is higher or lower, like that of all other things, according as the supply is limited. Natural genius will often have the same effect as the expensiveness of education, in causing one man to be better paid than another. For instance, one who has a natural genius for painting may become a very fine painter, though his education may not have cost more than that of an ordinary painter, and he will then earn, perhaps, ten times as much without working any harder at his picture than the other. But the cause why a man of natural genius is higher paid for his work than another is still the same. Men of genius are scarce; and their work, therefore, is of the more value, from their being

more limited in supply. Some kinds of labour, again, are higher paid from the supply of them being limited by other causes, and not by the cost of learning them, or the natural genius they require. Any occupation that is unhealthy, or dangerous, or disagreeable, is paid the higher on that account; because people would not otherwise engage in it. There is this kind of limitation in the supply of house-painters, miners, gunpowder-makers, and several others.

Some people fancy that it is unjust that one man should not earn as much as another who works no harder than himself. And there certainly would be a hardship if one man could force another to work for him at whatever wages he chose to pay. This is the case with those slaves who are forced to work, and are only supplied by their masters with food and other necessities, like horses. So, also, it would be a hardship if I were to force any one to sell me anything, whether his labour, or his cloth, or cattle, or corn, at any price I might choose to fix. But there is no hardship in leaving all buyers and sellers free; the one to ask whatever price he may think fit; the other, to offer what he thinks the article worth. A labourer is a seller of labour; his employer is a buyer of labour, and both ought to be left free. If a man chooses to ask ever so high a price for his potatoes, or his corn, he is free to do so; but, then, it would be very hard that he should be allowed to force you to buy them at that price whether you would or not. In the same manner, an ordinary labourer may ask as high wages as he likes; but it would be very hard to oblige others to employ him at that rate whether they would or not. And so the labourer himself would think if the same rule were applied to him;—that is, if a tailor, and a carpenter, and a shoemaker could oblige him to employ them whether he wanted their articles or not, at whatever price they chose to fix.

In former times, laws used to be often made to fix the wages of labour. It was forbidden, under a penalty, that higher or lower wages should be asked or offered

for each kind of labour than what the law fixed. But laws of this kind were found never to do any good; for when the rate fixed by law for farm labourers, for instance, happened to be higher than it was worth a farmer's while to give for ordinary labourers, he turned off all his workmen except a few of the best hands, and employed those on the best land only; so that less corn was raised, and many persons were out of work who would have been glad to have it at a lower rate rather than earn nothing. Then, again, when the fixed rate was lower than it would answer for a farmer to give to the best workmen, some farmers would naturally try to get these into their service by paying them privately at a higher rate. And this they could easily do (so as to escape the law) by agreeing to supply them with corn at a reduced price, or in some such way; and then the other farmers were driven to do the same thing, that they might not lose all their best workmen. So that laws of this kind come to nothing.

Labourers often suffer great hardships, from which they might save themselves by looking forward beyond the present day. They are apt to complain of others when they ought rather to blame their own imprudence. If, when a man is earning good wages, he spends all, as fast as he gets it, in thoughtless intemperance, instead of laying by something against hard times, he may afterwards have to suffer great want when he is out of work, or when wages are lower. But then he must not blame others for this, but his own improvidence. So thought the bees in the following fable:—

"A grasshopper, half-starved with cold and hunger at the approach of winter, came to a well-stored bee-hive, and humbly begged the bees to relieve his wants with a few drops of honey. One of the bees asked him how he had spent his time all the summer, and why he had not laid up a store of food like them?—"Truly," said he, "I spent my time very merrily in drinking, dancing, and singing, and never once thought of winter." "Our plan is very different," said the bee; "we work hard in the summer to lay by a store of food against

the season when we foresee we shall want it; but those who do nothing but drink, and dance, and sing in the summer, must expect to starve in the winter."

Whately.

THE CHARACTER OF CATO.

If we consider the character of Cato, without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty; yet, falsely measuring all duty by the absurd rigour of the stoical rule, he was generally disappointed of the end which he sought by it, the happiness both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was severe, morose, inexorable; banishing all the softer affections, as natural enemies to justice, and as suggesting false motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compassion: in public affairs he was the same; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right, without regard to time or circumstances, or even to a force that could control him; for, instead of managing the power of the great, so as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; so that, with the best intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic. This was his general behaviour; yet, from some particular facts, it appears that his strength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal; which, when managed and flattered to a certain point, would betray him sometimes into measures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The last act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philosophy: when he could no longer be what he had been, or when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his sect, was a just cause for dying, he put an end to his life with a spirit and resolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occasion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his

life was rather admirable than amiable; fit to be praised rather than imitated.

Middleton.

ORIGIN OF THE WHITE, THE RED, AND THE BLACK MEN.

A Seminole Tradition.

When the Floridas were erected into a territory of the United States, one of the earliest cares of the Governor, William P. Duval, was directed to the instruction and civilization of the natives. For this purpose he called a meeting of the chiefs, in which he informed them of the wish of their Great Father at Washington that they should have schools and teachers among them, and that their children should be instructed like the children of white men. The chiefs listened with their customary silence and decorum to a long speech, setting forth the advantages that would accrue to them from this measure, and when he had concluded, begged the interval of a day to deliberate on it.

On the following day, a solemn convocation was held, at which one of the chiefs addressed the governor in the name of all the rest. "My brother," said he, "we have been thinking over the proposition of our Great Father at Washington, to send teachers and set up schools among us. We are very thankful for the interest he takes in our welfare; but after much deliberation, have concluded to decline his offer. What will do very well for white men, will not do for red men. I know you white men say we all come from the same father and mother, but you are mistaken. We have a tradition handed down from our forefathers, and we believe it, that the Great Spirit, when he undertook to make men, made the black man; it was his first attempt, and pretty well for a beginning; but he soon saw he had bungled; so he determined to try his hand again. He did so, and made the red man. He liked him much better than the black man, but still he was not exactly what he wanted. So he tried once

more, and made the white man; and then he was satisfied. You see, therefore, that you were made last, and that is the reason I call you my youngest brother.

"When the Great Spirit had made the three men, he called them together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books, and maps, and papers; the second with bows and arrows, knives and tomahawks; the third with spades, axes, hoes and hammers. 'These, my sons,' said he, 'are the means by which you are to live; choose among them according to your fancy.'

"The white man, being the favourite, had the first choice. He passed by the box of working-tools without notice; but when he came to the weapons for war and hunting, he stopped and looked hard at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. The white man, however, after looking upon it for a moment, passed on, and chose the box of books and papers. The red man's turn came next; and you may be sure he seized with joy upon the bows and arrows and tomahawks. As to the black man, he had no choice left, but to put up with the box of tools.

"From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended the white man should learn to read and write; to understand all about the moon and stars; and to make everything, even rum and whiskey. That the red man should be a first-rate hunter and a mighty warrior, but he was not to learn anything from books, as the Great Spirit had not given him any: nor was he to make rum and whiskey, lest he should kill himself with drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working-tools, it was clear he was to work for the white and red man, which he has continued to do.

"We must go according to the wishes of the Great Spirit, or we shall get into trouble. To know how to read and write is very good for white men, but very bad for red men. It makes white men better, but red men worse. Some of the Creeks and Cherokees learnt to read and write, and they are the greatest

rascals among all the Indians. They went to Washington, and said they were going to see their Great Father, to talk about the good of the nation. And when they got there, they all wrote upon a little piece of paper, without the nation at home knowing anything about it. And the first thing the nation at home knew of the matter, they were called together by the Indian agent, who showed them a little piece of paper, which he told them was a treaty, which their brethren had made, in their name, with their Great Father at Washington. And as they knew not what a treaty was, he held up the little piece of paper, and they looked under it, and lo! it covered a great extent of country, and they found that their brethren, by knowing how to read and write, had sold their houses, and their lands, and the graves of their fathers; and that the white man, by knowing how to read and write, had gained them. Tell our Great Father at Washington, therefore, that we are very sorry we cannot receive teachers among us; for reading and writing, though very good for white men, is very bad for Indians."

Washington Irving.

"WITH BRAINS, SIR."

"Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colours with?" said a brisk dilettante student to the great painter. "With *brains*, Sir," was the gruff reply—and the right one. It did not give much of of what we call information, but it was enough to awaken the inquirer. Many other artists, when asked such a question, would have set about detailing the mechanical composition of such and such colours, in such and such proportions, rubbed so and so; or perhaps they would have shown him how they laid them on; but even this would leave him at the critical point. Opie preferred going to the quick and the heart of the matter: "With *brains*, sir."

Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and he looked

it over with a keen and careful eye. "Capital composition; correct drawing; the colour and tone excellent; but—but—it wants—it wants *That!*" snapping his fingers; and, wanting "that," though it had everything else, it was worth nothing.

Again, Etty was appointed teacher of the students of the Royal Academy, having been preceded by a clever, talkative, scientific expounder of æsthetics, who delighted to tell the young men *how* everything was done, how to copy this, and how to express that. A student came up to the new master, "How should I do this, sir?" "Suppose you try." Another, "What does this mean, Mr. Etty?" "Suppose you look." "But I have looked." "Suppose you look again." And they *did* try, and they *did* look, and looked again; and they saw and achieved what they never could have done, had the "how" or the "what" been told them, or done for them. In the one case, sight and action were immediate, exact, intense, and secure; in the other, mediate, feeble, and lost as soon as gained. Seeing is the passive state, and at best only registers, looking is a voluntary act: it is the man within coming to the window.

So, young friends, bring *Brains* to your work, and mix everything with them, and them with everything. Let "*Tools, and a man to use them,*" be your motto. Stir up, direct, and give free scope to Sir Joshua's "*That,*" and try again and again, and look at everything for yourselves.

Brown.

ADVENTURE OF JONES WITH A HIGHWAYMAN.

They were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the dusk of the evening, when a genteel-looking man, but upon a very shabby horse, rode up to Jones, and asked him whether he was going to London? To which Jones answered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied, "I should be obliged to you, sir, if you will accept of my company, for it is very

late, and I am a stranger to the road." Jones readily complied with the request; and on they travelled together, holding that sort of discourse which is usual on such occasions.

Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic, upon which subject the stranger expressed great apprehensions; but Jones declared he had very little to lose, and consequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word: "Your honour," said he, "may think it a little, but I am sure, if I had a hundred-pound bank-note in my pocket, as you have, I should be very sorry to lose it; but, for my own part, I never was less afraid in my life, for we are four of us, and if we all stand by one another, the best man in England can't rob us. Suppose he should have a pistol, he can kill but one of us, and a man can die but once—that's my comfort, a man can die but once."

Besides the reliance on superior numbers, a kind of valour which hath raised a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory, there was another reason for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now discovered; for he had at present as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to bestow.

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the stranger turned short upon Jones, and, pulling out a pistol, demanded that little bank-note which Partridge had mentioned.

Jones was at first somewhat shocked at this unexpected demand; however, he presently recollected himself, and told the highwayman all the money he had in his pocket was at his service; and so saying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas and offered to deliver it, but the other answered with an oath "that would not do." Jones answered coolly, he was very sorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the bank-note that moment, he must shoot him, holding his pistol at the same time very near to his breast. Jones instantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled so that he could scarce hold the pistol in it,

and turned the muzzle from him. A struggle then ensued, in which the former wrested the pistol from the hand of his antagonist, and both came from their horses on the ground together, the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him. The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror; for, to say the truth, he was in strength by no means a match for Jones. "Indeed, sir," says he, "I could have no intention to shoot you, for you will find the pistol was not loaded. This is the first robbery I ever attempted, and I have been driven by distress to this." At this instant, at about a hundred and fifty yards' distance, lay another person on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himself, who, endeavouring to make his escape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horse, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be shot. In this posture he lay, till the guide, who was no otherwise concerned than for his horses, having secured the stumbling beast, came up to him, and told him his master had got the better of the highwayman.

Partridge leaped up at the news, and ran back to the place where Jones stood with his sword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow, which Partridge no sooner saw than he cried out, "Kill the villain, sir, run him through the body, kill him this instant!"

Luckily, however, for the poor wretch, he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones having examined the pistol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up, namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the distress he mentioned, the greatest indeed imaginable, that of five hungry children, and a wife lying ill, in the utmost want and misery. The truth of all which the highwayman most vehemently asserted, and offered to convince Mr. Jones of it, if he would take the trouble to go to his house, which was not above two miles off,

saying, "that he desired no favour but upon condition of proving all he had alleged."

Jones at first pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and go with him, declaring that his fate should depend entirely on the truth of his story. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expressed so much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly satisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain sentiments of compassion for him. He returned the fellow his empty pistol, advised him to think of honest means of relieving his distress, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate support of his wife and his family; adding, "he wished he had more for his sake, for the hundred pounds that had been mentioned was not his own."

The highwayman was full of expressions of thankfulness and gratitude. He actually dropped tears, or pretended so to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit such a transgression; whether he kept his word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter. Our travellers having remounted their horses, arrived in town without encountering any new mishap.

Fielding.

LORD CHATHAM ON A PROPOSAL TO EMPLOY INDIANS IN THE WAR.

[A Secretary of State, in the course of the debate, contended for the employment of Indians in the War.]

I am astonished and shocked to hear such principles confessed: to hear them avowed in this House, or even in this country. My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself *impelled* to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity—"That God and Nature put into our hands!" What ideas of God and Nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such

detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity! What, to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife!—to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that reverend, and this most learned bench to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn: upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? Your protestant brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible *hell-hounds of war*! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; but we, more ruthless, loose the *dogs of war* against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. My lords, I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity: let them perform a

illustration to purify their country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more, but my feelings and indignation were too strong to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

Chatham.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

'Tis an old story now, that battle of the Nile; but a brave story can never die of age.

The Bay is wide, but dangerous from shoals: the line of deep blue water, and the old castle of Aboukir, map out the position of the French fleet on the 1st of August, 1798. Having landed Buonaparte and his army, Brueys, the French Admiral, lay moored in the form of a crescent close along the shore. His vastly superior force, and the strength of his position (protected towards the northward by dangerous shoals, and towards the westward by the castle and batteries), made him consider that position impregnable; and, on the strength of this conviction, he wrote to Paris that Nelson had purposely avoided him. Was he undeceived, when Hood, in the *Zealous*, made signal that the enemy was in sight, and a cheer of triumph burst from every ship in the British fleet?—that fleet which had been sweeping the seas with bursting sails for six long weeks in search of its formidable foe, and now bore down upon him with fearless exultation. The soundings of that dangerous bay were unknown to Nelson; but he knew that where there was room for a French ship to swing, there must be room for an Englishman to anchor at either side of him, and the closer the better.

As his proud and fearless fleet came on, he hailed Hood, to ask whether the action should commence that night; then receiving the answer he longed for, the signal "close battle" flew from his mast-head.

The delay thus caused to the *Zealous* gave Foley the lead. He showed the example of leading inside the enemy's lines, and anchored by the stern alongside the second ship; thus leaving to Hood the first. The latter, putting his own generous construction on an accident, exclaimed, "Thank God, he has nobly left to his old friend still to lead the van!" Slowly and majestically, as the evening fell, the remainder of the fleet came on beneath a cloud of sails, receiving the fire of the castle and the batteries in portentous silence, only broken by the crash of spars, or the boatswain's whistle; each ship furling her sails calmly, as a sea-bird might fold its wings, and gliding tranquilly onward till she found her destined foe. Then the anchor dropped astern, and the fire burst from her blood-stained decks with a vigour that showed how sternly it had been repressed till then. The leading ships passed between the enemy and the shore; but when the admiral came up, he led the remainder of the fleet along the seaward side; thus doubling on the Frenchman's line, and placing it in a defile of fire. The sun went down soon after Nelson anchored; and his rearward ships were only guided through the darkness and the dangers of that formidable bay by the Frenchmen's fire flashing fierce welcome, as each enemy arrived and went hovering along the lines. He coolly scrutinized how he might draw most of that fire upon himself. The *Bellerophon* with reckless gallantry, fastened on the gigantic *Orient*, by whose terrible artillery she was soon crushed, and scorched into a wreck. Then she drifted helplessly to leeward. But she had already done her work—the *Orient* was already on fire, and through the terrible roar of battle a whisper went for a moment that paralyzed every eager heart and hand. During that dread pause the fight was suspended; the very wounded ceased to groan: yet the burning ship still continued to fire broadsides from her flaming decks; her gallant crew alone unawed by their approaching fate, and shouting their own death-song. At length the terrible explosion came; and the column of flame, that shot

upwards into the very sky, for a moment rendered visible the whole surrounding scene, from the red flags aloft to the reddened decks below; the wide shore with all its swarthy crowds, and the far-off glittering seas with the torn and dismantled fleets. Then darkness and silence came again, broken only by the shower of blazing fragments in which that brave ship fell upon the waters.

Till that moment, Nelson was ignorant how the battle went. He knew that every man was doing his duty; but he knew not how successfully. He had been wounded in the forehead, and found his way unnoticed to the deck in the suspense of the coming explosion. Its light was a fitting lamp for eyes like his to read by. He saw his own proud flag still floating everywhere; and, at the same moment, his crew recognised their wounded chief. Their cheer of welcome was only drowned in the renewed roar of their artillery, which continued until it no longer found an answer, and silence had confessed destruction.

Morning rose upon an altered scene. The sun had set upon as proud a fleet as ever sailed from the gay shores of France. Now only torn and blackened hulls marked the position they had then occupied, and where their admiral's ship had been, the blank sea sparkled in the sunshine. Two ships of the line and two frigates escaped, to be captured soon afterwards; but within the bay the tricolour was flying on the *Tonnant* alone. As the *Theseus* approached to attack her, attempting to capitulate, she hoisted a flag of truce: "Your battle-flag or none!" was the stern reply, as her enemy rounded to, and the matches glimmered over her line of guns. Slowly and reluctantly, like an expiring hope, that pale flag fluttered down from her lofty spars, and the next that floated was that of England.

And now the battle was over—India saved upon the shores of Egypt—the career of Buonaparte was checked, and his navy annihilated. Seven years later, that navy was revived, to perish utterly at Trafalgar—a fitting hecatomb for the obsequies of Nelson,

whose life seemed to terminate as his mission was accomplished.

Warburton.

A STATE DIFFICULTY.

Amongst the presents carried out by our first embassy to China was a state-coach. It had been specially selected as a personal gift by George III.; but the exact mode of using it was an intense mystery to Pekin. The ambassador, indeed, had given some imperfect explanations upon this point, but as his Excellency had communicated these in a diplomatic whisper at the very moment of his departure, the celestial intellect was very feebly illuminated, and it became necessary to call a cabinet council on the grand state question: "Where was the emperor to sit?" The hammercloth happened to be unusually gorgeous; and partly on that consideration, but partly also because the box offered the most elevated seat, was nearest to the moon, and undeniably went foremost, it was resolved by acclamation that the box was the imperial throne; and for the scoundrel who drove, he might sit where he could find a perch. The horses, therefore being harnessed, solemnly his Imperial Majesty ascended his new English throne, under a flourish of trumpets, having the first lord of the treasury on his right hand, and the chief jester on his left.

Pekin gloried in the spectacle; and in the whole flowery people, constructively present by representation, there was but one discontented person, and that was the coachman. This mutinous individual audaciously shouted: "Where am I to sit?" But the privy-council, incensed by his disloyalty, unanimously opened the door, and kicked him into the inside. He had all the inside places to himself; but such is the cupidity of ambition, that he was still dissatisfied. "I say," he cried out, in an extempore petition, addressed to the emperor through the window—"I say, how am I to catch hold of the reins?"

"Anyhow," was the imperial answer. "Don't trouble me, man, in my glory. How catch the reins? Why, through the windows—through the keyholes—anyhow!"

Finally, this contumacious coachman lengthened the check-strings into a sort of jury-reins, communicating with the horses; with these, he drove as steadily as Pekin had any right to expect.

The emperor returned after the briefest of circuits; he descended in great pomp from his throne, with the severest resolution never to remount it. A public thanksgiving was ordered for his majesty's happy escape from the disease of broken neck, and the state-coach was dedicated thenceforward as a votive offering to the god Fo Fo, whom the learned more accurately called Fi Fi.

De Quincey.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Some incidents happened which revived her tenderness for Essex, and filled her with the deepest sorrow for the consent which she had unwarily given to his execution.

The Earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the queen's fond attachment towards him, took occasion to regret that the necessity of her service required him often to be absent from her person; and exposed him to all those ill offices which his enemies, more assiduous in their attendance, could employ against him. She was moved with this tender jealousy; and, making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him that into whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him, yet if he sent her that ring, she would immediately, upon sight of it, recall her former tenderness, and would lend a favourable ear to his apology. Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity; but after his trial and condemnation, he resolved

to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the queen. The countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favourite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution. The Countess of Nottingham falling into sickness, and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct; and, having obtained a visit from the queen, she craved her pardon, and revealed to her the fatal secret. The queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion: she shook the dying countess in her bed; and crying to her that God might pardon her, but she never could, she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation; she even refused food and sustenance; and throwing herself on the floor she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered, and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal; but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning on cushions which her maids brought her; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body, that her end was visibly approaching; and the council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary, to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that

she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the king of Scots? Being then advised by the archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from Him. Her voice soon after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without farther struggle or convulsion (March 24th), in the seventieth year of her age, and forty-fifth of her reign.

Hume.

SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

Shakspeare was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

“As the tall cypress towers above the shrubs.”¹

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better treated in Shakspeare; and however others are now² generally preferred

¹ Dryden here quotes the well-known line of Virgil, *Eclogue* 1.

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cypressi.

² In the degenerate ages after the Restoration.

before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's¹ court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him.

As for Jonson, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in "Sejanus" and "Catiline."² But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represented Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much *Romanize* our

¹ Charles I. ² Two of Jonson's most famous tragedies: they are literally crammed with translations from the Latin.

tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets: Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare.

Dryden.

INDUSTRY AND APPLICATION.

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired; in youth, the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, and from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a slowly-flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water,

which first putrifies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleness I include not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society, or public amusements; in the labours of dress, or the ostentation of their persons. Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer expectations of your friends and your country? Amusements youth requires; it were vain, it were cruel to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business, of the young. For they then become the gulf of time and the poison of the mind. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy.

Blair.

YORICK'S DEATH.

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtains, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,—and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again, he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.—I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—I hope not, Yorick, said he.—Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius' hand,—and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the

man within him,—my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis, when thou most wantest them;—who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head: for my part, continued, Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough of thee left to make a bishop,—and that I may live to see it.—I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius—I beseech thee to take a view of my head.—I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and mis-shapened with the blows which have been so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panza, that should I recover, and “mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.”—Yorick’s last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;—and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakspeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he squeezed his hand,—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,—he then closed them—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble-slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph, and elegy—

Alas, poor Yorick!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him:—a foot-way crossing the church-yard close by his grave,—not a passenger goes by, without stopping to cast a look upon it,—and sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor Yorick!

Sterne.

THE CHARACTER OF ALEXANDER POPE.

Pope, in conversation, was below himself; he was seldom easy and natural, and seemed afraid that the man should degrade the poet, which made him always attempt wit and humour, often unsuccessfully, and too often unseasonably. I have been with him a week at a time at his house at Twickenham where I necessarily saw his mind in its undress, when he was both an agreeable and instructive companion.

His moral character has been warmly attacked, and but weakly defended; the natural consequence of his shining turn to satire, of which many felt, and all feared the smart. It must be owned that he was the most irritable of all the *genus irritabile vatum*, offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them; but in this I really think that the poet was more in fault than the man. He was as great an instance as any he quotes, of the contrarieties and inconsistencies of human nature; for, notwithstanding the malignancy of his satires, and some blameable passages of his life, he was charitable to his power, active in doing good offices, and piously attentive to an old bed-ridden mother, who died but a little time before him. His poor, crazy, deformed body was a mere Pandora's box, containing all the physical ills that ever afflicted

humanity. This, perhaps, whetted the edge of his satire, and may in some degree excuse it.

I will say nothing of his works, they speak sufficiently for themselves; they will live as long as letters and taste shall remain in this country, and be more and more admired, as envy and resentment subside. But I will venture this piece of classical blasphemy, which is, that however he may be supposed to be obliged to Horace, Horace is more obliged to him.

Chesterfield.

THE HEBREW RACE.

'You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews: that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organised and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolise the professorial chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of spiritual Christianity, and who is regius professor of divinity in the university of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the history of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place; a modest and learned man. It was Wehl—then unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the life of Mohammed. But for the German professors of this race, their name is Legion. I think there are more than ten at Berlin alone. I told you just now that I was going up to town to-morrow, because I always made it a rule to interpose when affairs of state were on the carpet. Otherwise, I never interfere. I hear of peace and war in newspapers,

but I am never alarmed, except when I am informed that the sovereigns want treasure; then I know that monarchs are serious. A few years back we were applied to by Russia. Now, there has been no friendship between the court of St. Petersburg and my family. It has Dutch connections which have generally supplied it, and our representations in favour of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of all the tribes, have not been very agreeable to the czar. However, circumstances drew to an approximation between the Romanoffs and the Sidonias. I resolved to go myself to St. Petersburg. I had on my arrival an interview with the Russian minister of finances, Count Cancrin; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain. I resolved on repairing to Spain from Russia. I travelled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish minister, Senor Mendizabel; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuovo Cristiano, a Jew of Aragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid, I went straight to Paris, to consult the president of the French council; I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of hosts?' 'And is Soult a Hebrew?' 'Yes, and several of the French marshals, and the most famous: Massena, for example—his real name was Manasseh. But to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultations was, that some northern power should be applied to in a friendly and mediative capacity. We fixed on Prussia, and the president of the council made an application to the Prussian minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages to what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes. Favoured by nature and by nature's God, we produced the lyre of David; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel; they are our Olynthians, our Philippics.

Favoured by nature we still remain; but in exact proportion as we have been favoured by nature, we have been persecuted by man. After a thousand struggles—after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled—deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage have never excelled—we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery; during which, every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the Pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sang more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon and wept. They record our triumphs; they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers, the catalogue is not blank. What are all the schoolmen, Aquinas himself, to Maimonides? and as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza! But the passionate and creative genius that is the nearest link to divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, though it can divert it; that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence, has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices, and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations—the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus, and which we have preserved unpolluted—have endowed us with almost exclusive privilege of music; that science of harmonious sounds which the ancients recognised as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past, though were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment

even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that are not crowded with our children, under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, spring from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate—too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds, to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn—are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your “Muscadins” of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little, do they suspect that they are offering homage to the sweet singers of Israel.’

Benjamin D’Israeli.

BOYISH SCENES AND RECOLLECTIONS.

After living within a few hundreds of yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own windows into St. James’s Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers! The Thames was but a ‘creek!’ But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross in my

post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot. Then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat, in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooksbury Hill,' meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy, going down-hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank,

birth and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment—less than a month after my arrival in England—I resolved never to bend before them.

Cobbett.

VIEW OF MEXICO FROM THE SUMMIT OF AHUALCO.

The troops, refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded, early on the following day, in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step, as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the Valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of colouring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet, were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and, in the midst,—like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls,—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were on the bosom of the waters,—the far-famed "Venice of the Aztecs." High

over all rose the royal hill of Chapoltepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco, and, still further on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the Conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene, when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins; even now, that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features, that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, "It is the promised land!"

Prescott.

"GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE."

'When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a

hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but, observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied: "I thrust him away because he did not worship thee." God answered him: "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. *Go thou and do likewise*, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.'

Jeremy Taylor.

THE COMMITTAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS TO THE TOWER.

The Bishops were repeatedly sent out into the ante-chamber, and repeatedly called back into the council-room. At length James positively commanded them to answer the question.¹ He did not expressly engage that their confession should not be used against them; but they not unnaturally supposed that, after what had passed, such an engagement was implied in his command. Sancroft acknowledged his handwriting; and his brethren followed his example. They were then interrogated about the meaning of some words in the petition, and about the letter which had been circulated with so much effect all over the kingdom; but their language was so guarded that nothing was gained by the examination. The Chancellor then told them, that a

¹ Namely, whether the petition was in their handwriting.

criminal information would be exhibited against them in the Court of King's Bench, and called upon them to enter into recognisances. They refused. They were peers of the realm, they said. They were advised by the best lawyers in Westminster Hall, that no peer could be required to enter into a recognisance in a case of libel; and they should not think themselves justified in relinquishing the privilege of their order. The King was so absurd as to think himself personally affronted because they chose, on a legal question, to be guided by legal advice. "You believe everybody," he said, "rather than me." He was, indeed, mortified and alarmed. For he had gone so far that, if they persisted, he had no choice left but to send them to prison; and, though he by no means foresaw all the consequences of such a step, he foresaw probably enough to disturb him. They were resolute. A warrant was therefore made out directing the Lieutenant of the Tower to keep them in safe custody, and a barge was manned to convey them down the river.

It was known all over London that the Bishops were before the Council. The public anxiety was intense. A great multitude filled the courts of Whitehall, and all the neighbouring streets. Many people were in the habit of refreshing themselves at the close of a summer day with the cool air of the Thames; but on this evening the whole river was alive with wherries. When the Seven came forth under a guard, the emotions of the people broke through all restraint. Thousands fell on their knees, and prayed aloud for the men who had, with the Christian courage of Ridley and Latimer, confronted a tyrant inflamed by all the bigotry of Mary. Many dashed into the stream, and, up to their waists in ooze and water, cried to the holy fathers to bless them. All down the river, from Whitehall to London Bridge, the royal barge passed between lines of boats, from which arose a shout of "God bless your Lordships!" The king, in great alarm, gave orders that the guards should be held ready for action, and that two companies should be detached from every regiment

in the kingdom, and sent up instantly to London. But the force on which he relied as the means of coercing the people shared all the feelings of the people. Sir Edward Hales was Lieutenant of the Tower. He was little inclined to treat his prisoners with kindness, for he was an apostate from that Church for which they suffered, and he held several lucrative posts by virtue of that dispensing power against which they had protested. He learned with indignation that his soldiers were drinking the healths of the Bishops. He ordered his officers to see that it was done no more; but the officers came back with a report that the thing could not be prevented, and that no other health was drank in the garrison. Nor was it only by carousing that the troops showed their reverence for the fathers of the Church. There was such a show of devotion throughout the Tower, that pious divines thanked God for bringing good out of evil, and for making the persecution of His faithful servants the means of saving many souls. All day the coaches and and liveries of the first nobles of England were seen round the prison gates. Thousands of humbler spectators constantly covered Tower Hill. But among the marks of public respect and sympathy which the prelates received, there was one which more than all the rest enraged and alarmed the King. He learned that a deputation of ten Nonconformist ministers had visited the Tower. He sent for four of these persons, and himself upbraided them. They courageously answered that they thought it their duty to forget past quarrels, and to stand by the men who stood by the Protestant religion.

Macaulay.

FORTUNE NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

The sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand without difficulty the first and the fiercest onset. I learned this important lesson long ago, and

never trusted to fortune, even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, and all the advantages which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed so, that she might snatch them away without giving me any disturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but she could not tear them from me. No man suffers by bad fortune but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them, we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away—as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But, if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported with prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states: and having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

Bolingbroke.

THE WORKS OF CREATION.

I was yesterday, about sunset, walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was

more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection: "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou regardest him?" In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns—when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us—in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little, insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far,

that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

Addison.

THE RELATIVE VALUE OF GOLD AND SILVER.

The fear that gold may be greatly depreciated in value relatively to silver—a fear which may have seized upon the minds of some of my readers—is unwarranted by the data registered in the crust of the earth. Gold is, after all, by far the most restricted—in its native distribution—of the precious metals. Silver and argentiferous lead, on the contrary, expand so largely downwards into the bowels of the rocks, as to lead us to believe that they must yield enormous profits to the skilful miner for ages to come, and the more so in proportion as better machinery and new inventions shall lessen the difficulty of subterranean mining. It may, indeed, well be doubted whether the quantities of gold and silver, procurable from regions unknown to our progenitors, will prove more than sufficient to meet the exigencies of an enormously increased population and our augmenting commerce and luxury. But this is not a theme for a geologist; and I would simply say, that Providence seems to have originally adjusted the relative value of these two precious metals, and that their relations, having remained the same for ages, will long survive all theories. Modern science, instead of contradicting, only confirms the truth of the aphorism of the patriarch Job, which thus shadowed forth the downward persistence of the one and the superficial distribution of the other: ‘Surely there is a vein for the silver. * * * The earth hath dust of gold.’

Murchison.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON IN 1755.

In no part of the volcanic region of Southern Europe has so tremendous an earthquake occurred in modern times as that which began on the 1st of November 1755 at Lisbon. A sound of thunder was heard underground, and immediately afterwards a violent shock threw down the greater part of that city. In the course of about six minutes, sixty thousand persons perished. The sea first retired and laid the bar dry; it then rolled in, rising fifty feet above its ordinary level. The mountains of Arrabida, Estrella, Julio, Marvan, and Cintra, being some of the largest in Portugal, were impetuously shaken, as it were, from their very foundations; and some of them opened at their summits, which were split and rent in a wonderful manner, huge masses of them being thrown down into the subjacent valleys. Flames are related to have issued from these mountains, which are supposed to have been electric; they are also said to have smoked; but vast clouds of dust may have given rise to this appearance.

The most extraordinary circumstance which occurred at Lisbon during the catastrophe, was the subsidence of a new quay, built entirely of marble at an immense expense. A great concourse of people had collected there for safety, as a spot where they might be beyond reach of falling ruins; but suddenly the quay sank down with all the people on it, and not one of the dead bodies ever floated to the surface. A great number of boats and small vessels anchored near it, all full of people, were swallowed up as in a whirlpool. No fragments of these wrecks ever rose again to the surface, and the water in the place where the quay had stood is stated, in many accounts, to be unfathomable; but Whitehurst says he ascertained it to be one hundred fathoms.

In this case, we must either suppose that a certain tract sank down into a subterranean hollow, which would cause a 'fault' in the strata to the depth of six hundred feet; or we may infer, as some have done, from the

entire disappearance of the substances engulfed, that a chasm opened and closed again. Yet in adopting this latter hypothesis, we must suppose that the upper part of the chasm, to the depth of one hundred fathoms, remained open after the shock. According to the observations made at Lisbon, in 1837, by Mr. Sharpe, the destroying effects of this earthquake were confined to the tertiary strata, and were most violent on the blue clay, on which the lower part of the city is constructed. Not a building, he says, on the secondary limestone or the basalt was injured.

The great area over which this Lisbon earthquake extended, is very remarkable. The movement was most violent in Spain, Portugal, and the north of Africa; but nearly the whole of Europe, and even the West Indies, felt the shock on the same day. A seaport called St. Ubes, about twenty miles south of Lisbon, was engulfed. At Algiers and Fez, in Africa, the agitation of the earth was equally violent; and at the distance of eight leagues from Morocco, a village with the inhabitants, to the number of about eight or ten thousand persons, together with all their cattle, were swallowed up. Soon after, the earth closed again over them.

The shock was felt at sea, on the deck of a ship to the west of Lisbon and produced very much the same sensation as on dry land. Off St. Lucar, the captain of the ship *Nancy* felt his vessel so violently shaken, that he thought she had struck the ground, but, on heaving the lead, found a great depth of water. Captain Clark, from Denia, in latitude $36^{\circ} 24' N.$, between nine and ten in the morning, had his ship shaken and strained as if she had struck upon a rock. Another ship, forty leagues west of St. Vincent, experienced so violent a concussion, that the men were thrown a foot and a half perpendicularly up from the deck. In Antigua and Barbadoes, as also in Norway, Sweden, Germany, Holland, Corsica, Switzerland, and Italy, tremors and slight oscillations of the ground were felt. The agitation of lakes, rivers, and springs in Great Britain was remarkable. At Loch Lomond,

in Scotland, for example, the water, without the least apparent cause, rose against its banks, and then subsided below its usual level. The greatest perpendicular height of this swell was two feet four inches. It is said that the movement of this earthquake was undulatory, and that it travelled at the rate of twenty miles a minute. A great wave swept over the coast of Spain, and is said to have been sixty feet high at Cadiz. At Tangier, in Africa, it rose and fell eighteen times on the coast; at Funchal, in Madeira, it rose full fifteen feet perpendicular above high-water mark, although the tide, which ebbs and flows there seven feet, was then at half-ebb. Besides entering the city and committing great havoc, it overflowed other sea-ports in the island. At Kinsale, in Ireland, a body of water rushed into the harbour, whirled round several vessels, and poured into the market-place.

It was before stated that the sea first retired at Lisbon; and this retreat of the ocean from the shore at the commencement of an earthquake, and its subsequent return in a violent wave, is a common occurrence. In order to account for the phenomenon, Michell imagined a subsidence at the bottom of the sea from the giving way of the roof of some cavity, in consequence of a vacuum produced by the condensation of steam. Such condensation, he observes, might be the first effect of the introduction of a large body of water into fissures and cavities already filled with steam, before there had been sufficient time for the heat of the incandescent lava to turn so large a supply of water into steam, which, being soon accomplished, causes a greater explosion.

Lyell.

THE BROWNS.

The Browns have become illustrious by the pen of Thackeray and the pencil of Doyle, within the memory of the young gentlemen who are now matriculating at the universities. Notwithstanding the well-merited but

late fame which has fallen upon them, any one at all acquainted with the family must feel that much has yet to be written and said before the British nation will be properly sensible of how much of its greatness it owes to the Browns. For centuries, in their quiet, dogged, home-spun way, they have been subduing the earth in most English counties, and leaving their mark in American forests and Australian uplands. Wherever the fleets and armies of England have won renown, there stalwart sons of the Browns have done yeomen's work. With the yew-bow and cloth-yard shaft at Cressy and Agincourt—with the brown bill and pike under the brave Lord Willoughby—with culverin and demi-culverin against Spaniards and Dutchmen—with hand-grenade and sabre, and musket and bayonet under Rodney and St. Vincent, Wolfe and Moore, Nelson and Wellington, they have carried their lives in their hands; getting hard knocks and hard work in plenty, which was on the whole what they looked for, and the best thing for them: and little praise or pudding, which indeed they, and most of us, are better without. Talbots and Stanleys, St. Maurs and such-like folk, have led armies and made laws time out of mind; but those noble families would be somewhat astounded—if the accounts ever came to be fairly taken—to find how small their work for England has been by the side of the Browns.

"Tom Brown's School-days."

WAT TYLER.

The government of England under Richard the Second wanted money; accordingly, a certain tax, called the Poll Tax, which had originated in the last reign, was ordered to be levied on the people. This was a tax on every person in the kingdom, male and female, above the age of fourteen, of three groats, or three fourpenny pieces a year. Clergymen were charged more, and only beggars were exempted.

The people of Essex rose against the poll-tax, and, being severely handled by the government officers, killed some of them. At this very time, one of the tax collectors going his round from house to house, at Dartford, in Kent, came to the cottage of one Wat, a tiler by trade, and claimed the tax upon his daughter. Her mother, who was at home, declared that she was under the age of fourteen; upon that the collector behaved in a savage way, and brutally insulted Wat Tyler's daughter. The daughter screamed, the mother screamed; Wat the Tiler, who was at work not far off, ran to the spot and enraged at the treatment which his daughter had suffered, struck the collector dead at a blow. Instantly the people of the town uprose as one man. They made Wat Tyler their leader, and joined with the people of Essex, who were in arms under a priest called Jack Straw; they took out of Maidstone prison another priest, called John Ball, and gathering in numbers as they went along, advanced in a great confused army of poor men, to Blackheath. It is said, that they wanted to abolish all property, and to declare all men equal. I do not think this very likely, because they stopped the travellers upon the road, and made them swear to be true to King Richard and the people. Nor were they at all disposed to injure those who had done them no harm merely because they were of high station; for the King's mother, who had to pass through their camps at Blackheath, on her way to her young son, lying for safety in the Tower of London, had merely to kiss a few dirty-faced rough-bearded men, who were noisily fond of royalty, in order to get away.

The following day the whole mass marched on to London Bridge. There was a drawbridge in the middle, which William Walworth, the Mayor, caused to be raised, to prevent their coming into the City; but they soon terrified the citizens into lowering it again, and spread themselves with great uproar over the streets. They broke open the prisons, they burnt the papers in Lambeth Palace, they destroyed

the Duke of Lancaster's Palace, the Savoy in the Strand—said to be the most beautiful and splendid in England—they set fire to the books and documents in the Temple, and made a great riot. Many of these outrages were committed in drunkenness, since those citizens who had well-filled cellars were only too glad to throw them open to save the rest of their property; but even the drunken rioters were very careful to steal nothing. They were so angry with one man, who was seen to take a silver cup at the Savoy Palace and put it in his breast, that they drowned him in the river, cup and all. The young king had been taken out to treat with them before they committed these excesses, but he and the people about him were so frightened by the riotous shouts, that they got back to the Tower in the best way they could. This made the insurgents bolder, so they went on rioting away, striking off the heads of those who did not at a moment's notice declare for King Richard and the people—and killing as many of the unpopular persons whom they supposed to be their enemies, as they could by any means lay hold of. In this manner they passed one very violent day, and then proclamation was made that the King would meet them at Mile-end, and grant their requests. The rioters went to Mile-end, to the number of sixty thousand, and there the King met them. To him the rioters peaceably proposed four conditions:—First, that neither they nor their children, nor any coming after them, should be made slaves any more. Secondly, that the rent of land should be fixed at a certain price in money, instead of being paid in service. Thirdly, that they should have liberty to buy and sell in all markets and public places like other free men. Fourthly, that they should be pardoned for past offences. Heaven knows, there was nothing very unreasonable in these proposals. The young king deceitfully pretended to think so, and kept thirty clerks up all night writing out a Charter accordingly. Now, Wat Tyler himself wanted more than this. He wanted the entire abolition of the Forest Laws. He was not at Mile-end with the

rest, but while that meeting was being held, broke into the Tower of London, and slew the Archbishop and the Treasurer, for whose heads the people had cried out loudly the day before. He and his men even thrust their swords into the bed of the Princess of Wales, while the princess was in it, to make certain that none of their enemies were concealed there.

So Wat and his men still continued armed, and rode about the City. Next morning, the King, with a small train of some sixty gentlemen, among whom was Walworth the Mayor, rode into Smithfield, and saw Wat and his people at a little distance. Wat said to his men, "There is the King. I will go speak with him, and tell him what we want." • Straightway Wat rode up to him, and began to talk. "King," said Wat, "dost thou see all my men there?" "Ah!" said the King, "why?" "Because," said Wat, "they are all at my command, and have sworn to do whatever I bid them." Some declared afterwards that as Wat said this, he laid his hand on the King's bridle. Others declared that he was seen to play with his own dagger. I think myself, that he just spoke to the King like a rough angry man as he was, and did nothing more. At any rate, he was expecting no attack, and prepared for no resistance, when Walworth, the Mayor, did the not very valiant deed of drawing a short sword, and stabbing him in the throat; he dropped from his horse, and one of the King's people speedily finished him. So fell Wat Tyler. Fawners and flatterers made a mighty triumph of it, and set up a cry which will occasionally find an echo, to this day. But Wat was a hard-working man, who had suffered much, and had been foully outraged; and it is probable that he was a man of a much higher nature, and a much braver spirit than any of those who exulted then, and have exulted since, over his defeat.

Seeing Wat down, his men immediately bent their bows to avenge his fall. If the young King had not had presence of mind at that dangerous moment, both he and the Mayor might have followed Tyler pretty

fast. But the King riding up to the crowd, cried out that Tyler was a traitor, and that he would be their leader. They were so taken by surprise that they set up a great shouting, and followed the king until he was met at Islington by a large body of soldiers.

The end of this rising was the then usual end. As soon as the King found himself safe, he unsaid all he had said, and undid all he had done. Some fifteen hundred of the rioters were tried, mostly in Essex, with great rigor, and executed with great cruelty. Many of them were hanged on gibbets as a terror to the country people; and because their miserable friends took some of the bodies down to bury, the King ordered the rest to be chained up, which was the beginning of the barbarous custom of hanging in chains. The King's falsehood in this business makes such a pitiful figure, that I think Wat Tyler appears in history as beyond comparison the truer and more respectable of the two.

Dickens.

DEATH OF TWO LOVERS BY LIGHTNING.

September 1, 1717.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

* * I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one—let it sound as it will—was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty; Sarah, a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the

scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed—it was on the last of July—a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sank on a haycock, and John—who never separated from her—sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers hearing no answer, stepped to the place, where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair—John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed. They were buried the next day in one grave, where my Lord Harcourt, at my request has erected a monument over them.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue: the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

Pope.

LIFE OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, KING OF SWEDEN.

Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, born A.D. 1594, had princely education both for arts and arms. In Italy he learnt the mathematics; and in the other places abroad, the French, Italian, and German tongues; and after he was king, he travelled under the name of Mr. Gars, being the four initial letters of his name and title. He was but seventeen years old at his father's death, being left not only a young king, but also in a young kingdom; for his title to the crown of Sweden was but five years old, to wit, since the beginning of his father's reign. All his bordering princes (on the north, nothing but the north bordered on him) were his enemies. Yet was he too great for them in his minority, both defending his own, and gaining on them. "Woe be to the kingdom whose king is a child;" yet blessed is that kingdom whose king, though a child in age, is a man in worth. These his first actions had much of glory, and yet somewhat of possibility and credit in them. But chronicle and belief must strain hard to make his German conquest probable with posterity; coming in with eleven thousand men, having no certain confederates, but some of his alliance whom the emperor had outed of all their estates; and yet, in two years and four months, he left the emperor in as bad a case almost as he found those princes in.

He was a strict observer of martial discipline, the life of war, without which an army is but a crowd (not to say herd) of people. He would march all day in complete armour, which was by custom no more burden to him than his arms; and to carry his helmet no more trouble than his head; whilst his example made the same easy to his soldiers. He was very merciful to any that would submit; and as the iron gate miraculously opened to St Peter of its own accord, so his mercy wrought miracles, making many city-gates open to him of themselves, before he ever knocked at them to demand entrance, the inhabitants desiring to shroud themselves under his protection. Yea, he was merciful to those

places which he took by assault; the very Jesuits themselves tasted of his courtesy, though merrily he laid it to their charge, that they would neither preach faith to, nor keep faith with others.

He had the true art (almost lost) of encamping, where he would lie in his trenches in despite of all enemies, keeping the clock of his own time, and would fight for no man's pleasure but his own. No seeming flight or disorder of his enemies should cozen him into a battle, nor their daring bravadoes anger him into it; nor any violence force him to fight till he thought fitting himself; counting it good manners in war, to take all, but give no advantages.

It was said of his armies that they used to rise when the swallows went to bed, when winter began, his forces most consisting of northern nations; and a Swede fights best when he can see his own breath. He always kept a long vacation in the dog-days, being only a saver in the summer, and a gainer all the year besides. His best harvest was in the snow; and his soldiers had most life in the dead of winter.

He made but a short cut in taking of cities, many of whose fortifications were a wonder to behold; but what were they then to assault and conquer? At scaling of walls he was excellent for contriving as his soldiers in executing; it seeming a wonder that their bodies should be made of air so light to climb, whose arms were of iron so heavy to strike. Such cities as would not presently open unto him, he shut them up; and having business of more importance than to imprison himself about one strength, he would consign the besieging thereof to some other captain. And, indeed, he wanted not his Joabs, who, when they had reduced cities to terms of yielding, knew, with as much wisdom as loyalty, to entitle their David to the whole honour of the action.

He was highly beloved of his soldiers, of whose deserts he kept a faithful chronicle in his heart, and advanced them accordingly.

To come to his death, wherein his reputation suffers,

in the judgments of some, for too much hazarding of his own person in the battle. But surely some conceived necessity thereof urged him thereunto. For this his third grand set battle in Germany was the third and last asking of his banns to the imperial crown; and had they not been forbidden by his death, his marriage in all probability had instantly followed. His death is still left in uncertainty, whether the valour of open enemies, or treachery of false friends caused it. His side won the day, and yet lost the sun that made it. The Jesuits made him to be the Antichrist, and allowed him three years and a half of reign and conquest. But had he lived the full term out, the true Antichrist might have heard further from him, and Rome's tragedy might have had an end, whose fifth and last act is still behind. Yet one Jesuit, more ingenuous than the rest, gives him this testimony, that save the badness of his cause and religion, he had nothing defective in him which belonged to an excellent king and a good captain.

Thus let our poor description of this king serve, like a flat gravestone or plain pavement, for the present, till the richer pen of some Grotius or Heinsius shall provide to erect some statelier monument in his memory.

Fuller.

CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU.

We have had Rousseau, the great professor and founder of the philosophy of vanity, in England. As I had good opportunity of knowing his proceedings almost from day to day, he left no doubt on my mind that he entertained no principle either to influence his heart or to guide his understanding but vanity. With this vice he was possessed to a degree little short of madness. It is from the same deranged eccentric vanity that this, the insane Socrates of the National Assembly, was impelled to publish a mad confession of his mad faults, and to attempt a new sort of glory, from

bringing to light the obscure and vulgar vices which we know may sometimes be blended with eminent talents. He has not observed on the nature of vanity who does not know that it is omnivorous; that it has no choice of its food; that it is fond to talk even of its own faults and vices, as what will excite surprise and draw attention, and what will pass at worst for openness and candour.

It was this abuse and perversion, which vanity makes even of hypocrisy, which has driven Rousseau to record a life, not so much as chequered, or spotted here and there with virtues, or even distinguished by a single good action. It is such a life he chooses to offer to the attention of mankind. It is such a life that, with a wild defiance, he flings in the face of his Creator, whom he acknowledges only to brave. The French Assembly, knowing how much more powerful example is found than precept, has chosen this man (by his own account without a single virtue) for a model. To him they erect their first statue. From him they commence their series of honours and distinctions.

It is that new invented virtue which your masters canonize that led their moral hero constantly to exhaust the stores of his powerful rhetoric in the expression of universal benevolence, whilst his heart was incapable of harbouring one spark of common parental affection. Benevolence to the whole species, and want of feeling for every individual with whom the professors come in contact, form the character of the new philosophy. Setting up for an unsocial independence, this, their hero of vanity, refuses the just price of common labour, as well as the tribute which opulence owes to genius, and which, when paid, honours the giver and the receiver; and then he pleads his beggary as an excuse for his crimes. He melts with tenderness for those only who touch him by the remotest relation; and then, without one natural pang, sends his children to the hospital of foundlings. The bear loves, licks, and forms her young; but bears are not philosophers. Vanity, however, finds its account in reversing the train of our natural feelings.

Thousands admire the sentimental writer; the affectionate father is hardly known in his parish.

Burke.

DISCOVERY OF THE HOLY LANCE AT ANTIOCH.

For salvation and victory, the crusaders at Antioch were indebted to the same fanaticism which had led them to the brink of ruin. In such a cause, and in such an army, visions, prophecies, and miracles were frequent and familiar. In the distress of Antioch, they were repeated with unusual energy and success: St. Ambrose had assured a pious ecclesiastic that two years of trial must precede the season of deliverance and grace; the deserters were stopped by the presence and reproaches of Christ himself; the dead had promised to arise and combat with their brethren; the Virgin had obtained the pardon of their sins; and their confidence was revived by a visible sign,—the seasonable and splendid discovery of the *holy lance*. The policy of their chiefs has on this occasion been admired, and might surely be excused; but a pious fraud is seldom produced by the cool conspiracy of many persons; and a voluntary impostor might depend on the support of the wise, and the credulity of the people. Of the diocese of Marseilles there was a priest of low cunning and loose manners, and his name was Peter Bartholomy. He presented himself at the door of the council-chamber to disclose an apparition of St. Andrew, which had been thrice reiterated in his sleep, with a dreadful menace if he presumed to suppress the commands of Heaven. "At Antioch," said the apostle, "in the church of my brother St. Peter, near the high altar, is concealed the steel head of the lance that pierced the side of our Redeemer. In three days that instrument of eternal and now of temporal salvation will be manifested to his disciples. Search and ye shall find; bear it aloft in battle; and that mystic weapon shall penetrate the souls of the miscreants." The Pope's legate, the Bishop of Puy, affected to listen

with coldness and distrust; but the revelation was eagerly accepted by Count Raymond, whom his faithful subject, in the name of the apostle, had chosen for the guardian of the holy lance. The experiment was resolved; and on the third day, after a due preparation of prayer and fasting, the priests of Marseilles introduced twelve trusty spectators, among whom were the count and his chaplain; and the church-doors were barred against the impetuous multitude. The ground was opened in the appointed place; but the workmen, who relieved each other, dug to the depth of twelve feet without discovering the object of their search. In the evening, when Count Raymond had withdrawn to his post, and the weary assistants began to murmur, Bartholomy, in his shirt, and without his shoes, boldly descended into the pit; the darkness of the hour and of the place enabled him to secrete and deposit the head of a Saracen lance, and the first sound, the first gleam of the steel, was saluted with a devout rapture. The holy lance was drawn from its recess, wrapped in a veil of silk and gold, and exposed to the veneration of the crusaders; their anxious suspense burst forth in a general shout of joy and hope, and the desponding troops were again inflamed with the enthusiasm of valour. Whatever had been the arts, and whatever might be the sentiments of the chiefs, they skilfully improved this fortunate revelation by every aid that discipline and devotion could afford. The soldiers were dismissed to their quarters, with an injunction to fortify their minds and bodies for the approaching conflict, freely to bestow their last pittance on themselves and their horses, and to expect with the dawn of day the signal of victory. On the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, the gates of Antioch were thrown open; a martial psalm, "Let the Lord arise, and let his enemies be scattered!" was chanted by a procession of priests and monks; the battle-array was marshalled in twelve divisions, in honour of the twelve apostles; and the holy lance, in the absence of Raymond, was intrusted to the hands of his chaplain. The influence of this

relic or trophy was felt by the servants, and perhaps by the enemies, of Christ; and its potent energy was heightened by an accident, a stratagem, or a rumour of a miraculous complexion. Three knights, in white armour and resplendent arms, either issued, or seemed to issue, from the hills: the voice of Adhemar, the Pope's legate, proclaimed them as the martyrs St. George, St. Theodore, and St. Maurice; the tumult of battle allowed no time for doubt or scrutiny; and the welcome apparition dazzled the eyes or the imagination of a fanatic army.

Gibbon.

DISCOVERY OF A COLOSSAL SCULPTURE AT NIMROUD.

In the morning I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. "Hasten, O Bey," exclaimed one of them, "hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God!" and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen—who had already seen me as I approached—standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and

knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of the imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanché with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learned this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head, they all cried together, "There is no God but God, and Mahommed is His prophet!" It was some time before the Sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. "This is not the work of men's hands," exclaimed he, "but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet (peace be with him!) has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which Noah (peace be with him) cursed before the flood." In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

Layard.

EFFECTS OF THE DEATH OF NELSON.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and “old men from the chimney-corner” to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson’s surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add

to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

Southey.

HOUSES AND FURNITURE OF THE NOBLES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

It is an error to suppose, that the English gentry were lodged in stately or even in well-sized houses. Generally speaking, their dwellings were almost as inferior to those of their descendants in capacity as they were in convenience. The usual arrangement consisted of an entrance-passage running through the house, with a hall on one side, a parlour beyond, and one or two chambers above; and on the opposite side, a kitchen, pantry, and other offices. Such was the ordinary manor-house of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as appears not only from the documents and engravings,

but as to the latter period, from the buildings themselves—sometimes, though not very frequently, occupied by families of consideration, more often converted into farm-houses, or distinct tenements. Larger structures were erected by men of great estates during the reigns of Henry IV. and Edward IV.; but very few can be traced higher; and such has been the effect of time, still more through the advance or decline of families, and the progress of architectural improvement, than the natural decay of these buildings, that I should conceive it difficult to name a house in England still inhabited by a gentleman, and not belonging to the order of castles, the principal apartments of which are older than the reign of Henry VII. The instances at least must be extremely few.

The two most essential improvements in architecture during this period, one of which had been missed by the sagacity of Greece and Rome, were chimneys and glass windows. Nothing apparently can be more simple than the former; yet the wisdom of ancient times had been content to let the smoke escape by an aperture in the centre of the roof; and a discovery, of which Vitruvius had not a glimpse, was made perhaps by some forgotten semi-barbarian! About the middle of the fourteenth century the use of chimneys is distinctly mentioned in England and in Italy; but they are found in several of our castles which bear a much older date. This country seems to have lost very early the art of making glass, which was preserved in France, whence artificers were brought into England to furnish the windows in some new churches in the seventh century. It is said that, in the reign of Henry III., a few ecclesiastical buildings had glazed windows. Suger, however, a century before, had adorned his great work, the Abbey of St. Denis, with windows, not only glazed but painted; and I presume that other churches of the same class, both in France and England, especially after the lancet-shaped window had yielded to one of ampler dimensions, were generally decorated in a similar manner. Yet glass is said not to have been employed

in the domestic architecture of France before the fourteenth century; and its introduction into England was probably by no means earlier. Nor, indeed, did it come into general use during the period of the middle ages. Glazed windows were considered as moveable furniture, and probably bore a high price. When the Earls of Northumberland, as late as the reign of Elizabeth, left Alnwick Castle, the windows were taken out of their frames and carefully laid by.

But if the domestic buildings of the fifteenth century would not seem very spacious or convenient at present, far less would this luxurious generation be content with their internal accommodations. A gentleman's house containing three or four beds was extraordinarily well provided; few probably had more than two. The walls were commonly bare, without wainscot, or even plaster, except that some great houses were furnished with hangings, and that, perhaps, hardly so soon as the reign of Edward IV. It is unnecessary to add, that neither libraries of books nor pictures could have found a place among furniture. Silver-plate was very rare, and hardly used for the table. A few inventories of furniture that still remain exhibit a miserable deficiency. And this was incomparably greater in private gentlemen's houses than among citizens, and especially foreign merchants. We have an inventory of the goods belonging to Contarini, a rich Venetian trader, at his house in St. Botolph's Lane, A.D. 1481. There appear to have been no less than ten beds, and glass windows are especially noted as moveable furniture. No mention, however, is made of chairs or looking-glasses. If we compare his account, however trifling in our estimation, with a similar inventory of furniture in Skipton Castle, the great honour of the Earls of Cumberland, and among the most splendid mansions of the north, not at the same period—for I have not found any inventory of a nobleman's furniture so ancient—but in 1572, after almost a century of continual improvement, we shall be astonished at the inferior provision of the baronial residence. There were not more than seven

or eight beds in this great castle, nor had any of the chambers either chairs, glasses, or carpets. It is in this sense, probably, that we must understand Æneas Sylvius, if he meant anything more than to express a traveller's discontent, when he declares that the Kings of Scotland would rejoice to be as well lodged as the second class of citizens at Nuremberg. Few burghers of that town had mansions, I presume, equal to the Palaces of Dunfermline or Stirling; but it is not unlikely that they were better furnished.

Hallam.

MILTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

It is of no moment to say anything of personal appearance; yet, lest any one, from the representations of my enemies, should be led to imagine that I have either the head of a dog or the horn of a rhinoceros, I will say something on the subject, that I may have an opportunity of paying my grateful acknowledgments to the Deity, and of refuting the most shameless lies. I do not believe that I was ever once noted for deformity by any one who ever saw me; but the praise of beauty I am not anxious to obtain. My stature certainly is not tall, but it rather approaches the middle than the diminutive. Yet, what if it were diminutive, when so many men, illustrious both in peace and war, have been the same? And how can that be called diminutive which is great enough for every virtuous achievement? Nor, though very thin, was I ever deficient in courage or in strength; and I was wont constantly to exercise myself in the use of the broadsword, as long as it comported with my habit and my years. Armed with this weapon, as I usually was, I should have thought myself quite a match for any one, though much stronger than myself, and I felt perfectly secure against the assault of any open enemy. At this moment I have the same courage, the same strength, though not the same eyes; yet so little do they betray any external appearance of injury, that they are as unclouded

and bright as the eyes of those who most distinctly see. In this instance alone I am a dissembler against my will. My face, which is said to indicate a total privation of blood, is of a complexion entirely opposite to the pale and the cadaverous; so that, though I am more than forty years old, there is scarcely any one to whom I do not appear ten years younger than I am; and the smoothness of my skin is not in the least affected by the wrinkles of age. I wish that I could, with equal facility, refute what this barbarous opponent has said of my blindness; but I cannot do it, and I must submit to the affliction. It is not so wretched to be blind as it is not to be capable of enduring blindness. But why should I not endure a misfortune which it behoves every one to be prepared to endure if it should happen,—which may, in the common course of things, happen to any man, and which has been known to happen to the most distinguished and virtuous persons in history? Shall I mention those wise and ancient bards whose misfortunes the gods are said to have compensated by superior endowments, and whom men so much revered, that they chose rather to impute their want of sight to the injustice of Heaven than to their own want of innocence or virtue? With respect to myself, though I have accurately examined my conduct and scrutinized my soul, I call thee, O God, the searcher of hearts, to witness, that I am not conscious, either in the more early or in the later periods of my life, of having committed any enormity which might deservedly have marked me out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation.

Milton.

THE CZAR PETER IN ENGLAND IN 1698.

I mentioned, in the relation of the former year, the Czar's coming out of his own country, on which I will now enlarge. He came this winter over to England, and stayed some months among us. I waited often on him, and was ordered, both by the king and the archbishop and bishops, to attend upon him, and to offer

him such informations of our religion and constitution as he was willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion. He raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these; he wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment with an instability of temper, appear in him too often and too evidently; he is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. This was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at Azuph, and with it to attack the Turkish empire; but he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Moscovy. He was indeed resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There was a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world.

David, considering the great things God had made for the use of man, broke out into the meditation: 'What is man that thou art so mindful of him?' But here there is an occasion for reversing these words,

since man seems a very contemptible thing in the sight of God, while such a person as the Czar has such multitudes put, as it were, under his feet, exposed to his restless jealousy and savage temper. He went from hence to the court of Vienna, where he purposed to have stayed some time; but he was called home, sooner than he had intended, upon a discovery or a suspicion of intrigues managed by his sister. The strangers, to whom he trusted most, were so true to him, that those designs were crushed before he came back. But on this occasion he let loose his fury on all whom he suspected. Some hundreds of them were hanged all round Moscow; and it was said that he cut off many heads with his own hand. And so far was he from relenting, or shewing any sort of tenderness, that he seemed delighted with it. How long he is to be the scourge of that nation, or of his neighbours, God only knows. So extraordinary an incident will, I hope, justify such a digression.

Burnet.

FROM A MOORISH LEGEND.

A winter passed away, spring opened with all its bloom and verdure and breathing sweetness, and the happy time arrived for birds to pair and build their nests. Suddenly, as it were, a universal burst of song and melody broke forth from the groves and gardens of the Generalife, and reached the prince in the solitude of his tower. From every side he heard the same universal theme—love—love—love—chaunted forth and responded to in every variety of note and tone. The prince listened in silence and perplexity. "What can be this love," thought he, "of which the world seems so full, and of which I know nothing?" He applied for information to his friend the hawk. The ruffian bird answered in a tone of scorn: "You must apply," said he, "to the vulgar peaceable birds of earth, who are made for the prey of us princes of the air. My trade is war, and fighting my delight. In a word, I am a warrior, and know nothing of this thing called love."

The prince turned from him with disgust, and sought the owl in his retreat. "This is a bird," said he, "of peaceful habits, and may be able to solve my question." So he asked the owl to tell him what was this love about which all the birds in the groves below were singing.

Upon this, the owl put on a look of offended dignity. "My nights," said he, "are taken up in study and research, and my days in ruminating in my cell upon all that I have learnt. As to these singing-birds of whom you talk, I never listen to them—I despise them and their themes. Allah be praised! I cannot sing; I am a philosopher, and know nothing of this thing called love."

The prince now repaired to the vault, where his friend the bat was hanging by the heels, and propounded the same question. The bat wrinkled up his nose into a most snappish expression. "Why do you disturb me in my morning's nap with such an idle question?" said he peevishly. "I only fly by twilight, when all birds are asleep, and never trouble myself with their concerns. I am neither bird nor beast, and I thank heaven for it. I have found out the villany of the whole of them, and hate them one and all. In a word, I am a misanthrope—and know nothing of this thing called love."

As a last resort, the prince now sought the swallow, and stopped him just as he was circling about the summit of the tower. The swallow, as usual, was in a prodigious hurry, and had scarce time to make a reply. "Upon my word," said he, "I have so much public business to attend to, and so many pursuits to follow, that I have had no time to think on the subject. I have every day a thousand visits to pay, a thousand affairs of importance to examine into, that leave me not a moment of leisure for these little sing-song matters. In a word, I am a citizen of the world—I know nothing of this thing called love." So saying, the swallow dived into the valley, and was out of sight in a moment.

The prince remained disappointed and perplexed, but with his curiosity still more piqued by the difficulty of gratifying it

He lay one morning on his couch meditating on this inexplicable matter. The window of his chamber was open to admit the soft morning breeze, which came laden with the perfume of orange blossoms from the valley of the Darro. The voice of the nightingale was faintly heard, still chanting the wonted theme. As the prince was listening and sighing, there was a sudden rushing noise in the air; a beautiful dove, pursued by a hawk, darted in at the window, and fell panting on the floor; while the pursuer, balked of his prey, soared off to the mountains.

The prince took up the gasping bird, smoothed its feathers, and nestled it in his bosom. When he had soothed it by his caresses, he put it in a golden cage, and offered it, with his own hands, the whitest and finest of wheat and the purest of water. The bird, however, refused food, and sat drooping and pining, and uttering piteous moans.

"What aileth thee?" said Ahmed. "Hast thou not every thing thy heart can wish?"

"Alas, no!" replied the dove; "am I not separated from the partner of my heart; and that too in the happy spring-time, the very season of love!"

"Of love!" echoed Ahmed; "I pray thee, my pretty bird, canst thou then tell me what is love?"

"Too well can I, my prince. It is the torment of one, the felicity of two, the strife and enmity of three. It is a charm which draws two beings together, and unites them by delicious sympathies, making it happiness to be with each other, but misery to be apart."

Washington Irving.

COUNSEL TO YOUNG LADIES.

An Eastern apologue.

It is a common observation, that girls of lively talents are apt to grow pert and satirical. I fell into

this danger when about ten years old. Sallies at the expense of certain people, ill-looking, or ill-dressed, or ridiculous, or foolish, had been laughed at and applauded in company, until, without being naturally malignant, I ran some risk of becoming so from sheer vanity.

The fables which appeal to our high moral sympathies may sometimes do as much for us as the truths of science. So thought our Saviour when he taught the multitude in parables. A good clergyman who lived near us, a famous Persian scholar, took it into his head to teach me Persian—I was then about seven years old—and I set to work with infinite delight and earnestness. All I learned was soon forgotten; but a few years afterwards, happening to stumble on a volume of Sir William Jones's works—his Persian Grammar—it revived my orientalism, and I began to study it eagerly. Among the exercises given was a Persian fable or poem—one of those traditions of our Lord which are preserved in the East. The beautiful apologue of *St. Peter and the Cherries*, which Goethe has versified or imitated, is a well-known example. This fable I allude to was something similar, but I have not met with the original these forty years, and must give it here from memory.

'Jesus,' says the story, 'arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and he sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the marketplace. And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground; and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing, never met the eyes of man. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. "Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose; "it pollutes the air." "How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said a third; "one could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a

fourth, "all draggled and bleeding!" "No doubt," said a fifth, "he hath been hanged for thieving!" And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said: "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!" Then the people turned towards him with amazement, and said among themselves: "Who is this? this must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog;" and, being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him, and went each on his way.'

I can recall, at this hour, the vivid, yet softening and pathetic impression left on my fancy by this old Eastern story. It struck me as exquisitely humorous, as well as exquisitely beautiful. It gave me a pain in my conscience, for it seemed thenceforward so easy and so vulgar to say satirical things, and so much nobler to be benign and merciful, and I took the lesson so home, that I was in great danger of falling into the opposite extreme—of seeking the beautiful in the midst of the corrupt and the repulsive.

Mrs. Jameson.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CITY OF MADRID.

I have visited most of the principal capitals of the world, but upon the whole none has ever so interested me as this city of Madrid, in which I now found myself. I will not dwell upon its streets, its edifices, its public squares, its fountains, though some of these are remarkable enough: but Petersburg has finer streets, Paris and Edinburgh more stately edifices, London far nobler squares, whilst Shiraz can boast of more costly fountains, though not cooler waters. But the population! Within a mud wall, scarcely one league and a half in circuit, are contained two hundred thousand human beings, certainly forming the most extraordinary vital mass to be found in the entire world; and be it always remembered that this mass is strictly Spanish. The population of Constantinople is

extraordinary enough, but to form it twenty nations have contributed—Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Poles, Jews, the latter, by the by, of Spanish origin, and speaking amongst themselves the old Spanish language; but the huge population of Madrid, with the exception of a sprinkling of foreigners, chiefly French tailors, glove-makers, and perruquiers, is strictly Spanish, though a considerable portion are not natives of the place. Here are no colonies of Germans, as at St. Petersburg; no English factories, as at Lisbon; no multitudes of insolent Yankees lounging through the streets, as at the Havannah, with an air which seems to say the land is our own whenever we choose to take it; but a population which, however strange and wild, and composed of various elements, is Spanish, and will remain so as long as the city itself shall exist. Hail, ye aguadores of Asturia! who, in your dress of coarse duffel and leathern skull-caps, are seen seated in hundreds by the fountain-sides, upon your empty water-casks, or staggering with them filled to the topmost stories of lofty houses. Hail, ye caleseros of Valencia! who, lolling lazily against your vehicles, rasp tobacco for your paper cigars whilst waiting for a fare. Hail to you, beggars of La Mancha! men and women, who, wrapped in coarse blankets, demand charity indifferently at the gate of the palace or the prison. Hail to you, valets from the mountains, mayordomos and secretaries from Biscay and Guipuscoa, toreros from Andalusia, riposteros from Galicia, shop-keepers from Catalonia! Hail to ye, Castilians, Estremenians, and Aragonese, of whatever calling! And, lastly, genuine sons of the capital, rabble of Madrid, ye twenty thousand manolos, whose terrible knives, on the second morning of May, worked such grim havoc amongst the legions of Murat!

And the higher orders—the ladies and gentlemen, the cavaliers and señoras; shall I pass them by in silence? The truth is, I have little to say about them; I mingled but little in their society, and what I saw of them by no means tended to exalt them in my

imagination. I am not one of those who, wherever they go, make it a constant practice to disparage the higher orders, and to exalt the populace at their expense. There are many capitals in which the high aristocracy, the lords and ladies, the sons and daughters of nobility, constitute the most remarkable and the most interesting part of the population. This is the case at Vienna, and more especially at London. Who can rival the English aristocrat in lofty stature, in dignified bearing, in strength of hand, and valour of heart? Who rides a nobler horse? Who has a firmer seat? And who is more lovely than his wife, or sister, or daughter? But with respect to the Spanish aristocracy, I believe the less that is said of them on the points to which I have just alluded the better. I confess, however, that I know little about them. Le Sage has described them as they were nearly two centuries ago. His description is anything but captivating, and I do not think that they have improved since the period of the immortal Frenchman. I would sooner talk of the lower class, not only of Madrid, but of all Spain. The Spaniard of the lower class has much more interest for me, whether manolo, labourer, or muleteer. He is not a common being; he is an extraordinary man. He has not, it is true, the amiability and generosity of the Russian mujik, who will give his only rouble rather than the stranger shall want; nor his placid courage, which renders him insensible to fear, and at the command of his czar sends him singing to certain death. There is more hardness and less self-devotion in the disposition of the Spaniard: he possesses, however, a spirit of proud independence, which it is impossible but to admire.

Borrow.

THE LORD HELPETH MAN AND BEAST.

During his march to conquer the world, Alexander the Macedonian came to a people in Africa, who dwelt

in a remote and secluded corner in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their chief, who received him hospitably, and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold. Do you eat gold in this country? said Alexander. I take it for granted (replied the chief) that thou wert able to find eatable food in thine own country; for what reason then art thou come among us?—Your gold has not tempted me hither, said Alexander; but I would willingly become acquainted with your manners and customs. So be it, rejoined the other; sojourn among us as long as it pleaseth thee. At the close of this conversation two citizens entered as into their Court of Justice. The plaintiff said: I bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it, I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I only bargained for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it. The defendant answered: I hope I have a conscience as well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land, with all its contingent as well as existing advantages, and consequently the treasure inclusively.

The chief, who was at the same time their supreme judge, recapitulated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or no he understood them aright; then, after some reflection, said: Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?—Yes! And thou (addressing the other) a daughter?—Yes! Well, then! let thy son marry *thy* daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage-portion. Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. Think you my sentence unjust? the chief asked him.—O no, replied Alexander; but it astonishes me. And how, then, rejoined the chief, would the case have been decided in your country?—To confess the truth, said Alexander, we should have taken both parties into custody, and have seized the treasure for the king's use. For the king's use! exclaimed the chief, now in his turn astonished. Does the sun shine in that country?—O yes! Does it

rain there?—Assuredly. Wonderful! But are there tame animals in the country, that live on the grass and green herbs?—Very many, and of many kinds. Aye, that must be the cause, said the chief; for the sake of those innocent animals, the all-gracious Being continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop down on your country.

Coleridge.

THE STORY OF A DISABLED SOLDIER.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that one-half of the world is ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress, and have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity,—who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities, while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret,—without passionately declaiming against Providence, or

calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting some days ago a poor fellow whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier (for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit), scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself in an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:—

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven! that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a

man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved at least to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me: he called me a poacher and a villain, and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; and so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in gaol; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as

ever I was in, in all my life. I had plenty to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of fresh air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar (for I did not know my letters), I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang. I was carried before the justice; and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war, or list for a soldier: I chose the latter; and in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

"When the peace came on, I was discharged; and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles: and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave

to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham merely to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a gaol; but for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to lie well), I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand: 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentries' brains?'—'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.'—'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do their business.'—So up I got, and tied my blanket (which was all the clothes I had) about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

"Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay; and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However,

we had not as much good luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours; and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French; and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune, we were re-taken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not on board a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

Goldsmith.

AN AMERICAN CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

In the course of conversation, a case was mentioned to me as having occurred in the experience of a highly respectable physician, and which was so fully authenticated, that I entertain no doubt of its truth. The physician alluded to had a patient, a young man who was almost idiotic from the suppression of all his faculties. He never spoke, and never moved voluntarily, but sat habitually with his hand shading his eyes. The physician sent him to walk as a remedial measure.

In the neighbourhood, a beautiful young girl of sixteen lived with her parents, and used to see the young man in his walks, and speak kindly to him. For some time he took no notice of her; but after meeting her for several months, he began to look for her, and to feel disappointed if she did not appear. He became so much interested, that he directed his steps involuntarily to her father's cottage, and gave her bouquets of flowers. By degrees he conversed with her through the window. His mental faculties were roused; the dawn of convalescence appeared. The girl was virtuous, intelligent, and lovely, and encouraged his visits when she was told that she was benefiting his mental health. She asked him if he could read and write? He answered, No. She wrote some lines to him to induce him to learn. This had the desired effect. He applied himself to study, and soon wrote good and sensible letters to her. He recovered his reason. She was married to a young man from the neighbouring city. Great fears were entertained that this event would undo the good which she had accomplished. The young patient sustained a severe shock, but his mind did not sink under it. He acquiesced in the propriety of her choice, continued to improve, and at last was restored to his family cured. She had a child, and was soon after brought to the same hospital perfectly insane. The young man heard of this event, and was exceedingly anxious to see her; but an interview was denied to him, both on her account and his own. She died. He continued well, and became an active member of society. What a beautiful romance might be founded on this narrative!

Combe.

A LADY CURED OF POLITICAL AMBITION.

When Madame de Staël's book, "*Sur la Révolution Française*," came out, it made an extraordinary impression upon me. I turned, in the first place, as everybody did, eagerly to the chapter on England, but, though my natural feelings were gratified, my female

pride was dreadfully mortified by what she says of the ladies of England; in fact, she could not judge of them. They were afraid of her. They would not come out of their shells. What she called timidity, and what I am sure she longed to call stupidity, was the silence of overawed admiration, or mixed curiosity and discretion. Those who did venture had not full possession of their powers, or in a hurry showed them in a wrong condition. She saw none of them in their natural state. She asserts that, though there may be women distinguished as writers in England, there are no ladies who have any great conversational or political influence in society, of that kind which, during the *ancien régime*, was obtained in France by what they would call their *femmes marquantes*.

Between ourselves, I suspect she was a little mistaken in some of these assertions; but be that as it may, I determined to prove that she was mistaken; I was conscious that I had more within me than I had yet brought out; I did not doubt that I had eloquence, if I had but courage to produce it. It is really astonishing what a mischievous effect those few passages produced on my mind. In London, one book drives out another—one impression, however deep, is effaced by the next shaking of the sand; but I was then in the country, for, unluckily for me, Lord Davenant had been sent away on some special embassy. Left alone with my nonsense, I set about, as soon as I was able, to assemble an audience around me, to exhibit myself in the character of a female politician, and I believe I had a notion at the same time of being the English Corinne. Rochefoucault, the dexterous anatomist of self-love, says that we confess our small faults to persuade the world that we have no larger ones. But, for my part, I feel that there are some small faults more difficult to me to confess than any large ones. Affectation, for instance; it is something so little, so paltry; it is more than a crime; it is a ridicule: I believe I did make myself completely ridiculous; I am glad Lord Davenant was not by—it lasted but

a short time. Our dear good friend Dumont could not bear to see it; his regard for Lord Davenant urged him the more to disenchant me, and bring me back, before his return, to my natural form. The disenchantment was rather rude.

One evening after I had been snuffing up incense till I was quite intoxicated, when my votaries had departed, and we were alone together, I said to him, "Allow that this is what would be called at Paris *un grand succès*." Dumont made no reply, but stood opposite to me playing in his peculiar manner with his great snuff-box, slowly swaying the snuff from side to side. Knowing this to be a sign that he was in some great dilemma, I asked of what he was thinking.

"Of you," said he.

"And what of me?"

In his French accent he repeated those two provoking lines—

"New wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble women to sustain."

"To my face?" I said, smiling, for I tried to command my temper.

"Better than behind your back, as others do," said he.

"Behind my back! Impossible!"

"Perfectly possible, as I could prove if you were strong enough to bear it."

"Quite strong enough," I said, and bade him speak on.

"Suppose you were offered the fairy ring that rendered the possessor invisible and enabled him to hear everything that was said, and all that was thought of him, would you throw it away or put it on your finger?"

"Put it on my finger," I replied; "and this instant, for a true friend is better than a magic ring, I put it on."

"You are very brave; then you shall hear the lines I heard in a rival salon, repeated by him who last wafted the censer to you to-night." He repeated a kind of doggrel pasquinade, beginning with—

"Tell me, gentles, have you seen,
The prating she, the mock Corinne?"

Dumont, who had the courage, for my good, to inflict the blow, could not stay to see its effect; and this time I was left alone, not with my nonsense, but with my reason. It was quite sufficient. I was cured: my only consolation in my disgrace was, that I honourably kept Dumont's counsel. The friend who composed the lampoon from that day to this never knew that I had heard it; though I must own, I often longed to tell him, when he was offering his incense again, that I wished he would reverse his practice, and let us have the satire in my presence, and keep the flattery for my absence.

Maria Edgeworth.

GREAT IDEAS.

What is needed to elevate the soul is, not that a man should know all that has been thought and written in regard to the spiritual nature—not that a man should become an encyclopædia; but that the great ideas, in which all discoveries terminate, which sum up all sciences, which the philosopher extracts from infinite details, may be comprehended and felt. It is not the quantity, but the quality of knowledge, which determines the mind's dignity. A man of immense information may, through the want of large and comprehensive ideas, be far inferior in intellect to a labourer, who, with little knowledge, has yet seized on great truths. For example, I do not expect the labourer to study theology in the ancient languages, in the writings of the Fathers, in the history of sects, etc.; nor is this needful. All theology, scattered as it is through countless volumes, is summed up in the idea of God; and let this idea shine bright and clear in the labourer's soul, and he has the essence of theological libraries, and a far higher light than has visited thousands of renowned divines. A great mind is formed by a few great ideas, not by an infinity of loose details. I have known very learned men who seemed to me very poor in intellect, because they had no grand thoughts. What avails it

that a man has studied ever so minutely the histories of Greece and Rome if the great ideas of freedom, and beauty, and valour, and spiritual energy, have not been kindled by those records into living fires in his soul? The illumination of an age does not consist in the amount of its knowledge, but in the broad and noble principles of which that knowledge is the foundation and inspirer. The truth is, that the most laborious and successful student is confined in his researches to a very few of God's works; but this limited knowledge of things may still suggest universal laws, broad principles, grand ideas, and these elevate the mind. There are certain thoughts, principles, ideas, which by their nature rule over all knowledge, which are intrinsically glorious, quickening, all-comprehending, eternal.

Channing.

THE PATRIOT KING.

The good of the people is the ultimate and true end of government. Governors are therefore appointed for this end, and the civil constitution which appoints them, and invests them with their power, is determined to do so by that law of nature and reason which has determined the end of government, and which admits this form of government as the proper mean of arriving at it. Now the greatest good of a people is their liberty; and in the case here referred to, the people has judged it so, and provided for it accordingly. Liberty is to the collective body, what health is to the individual body: without health no pleasure can be tasted by man, without liberty no happiness can be enjoyed by society. The obligation, therefore, to defend and maintain the freedom of such constitutions, will appear most sacred to a patriot king. Kings who have weak understandings, bad hearts, and strong prejudices, and all these, as it often happens, inflamed by their passions, and rendered incurable by their self-conceit and presumption, such kings are apt to imagine—and they conduct themselves so as to make many of their subjects imagine—that the king and the people in free

governments are rival powers, who stand in competition with one another, who have different interests, and must of course have different views: that the rights and privileges of the people are so many spoils taken from the right and prerogative of the crown; and that the rules and laws, made for the exercise and security of the former, are so many diminutions of their dignity, and restraints on their power.

A patriot king will see all this in a far different and much truer light. The constitution will be considered by him as one law, consisting of two tables, containing the rule of his government, and the measure of his subjects' obedience; or as one system, composed of different parts and powers, but all duly proportioned to one another, and conspiring by their harmony to the perfection of the whole.

He will make one, and but one, distinction between his rights, and those of his people; he will look on his to be a trust, and theirs a property. He will discern, that he can have a right to no more than is trusted to him by the constitution: and that his people, who had an original right to the whole by the law of nature, can have the sole indefeazable right to any part: and really have such a right to that part which they have reserved to themselves. In fine, the constitution will be revered by him as the law of God and of man; the force of which binds the king as much as the meanest subjects, and the reason of which binds him much more.

Thus he will think, and on these principles he will act, whether he come to the throne by immediate or remote election. I say remote; for in hereditary monarchies, where men are not elected, families are: and therefore some authors would have it believed, that when a family has been once admitted, and an hereditary right to the crown recognized in it, that right cannot be forfeited, nor that throne become vacant, as long as any heir of the family remains.

How much more agreeably to truth and to common sense would these authors have written, if they had

maintained that every prince who comes to a crown in the course of succession, were he the last of five hundred, comes to it under the same conditions under which the first took it, whether expressed or implied; as well as under those, if any such there be, which have been since made by legal authority: and that royal blood can give no right, nor length of succession any prescription, against the constitution of a government? The first and the last hold by the same tenure.

I mention this the rather, because I have an imperfect remembrance, that some scribbler was employed, or employed himself, to assert the hereditary right of the present royal family: a task so unnecessary to any good purpose, that I believe a suspicion arose of its having been designed for a bad one. A patriot king will never countenance such impertinent fallacies, nor deign to lean on broken reeds. He knows that this right is founded in the laws of God and man, that none can shake it but himself, and that his own virtue is sufficient to maintain it against all opposition.

Bolingbroke.

GRADUATED EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION INTO GERMAN.

Part II.

POOR DIGGS!

The quarter-to-ten bell rang, and the small boys went off upstairs, praising their champion and counsellor, who stretched himself out on the bench before the hall fire. There he lay, a very queer specimen of boyhood, by name Diggs. He was young for his size, and very clever. His friends at home, having regard, I suppose, to his age, and not to his size and place in the school, had not put him into tails, and even his jackets were always too small, and he had a talent for destroying clothes and making himself look shabby. He was not intimate with any of the bigger boys, who were warned off by his oddnesses, for he was a very queer fellow; besides, among other failings, he had that of lack of cash in a remarkable degree. He brought as much money as other boys to school, but got rid of it in no time, no one knew how. And then, being also reckless, he borrowed from any one; and when his debts increased and creditors pressed, he would have an auction in the hall of everything he possessed in the world, selling even his school-books, candlestick, and study-table. For weeks after one of these auctions, having rendered his study uninhabitable, he would live about the school-room and hall, doing his exercises on old letter-backs and odd scraps of paper, and learning his lessons no one knew how. He never meddled with any little boy, and was popular among them, though they all looked upon him with a sort of compassion, and called him "Poor Diggs," not being able to resist appearances. However, he seemed equally indifferent

to the sneers of big boys and the pity of small ones, and lived his own queer life with much apparent enjoyment to himself.

Greatly were East and Tom drawn towards old Diggs, who, in an uncouth way, began to take a good deal of notice of them, and once or twice came to their study when Flashman, the bully of the school, was there, who immediately decamped in consequence. The boys thought that Diggs must have been watching.

When, therefore, about this time, an auction was one night announced to take place in the hall, at which, amongst the superfluities of other boys, all Diggs' household goods for the time being were going to the hammer, East and Tom devoted their ready cash (some four shillings sterling) to redeem, on behalf of their protector, such articles as that sum would cover. Accordingly, they duly attended to bid, and Tom became the owner of two lots of Diggs' things. Lot 1, price one and threepence, consisted (as the auctioneer remarked) of a "valuable assortment of old metals," in the shape of a mouse-trap, a cheese-toaster without a handle, and a saucepan; lot 2, of a dirty tablecloth and green baize curtain. East, for one and sixpence, purchased a leather paper-case, with a lock, but no key, once handsome, but now much the worse for wear. But they had still the point to settle of how to get Diggs to take the things without hurting his feelings. This they solved by leaving them in his study, which was never locked when he was out. Diggs remembered who had bought the lots, and came to their study soon after, and sat silent for some time cracking his great red finger-joints. Then he laid hold of their exercises, and began looking over and correcting them, and at last got up, and, turning his back to them, said—"You're uncommon good-hearted little beggars, you two. I value that paper-case; my sister gave it me last holidays—I won't forget;" and so tumbled out into the passage, leaving them embarrassed but not sorry that he knew what they had done.

"Tom Brown's School-days."

HEROISM OF A MINER.

In a certain Cornish mine, two miners, deep down in the shaft, were engaged in putting in a shot for blasting. They had completed their affair, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up. One at a time was all the assistant at the top could manage, and the second was to kindle the match, and then mount with all speed.

Now it chanced, while they were still below, that one of them thought the match too long. He accordingly tried to break it shorter. Taking a couple of stones, a flat and a sharp, he succeeded in cutting it the required length; but, horrible to relate, he kindled it at the same time, while both were still below! Both shouted vehemently to the man at the windlass; both sprang at the basket. The windlass man could not move it with both in it.

Here was a moment for poor Miner Jack and Miner Will! Instant, horrible death hangs over them. Will generously resigns himself. "Go aloft, Jack; sit down; away! in one minute I shall be in heaven!"

Jack bounds aloft, the explosion instantly follows, bruising his face as he looks over; but he is safe above ground.

And what of poor Will? Descending eagerly, they find him, as if by miracle, buried under rocks which had arched themselves over him. He is little injured. He too is brought up safe. Well done, brave Will!

Carlyle.

DOTHEBOYS HALL BREAKS UP FOR EVER.

The news of Mr. Squeers's downfall had reached Dotheboys, that was quite clear. To all appearance, it had very recently become known to the young gentlemen; for the rebellion had just broken out.

It was one of the brimstone-and-treacle mornings, and Mrs. Squeers had entered school according to custom with the large bowl and spoon, followed by

Miss Squeers and the amiable Wackford: who, during his father's absence, had taken upon him such minor branches of the executive as kicking the pupils with his nailed boots, pulling the hair of some of the smaller boys, pinching the others in aggravating places, and rendering himself, in various similar ways, a great comfort and happiness to his mother. Their entrance, whether by premeditation or a simultaneous impulse, was the signal of revolt. While one detachment rushed to the door and locked it, and another mounted on the desks and forms, the stoutest (and consequently the newest) boy seized the cane, and confronting Mrs. Squeers with a stern countenance, snatched off her cap and beaver-bonnet, put it on his own head, armed himself with the wooden spoon, and bade her, on pain of death, go down upon her knees, and take a dose directly. Before that estimable lady could recover herself, or offer the slightest retaliation, she was forced into a kneeling posture by a crowd of shouting tormentors, and compelled to swallow a spoonful of the odious mixture, rendered more than usually savoury by the immersion in the bowl of Master Wackford's head, whose ducking was entrusted to another rebel. The success of this first achievement prompted the malicious crowd, whose faces were clustered together in every variety of lank and half-starved ugliness, to further acts of outrage. The leader was insisting upon Mrs. Squeers repeating her dose, Master Squeers was undergoing another dip in the treacle, and a violent assault had been commenced on Miss Squeers, when John Browdie, bursting open the door with a vigorous kick, rushed to the rescue. The shouts, screams, groans, hoots, and clapping of hands, suddenly ceased, and a deep silence ensued.

"You be nice chaps," said John, looking steadily round. "What's to do here, thou young dogs!"

"Squeers is in prison, and we are going to run away!" cried a score of shrill voices. "We won't stop, we won't stop!"

"Well then, do not stop," replied John, "who wants

thee to stop? Run away like men, but do not hurt the women!"

"Hurrah!" cried the shrill voices, more shrilly still.

"Hurrah?" repeated John. "Well, hurrah like men too. Now then, look out. Hip—hip—hip—hurrah!"

Such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboys Hall had never echoed before, and were destined never to respond to again. When the sound had died away, the school was empty; and of the busy noisy crowd which had peopled it five minutes before, not one remained.

Dickens.

CONVERSATION OF A COMPANY OF EPHEMERA;

WITH THE SOLILOQUY OF ONE ADVANCED IN AGE:

To Madame Brilliant.

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and stayed some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues. My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language.

I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but, as they, in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a gnat, the other a mosquito; in which dispute they spent their time, as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month.

Happy people! thought I; you are certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old grey-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in the hope that it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion; since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction.

"I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! and I must soon follow them; for, by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer.

"What now avails all my toil and labour, in amassing honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy! What political struggles I have been engaged in for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! for, in politics (what can laws do without morals?), our present race of ephemeræ will in the course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched!

"And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say, I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? And what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemerae, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever amiable Brilliant.

Franklin.

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.

The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the Divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms which excited them, and turn with disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and returns, like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor. The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal,—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it as a duty to keep open,—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom

he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved,—when he feels his heart as it were crushed in the closing of its portals,—would accept of the consolation that must be brought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and, when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection,—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness,—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the brightest hours of gaiety; or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave! the grave! it buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he ever should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and there meditate! there settle the account with thy conscience for every past endearment unregarded of that departed being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by the contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart

which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungente action, will come thronging back upon thy memory and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

Washington Irving.

DESCRIPTION OF THE DIVERSIONS OF THE COURT AT LILLIPUT.

The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty.

Flimnap, the treasurer,¹ is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together, upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common pack-thread in England. My friend Beldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer: the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who have not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions,² that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long: one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state; where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands; both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates,

¹ This is supposed to allude to Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister.

² This refers to the dismissal of Walpole in 1717, when he was partly screened by the Duchess of Kendal, the *cushion* here alluded to.

advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.¹

Swift.

ACCORDANCE BETWEEN THE SONGS OF BIRDS AND THE DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF THE DAY.

There is a beautiful propriety in the order in which Nature seems to have directed the singing birds to fill up the day with their pleasing harmony. The accordance between their songs and the external aspect of nature, at the successive periods of the day at which they sing, is quite remarkable. And it is impossible to visit the forest or the sequestered dell, where the notes of the feathered tribes are heard to the greatest advantage, without being impressed with the conviction that there is design in the arrangement of this sylvan minstrelsy.

First the robin (and not the lark, as has been generally imagined), as soon as twilight has drawn its imperceptible line between night and day, begins his lovely song. How sweetly does this harmonize with the soft dawning of the day! He goes on till the twinkling sun-beams begin to tell him that his notes no longer accord with the rising scene. Up starts the lark, and with him a variety of sprightly songsters,

¹ The blue and red threads are the ribbons of the orders of the Garter and Bath.

whose lively notes are in perfect correspondence with the gaiety of the morning. The general warbling continues, with now and then an interruption by the transient croak of the raven, the scream of the jay, or the pert chattering of the daw. The nightingale, unwearied by the vocal exertions of the night, joins his inferiors in sound in the general harmony. The thrush is wisely placed on the summit of some lofty tree, that its loud and piercing notes may be softened by distance before they reach the ear; while the mellow blackbird seeks the inferior branches.

Should the sun, having been eclipsed by a cloud, shine forth with fresh effulgence, how frequently we see the goldfinch perch on some blossomed bough, and hear its song poured forth in a strain peculiarly energetic; while the sun, full shining on his beautiful plumes, displays his golden wings and crimson crest to charming advantage. The notes of the cuckoo blend with this cheering concert in a pleasing manner, and for a short time are highly grateful to the ear. But sweet as this singular song is, it would tire by its uniformity, were it not given in so transient a manner.

At length evening advances, the performers gradually retire, and the concert softly dies away. The sun is seen no more. The robin again sends up his twilight song, till the more serene hour of night sets him to the bower to rest. And now to close the scene in full and perfect harmony; no sooner is the voice of the robin hushed, and night again spreads in gloom over the horizon, than the owl sends forth his slow and solemn tones. They are more than plaintive and less than melancholy, and tend to inspire the imagination with a train of contemplations well adapted to the serious hour.

Thus we see that birds bear no inconsiderable share in harmonizing some of the most beautiful and interesting scenes in nature.

Jenner.

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

It is well known that if one in a troop of lions is killed, the others take the hint and leave that part of the country. So the next time the herds were attacked I went with the people, in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebálme, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebálme fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; then leaping away, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was reformed, we saw two other lions in it, but we were afraid to fire, lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If they had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps towards the village; in going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, "He is shot, he is shot!" Others cried, "He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!" I did not see anyone else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and turning to the people said, "Stop a little till I load again." When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting and looking half

round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebálme, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking him bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion—while he was biting Mebálme. Him he left, and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven wounds on the upper part of my arm.

Livingstone.

THE RESIGNATION OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

Charles resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty

with such formal pomp as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects, but of his successor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries, at Brussels, on the 25th of October, 1555, Charles seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state, on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister, the Queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the Prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience, and, from a paper which he held in hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure: that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six

times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea: that while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy: that, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years: that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his subjects; he now implored their forgiveness: that for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and, in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand, "If," says he, "I had left you, by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account: but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might still have retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects, and your love of them,

as the best und most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I this day give of my paternal affection, and to demonstrate that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people; and if the time shall ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you."

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair exhausted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse the whole audience melted into tears; some, from admiration of his magnanimity, others, softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow at losing a sovereign who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all these vast possessions he reserved nothing for himself, but an annual pension of a hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat, was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Estramadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was

esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before the resignation he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation, rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms; four of them in the form of friar's cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground, with a door on one side into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands.

Robertson.

PHETON.

(Socrates loquitur.)

"They say, then, that Prometheus, when he grew to man's estate, found mankind, though they were like him in form, utterly brutish and ignorant, so that, as Æschylus says:—

'Seeing, they saw in vain;
Hearing, they heard not; but were like the shapes
Of dreams, and long time did confuse all things
At random:—

being, as I suppose, led, like the animals, only by their private judgments of things as they seemed to each man, and enslaved to that subjective truth which we found to be utterly careless and ignorant of facts as they are. But Prometheus, taking pity on them, determined in his mind to free them from that slavery and to teach them to rise above the beasts, by seeing things as they are. He therefore made them acquainted with the secrets of nature, and taught them to build houses, to work in wood and metals, to observe the courses of the stars, and all other such arts and sciences, which if any man attempts to follow

according to his private opinion, and not according to the rules of that art, which are independant of him and of his opinions, being discovered from the unchangeable laws of things as they are, he will fail. But yet, as the myth relates, they became only a more cunning sort of animals; not being wholly freed from their original slavery to a certain subjective opinion about themselves, that each man should, by means of those arts and sciences, please and help himself only. Fearing, therefore, lest their increased strength and cunning should only enable them to prey upon each other all the more fiercely, he stole fire from heaven, and gave to each man a share thereof for his hearth, and to each community for their common altar. And by the light of this celestial fire they learnt to see those celestial and eternal bonds between man and man, as of husband to wife, of father to child, of citizen to his country, and of master to servant, without which man is but a biped without feathers, and which are in themselves, being independent of the flux of matter and time, most truly facts as they are. And since that time, whatsoever household or nation has allowed these fires to become extinguished, has sunk down again to the level of the brutes: while those who have passed them down to their children burning bright and strong, become partakers of the bliss of the Heroes, in the Happy Islands. It seems to me then, that if we find ourselves in anywise destitute of this heavenly fire, we should pray for the coming of that day, when Prometheus shall be unbound from Caucasus, if by any means he may take pity on us and on our children, and again bring us down from heaven that fire which is the spirit of truth, that we may see facts as they are. For which if he were to ask Zeus humbly and filially, I cannot believe that He would refuse it. And indeed, I think that the poets, as is their custom, corrupt the minds of young men by telling them that Zeus chained Prometheus to Caucasus for his theft; seeing that it befits such a ruler as I take the Father of Gods and men to be, to know that his subjects can only do well

by means of his bounty, and therefore to bestow it freely, as the kings of Persia do, on all who are willing to use it in the service of their sovereign."

Kingsley.

THE INEQUALITY OF MANKIND.

Rousseau's treatise on the inequality of mankind was, at this time, a fashionable topic. It gave rise to an observation by Mr. Dempster, that the advantages of fortune and rank were nothing to a wise man, who sought to value only merit. Johnson replied, "If man were a savage, living in the woods by himself, this might be true; but in civilized society we all depend upon each other, and our happiness is very much owing to the good opinion of mankind. Now, sir, in civilized society, external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one. Sir, you may analyze this, and say what is there in it? But that will avail you nothing; for it is part of a general system. Pound St. Paul's Church into atoms, and consider any single atom; it is, to be sure, good for nothing; but put all these atoms together, and you have St. Paul's Church. So it is with human felicity, which is made up of many ingredients, each of which may be shown to be very insignificant. In civilized society personal merit will not serve you so much as money will. Sir, you may make the experiment. Go into the street, and give one man a lecture on morality, and another a shilling, and see which will respect you most. If you wish only to support nature, Sir William Petty¹ fixes your allowance at three pounds a-year; but as times are much altered, let us call it six pounds. This sum will fill your belly, shelter you from the weather, and even get you a strong, lasting coat, supposing it to be made of good bull's hide. Now, sir, all beyond this is artificial, and is desired in order to obtain a greater degree of respect from

¹ A famous political economist, ancestor of the Landsdowne family.

our fellow creatures. And, sir, if six hundred pounds a year procure a man more consequence, and, of course, more happiness than six pounds a-year, the same proportion will hold as to six thousand, and so on, as far as opulence can be carried. Perhaps he who has a large fortune may not be so happy as he who has a small one; but that must proceed from other causes than from his having the large fortune; for, other things being equal, he who is rich in a civilized society must be happier than he that is poor; as riches, if properly used (and it is a man's own fault if they are not), must be productive of the highest advantages. Money, to be sure, of itself is of no use; for its only use is to part with it. Rousseau, and all those who deal in paradoxes, are led away by a childish desire of novelty. When I was a boy I used always to chose the wrong side of a debate, because most ingenious things—that is to say, most new things—could be said upon it. Sir, there is nothing for which you may not muster up more plausible arguments than those which are urged against wealth and other external advantages. Why, now, there is stealing,—why should it be thought a crime? When we consider by what unjust methods property has been often acquired, and that what was unjustly got it must be unjust to keep, where is the harm in one man's taking the property of another from him? Besides, sir, when we consider the bad use that many people make of their property, and how much better use the thief may make of it, it may be defended as a very allowable practice. Yet, sir, the experience of mankind has discovered stealing to be so very bad a thing, that they make no scruple to hang a man for it. When I was running about this town a very poor fellow, I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty; but I was at the same time very sorry to be poor. Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, show it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people labouring to convince you that you may live very happily on a plentiful fortune. So you hear people talking how

miserable a king must be, and yet they all wish to be in his place. Mr. Dempster having endeavoured to maintain that intrinsic merit *ought* to make the only distinction among mankind, Johnson said, "Why, sir, mankind have found that this cannot be. How shall we determine the proportion of intrinsic merit? Were that to be the only distinction amongst mankind, we should soon quarrel about the degrees of it. Were all distinctions abolished, the strongest would not long acquiesce, but would endeavour to obtain superiority by their bodily strength. But, sir, as subordination is very necessary for society, and contentions for superiority very dangerous, mankind—that is to say, all civilized nations—have settled it upon a plain, invariable principle. A man is born to hereditary rank, or his being appointed to certain offices gives him a certain rank. Subordination tends greatly to human happiness. Were we all upon an equality, we should have no other enjoyment than mere animal pleasure."

"Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.'"

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON.

London, Nov. 20th, 1753.

My dear Friend,

Two mails are now due from Holland, so that I have no letter from you to acknowledge; but that, you know by long experience, does not hinder my writing to you: I always receive your letters with pleasure; but I mean, and endeavour, that you should receive mine with some profit; preferring always your advantage to my own pleasure.

If you find yourself well settled and naturalized at Manheim, stay there some time, and do not leave a certain for an uncertain good: but if you think you shall be as well, or better established at Munich, go there as soon as you please; and if disappointed, you can always return to Manheim. I mentioned, in a

former letter, your passing the Carnival at Berlin, which, I think, may be both useful and pleasing to you; however, do as you will, but let me know what you resolve. That King and that country have, and will have, so great a share in the affairs of Europe, that they are well worth being thoroughly known.

Whether,—where you are now, or ever may be hereafter,—you speak French, German, or English most, I earnestly recommend to you a particular attention to the propriety and elegance of your style; employ the best words you can find in the language, avoid *cacophony*, and make your periods as harmonious as you can. I need not, I am sure, tell you, what you must often have felt, how much the elegance of diction adorns the best thoughts, and palliates the worst. In the House of Commons it is almost everything; and indeed, in every assembly, whether public or private. Words, which are the dress of thoughts, deserve, surely, more care than clothes, which are only the dress of the person, and which, however, ought to have their share of attention. If you attend to your style in one language, it will give you a habit of attending to it in every other, and if you once speak French or German very elegantly, you will afterwards speak English so much the better for it. I repeat it to you again, for at least the thousandth time; exert your whole attention now in acquiring the ornamental parts of character. People know very little of the world, and talk nonsense, when they talk of plainness and solidity unadorned; they will do in nothing: mankind has been long out of a state of nature, and the golden age of native simplicity will never return. Whether for the better or the worse, no matter; but we are refined; and plain manners, plain dress, and plain diction, would as little do in life, as acorns, herbage, and the water of the neighbouring spring would do at table. Some people are just come, which interrupt me in the middle of my sermon; so I must wish you good night.

Chesterfield.

A SCIENTIFIC DOG.

Among the many surprising stories that are told of the intelligence of the dog, the following one is given as a fact. A large dog was playing in a road near a country village, and a carriage went over one of his paws; he howled most piteously, and some farriers who were at work in a shop close by came out to see what was the matter. One of them, noticing that the poor animal was much hurt, took him up, dressed his paw and wrapped it up, and then let him go.

The dog went home, where he remained for some days. At length, his paw becoming painful, he returned to the farrier's, and holding it up, moaned, to show that it pained him. The farrier dressed it again; and the dog, after licking his hand as a sign of gratitude, returned home, and in a few days was well.

• Some months afterwards the same dog was frolicking with another not far from the spot, and a similar accident happened to the latter; upon which he took him by the ear, and with much difficulty led him to the farrier's shop where he himself had been so well doctored. The workmen were much amused at the sagacity of the animal, and paid as much attention to the new patient as they had to the former one.

Bingley.

PARALLEL BETWEEN CROMWELL AND NAPOLEON.

The most superficial observers cannot have overlooked the general resemblances in the fortunes and character of Cromwell and of him who more recently, and upon an ampler theatre, has struck nations with wonder and awe. But the parallel may be traced more closely than perhaps has hitherto been remarked. Both raised to power by the only merit which a revolution leaves uncontroverted and untarnished, that of military achievements, in that reflux of public sentiment, when the fervid enthusiasm of democracy gives place to disgust

at its excesses and a desire of firm government. The means of greatness the same to both—the extinction of a representative assembly, once national, but already mutilated by violence and sunk, by its submission to that illegal force, into general contempt. In military science, or the renown of their exploits, we cannot certainly rank Cromwell by the side of him for whose genius and ambition all Europe seemed the appointed quarry; but it may be said that the former's exploits were as much above the level of his contemporaries, and more the fruits of an original uneducated capacity. In civil government, there can be no adequate parallel between one who had sucked only the dregs of a besotted fanaticism and one to whom the stores of reason and philosophy were open. But it must here be added, that Cromwell, far unlike his antitype, never showed any signs of a legislative mind, or any desire to fix his renown on that noblest basis, the amelioration of social institutions. Both were eminent masters of human nature, and played with inferior capacities in all the security of powerful minds. Though both, coming at the conclusion of a struggle for liberty, trampled upon her claims, and sometimes spoke disdainfully of her name, each knew how to associate the interests of those who had contended for her with his own ascendancy, and made himself the representative of a victorious revolution. Those who had too much philosophy or zeal for freedom to give way to popular admiration for these illustrious usurpers, were yet amused with the adulation that lawful princes showered on them, more gratuitously in one instance, with servile terror in the other. Both, too, repaid in some measure this homage of the pretended great, by turning their ambition towards those honours and titles which they knew to be so little connected with high desert. A fallen race of monarchs, which had made way for the greatness of each, cherished hopes of restoration by their power, till each, by an inexpiable act of blood, manifested his determination to make no compromise with that line. Both possessed a certain coarse good-

nature and affability that covered the want of conscience, honour, and humanity; quick in passion, but not vindictive, and averse to unnecessary crimes. Their fortunes in the conclusion of life were indeed very different: one forfeited the affections of his people, which the other, in the character at least of their master, had never possessed; one furnished a moral to Europe by the continuance of his success, the other by the prodigiousness of his fall. A fresh resemblance arose afterwards, when the restoration of those royal families, whom their ascendant had kept under, revived ancient animosities and excited new ones,—those who, from love of democratical liberty, had borne the most deadly hatred to the apostates who had betrayed it, recovering some affection to their memory out of aversion to a common enemy. Our English republicans have, with some exceptions, displayed a sympathy for the name of Cromwell; and I need not observe how remarkably this holds good in the case of his mighty parallel.

Hallam.

LEARNING BY HEART.

Till he has fairly tried it, I suspect a reader does not know how much he would gain from committing to memory passages of real excellence; precisely because he does not know how much he overlooks in merely reading. Learn one true poem by heart; and see if you do not find it so. Beauty after beauty will reveal itself, in chosen phrase, or happy music, or noble suggestion, otherwise undreamed of. It is like looking at one of Nature's wonders through a microscope. Again: how much in such a poem that you really did feel admirable and lovely on a first reading, passes away, if you do not give it a further and much better reading!—passes away utterly, like a sweet sound, or an image on the lake, which the first breath of wind dispels. If you could only fix that image, as the photographers do theirs, so beautifully, so perfectly! And you can do so! Learn it by heart, and it is yours for ever!

I have said, a true poem; for naturally men will choose to learn poetry—from the beginning of time they have done so. To immortal verse the memory gives a willing, a joyous, and a lasting home. However, some prose is poetical, is poetry, and altogether worthy to be learned by heart; and the learning is not so very difficult. It is not difficult or toilsome to learn that which pleases us; and the labour, once given, is forgotten, while the result remains.

Poems and noble extracts, whether of verse or prose, once so reduced into possession and rendered truly our own, may be to us a daily pleasure;—better far than a whole library unused. They may come to us in our dull moments, to refresh us as with spring flowers; in our selfish musings, to win us by pure delight from the tyranny of foolish castle-building, self-congratulations, and mean anxieties. They may be with us in the work-shop, in the crowded streets, by the fireside, sometimes, perhaps, on pleasant hill-sides, or by sounding shores;—noble friends and companions—our own! never intrusive, ever at hand, coming at our call!

Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson,—the words of such men do not stale upon us, they do not grow old or cold. Further: though you are young now, some day you will be old. Some day you may reach that time when a man lives in greater part for and by memory. I can imagine a chance renewal, chance visitation of the words long remembered, long garnered in the heart, and I think I see a gleam of rare joy in the eyes of the old man.

For those, in particular, whose leisure time is short, and precious as scant rations to beleaguered men, I believe there could not be a better expenditure of time than deliberately giving an occasional hour—it requires no more—to committing to memory chosen passages from great authors. If the mind were thus daily nourished with a few choice words of the best English poets and writers; if the habit of learning by heart were to become so general, that, as a matter of course, any person presuming to be educated amongst

us might be expected to be equipped with a few good pieces,—I believe it would lead, far more than the mere sound of it suggests, to the diffusion of the best kind of literature, and the right appreciation of it, and men would not long rest satisfied with knowing a few stock pieces.

Lushington.

THE GEYSIRS.

The following day, we came upon a wide flat valley, along which we skirted till we began to see, at the distance of two or three miles, on a piece of sloping ground, under a small hill, a strange assemblage of masses of steam waving in the evening breeze. Our eyes became fixed, of course, on this object, which every minute had a different aspect. Presently, there shot up amongst the waving masses a column of steam, spreading at the top like a tree; and I then felt sure that we were at length approaching the object of our journey. Crossing the flooded meadow-ground, and passing a farm-house on the hill-face, we came, about ten o'clock at night, to the field which contains these wonderful springs. It was still clear daylight.

As the baggage horses, with our tents and beds, had not yet arrived, we sat quietly down to coffee, brewed in Geysir water; when suddenly it seemed as if beneath our very feet a quantity of cannon were going off underground. The whole earth shook. We set off at full speed toward the Great Geysir, expecting to see the grand water explosion. By the time we reached its brim, however, the noise had ceased, and all we could see was a slight trembling movement in the centre.

Irritated at this false alarm, we determined to revenge ourselves by going and tormenting the Strokr. Strokr, or *the churn*, you must know, is an unfortunate Geysir, with so little command over his temper and his stomach, that you can get a *rise* out of him whenever you like. All that is necessary is to collect a

quantity of sods, and throw them down his funnel. As he has no basin to protect him from these liberties, you can approach to the very edge of the pipe, about five feet in diameter, and look down at the boiling water which is perpetually seething at the bottom. In a few minutes the dose of turf you have just administered begins to disagree with him; he works himself up into an awful passion. Tormented by the qualms of sickness, he groans and hisses, and boils up, and spits at you with malicious vehemence; until at last, with a roar of mingled pain and rage, he throws up into the air a column of water forty feet high. This carries with it all the sods that have been chucked in, and scatters them scalded and half-digested at your feet. So irritated has the poor thing's stomach become by the discipline it has undergone, that even long after all foreign matter has been thrown off, it goes on retching and sputtering; until at last nature is exhausted. Then, sobbing and sighing to itself, it sinks back into the bottom of its den.

As the Great Geysir explodes only once in forty hours or more, it was, of course, necessary that we should wait his pleasure; in fact, our movements entirely depended on his. For the next two or three days, therefore, like pilgrims round an ancient shrine, we patiently kept watch; but he scarcely deigned to favour us with the slightest manifestation of his latent energies. Two or three times the cannonading we had heard immediately after our arrival recommenced; and once, an eruption, to the height of about ten feet, occurred. But so brief was its duration, that by the time we were on the spot, although the tent was not eighty yards distant, all was over. At length, after three days' watching in languid expectation of the eruption, our desire was gratified. A cry from the guides made us start to our feet and rush towards the basin. The usual underground thunders had already commenced; a violent agitation was disturbing the centre of the pool.

Suddenly a dome of water lifted itself to the height

of eight or ten feet, then burst and fell; immediately after which, a shining liquid column, or rather a sheaf of columns, wreathed in robes of vapour, sprang about seventy feet into the air; and, in a succession of jerking leaps, each higher than the last, flung their silvery crests against the sky. For a few minutes the fountain held its own; then all at once appeared to lose its ascending energy. The unstable waters faltered, drooped, fell, "like a broken purpose," back upon themselves, and were immediately sucked down into the recesses from which they had sprung.

The spectacle was certainly magnificent; but no description can give any idea of its most striking features. The enormous wealth of water, its vitality, its hidden power, the immeasurable breadth of sun-lit vapour rolling in exhaustless abundance, all combined to make one feel the stupendous energy of nature's slightest movements.

Dufferin.

ON WILHELM MEISTER.

Wilhelm Meister is a novel in every sense, the first of its kind, called by its admirers the only delineation of modern society,—as if other novels, those of Scott, for example, dealt with costume and condition, this with the spirit of life. It is a book over which some veil is still drawn. It is read by very intelligent persons with wonder and delight. It is preferred by some such to Hamlet, as a work of genius. I suppose, no book of this century can compare with it in its delicious sweetness, so new, so provoking to the mind, gratifying it with so many and so solid thoughts, just insights into life, and manners, and characters; so many good hints for the conduct of life, so many unexpected glimpses into a higher sphere, and never a trace of rhetoric or dullness. A very provoking book to the curiosity of young men of genius, but a very unsatisfactory one. Lovers of light reading, those who look in it for the entertainment they find in a romance,

are disappointed. On the other hand, those who begin it with the higher hope to read in it a worthy history of genius, and the just award of the laurel to its toils and denials, have also reason to complain. We had an English romance here, not long ago, professing to embody the hope of a new age, and to unfold the political hope of the party called "Young England," in which the only reward of virtue is a seat in parliament, and a peerage. Goethe's romance has a conclusion as lame as immoral. George Sand, in *Consuelo* and its continuation, has sketched a truer and more dignified picture. In the progress of the story, the characters of the hero and heroine expand at a rate that shivers the porcelain chess-table of aristocratic convention; they quit the society and habits of their rank; they lose their wealth; they become the servants of great ideas, and of the most generous social ends; until, at last, the hero, who is the centre and fountain of an association for the rendering of the noblest benefits to the human race, no longer answers to his own titled name: it sounds foreign and remote in his ear. "I am only man," he says; "I breathe and work for man," and this in poverty and extreme sacrifices. Goethe's hero, on the contrary, has so many weaknesses and impurities, and keeps such bad company, that the sober English public, when the book was translated, were disgusted. And yet it is so crammed with wisdom, with knowledge of the world, and with knowledge of laws; the persons so truly and subtly drawn, and with such few strokes, and not a word too much; the book remains ever so new and unexhausted, that we must even let it go its way, and be willing to get what good from it we can, assured that it has only begun its office, and has millions of readers yet to serve.

Emerson.

PUNISHMENT OF A SPY.

I shall never forget the delightful sensation with which I exchanged the dark, smoky, smothering atmo-

sphere of the Highland hut, for the refreshing fragrance of the morning air, and the glorious beams of the rising sun, which from a tabernacle of purple and golden clouds, were darted full on such a scene of natural romance and beauty, as had never before greeted my eyes. To the left lay the valley, down which the Forth wandered on its easterly course, surrounding the beautiful detached hill with all its garland of woods. On the right, amid a profusion of thickets, knolls, and crags, lay the bed of a broad mountain-lake, lightly curled into tiny waves by the breath of the morning breeze; each glittering in its course, under the influence of the sunbeams. High hills, rocks, and banks, waving with natural forests of birch and oak, formed the borders of this enchanting sheet of water; and, as their leaves rustled to the wind and twinkled in the sun, gave to the depth of solitude a sort of life and vivacity. Man alone seemed to be placed in a state of inferiority, in a scene where all the ordinary features of nature were raised and exalted.

It was under the burning influence of revenge that the wife of Macgregor commanded that the hostage, exchanged for her husband's safety, should be brought into her presence. I believe her sons had kept this unfortunate wretch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences; but, if it was so, their humane precaution only postponed his fate. They dragged forward, at her summons, a wretch already half-dead with terror, in whose agonised features I recognised, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris.

He fell prostrate before the female chief, with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution; so that all he could do, in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such, that, instead of paralysing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent; and, with cheeks as pale as ashes, hands

compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the life of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honoured as his own soul. In the inconsistency of his terror, he said he was but the agent of others, and he muttered the name of Rashleigh. He prayed but for life—for life he would give all he had in the world;—it was but life he asked—life, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations;—he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the damp of the lowest caverns of their hills.

It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing, and contempt, with which the wife of Macgregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence. "I could have bid you live," she said, "had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to me—that it is to every noble and generous mind. But you—wretch!—you could creep through the world, unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow; you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed—while nameless and birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and long-descended; you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles, batten on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of; you shall die, base dog! and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun."

She gave a brief command to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered;—I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards. As the murderers, or executioners,—call them as you will,—dragged him along, he recognised me even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter. "O, Mr. Osbaldiston, save me!—save me!"

I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that, although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf; but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some; while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck; and others again eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half naked, and thus manacled, they hurried him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep, drowning his last death-shriek with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph; over which, however, the yell of mortal agony was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark-blue waters of the lake; and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant, to guard, lest, extricating himself from the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound; the victim sunk without effort; the waters, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him; and the unit of that life, for which he had pleaded so strongly, was for ever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.

W. Scott.

GRACE DARLING; THE HEROINE OF THE SEA.

The fame which St. Cuthbert gave, of old, to the Farn Islands, has been in our days transferred to a simple but heroic girl, Grace Darling.

On the 7th of September, 1838, the *Forfarshire*, proceeding from Hull to Dundee, was wrecked on those crags. The wreck, at early dawn, was descried by the Darlings from the lighthouse, lying a little to the right, with a long ridge of sharp and destructive rocks intervening. The sea was running mountains high, rearing up into tremendous breakers. Nine survivors of that terrible catastrophe had scrambled out of the temporary reach of the waves; but the returning tide would have probably swept them off, should they,

drenched and exhausted, have been able to have held out till then.

Grace Darling did not stop to weigh these chances. The moment she caught sight of them, she determined to save them if possible. To her experienced father it appeared the most desperate and hopeless of adventures. No dissuasions had, however, any effect. She declared, if he declined to accompany her, she would go alone. At last he yielded. The boat was got out, and they had at first to let it drift with the wind southward to some distance, and then bring up under the lee of the rocks aimed at. Glad as they were at the prospect of deliverance, the survivors could not restrain their astonishment on observing an old man and a slight young woman coming to the rescue. They succeeded. And the applause which followed the gallant exploit was enthusiastic and universal. Even from Russia visitors have come to see her, sending home accounts of her and pieces of the rock on which she lived. The lighthouse is filled with costly gifts—the tokens of admiration. None of these things have altered her character in the least. The action she performed was so natural and so necessary to her, that it would be the most impossible of things to convince her that she did anything extraordinary.

She is timid in the presence of the inquisitive stranger; but, after soliciting her father, I succeeded in seeing the heroine. I found her sewing, dressed very neatly, but very simply, in a plain striped print, with her hair neatly braided. At that time she was about five-and-twenty. Her figure is by no means striking, but her face is full of sense, modesty, and genuine goodness; and that just corresponds to her inward character. Her prudence and simplicity are enchanting, and the sweetest smile plays on her lips that I ever saw in a person of her rank. Daring is not so much a quality of her nature, as the most perfect sympathy with suffering, which swallows and annihilates everything like fear or self-consideration, extinguishes in fact every sentiment but itself.

Yet a few years, and the envious grave has possessed her—a victim of consumption.

Howitt.

LORD BACON.

In these prescient views by which the genius of Lord Bacon has often anticipated the institutions and the discoveries of succeeding times, there was one important object which even his foresight does not appear to have contemplated. Lord Bacon did not foresee that the English language would one day be capable of embalming all that philosophy can discover, or poetry can invent; that his country would at length possess a national literature of its own, and that it would exult in classical compositions, which might be appreciated with the finest models of antiquity. His taste was far unequal to his invention. So little did he esteem the language of his country, that his favourite works were composed in Latin; and he was anxious to have what he had written in English preserved in that "universal language which may last as long as books last."

It would have surprised Bacon to have been told that the most learned men in Europe have studied English authors to learn to think and to write. Our philosopher was surely somewhat mortified, when, in his dedication of the *Essays*, he observed, that, "Of all my other works, my *Essays* have been most current; for that, as it seems, they come home to men's business and bosoms." It is too much to hope to find in a vast and profound inventor, a writer also who bestows immortality on his language. The English language is the only object, in his great survey of art and nature, which owes nothing of its excellence to the genius of Bacon.

He had reason, indeed, to be mortified at the reception of his philosophical works; and Dr. Rowley, even, some years after the death of his illustrious master, had occasion to observe, "His fame is greater, and sounds louder in foreign parts abroad than at

home in his own nation; thereby verifying that divine sentence, 'A Prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house.'"

Even the men of genius, who ought to have comprehended this new source of knowledge thus opened to them, reluctantly entered into it: so repugnant are we to give up ancient errors, which time and habit have made a part of ourselves.

Isaac D'Israeli.

NELSON AND HARDY.

The life of Nelson abounds with illustrations of naval daring, but all are so well known that great difficulty has been experienced in presenting any to the reader with a feature of novelty. One, however, narrated by Colonel Drinkwater Bethune, the historian of "The Siege of Gibraltar," and an eye-witness of what follows, is as well worthy of general fame as some of Nelson's more splendid achievements; and the more so as, on this occasion, that personal affection to his more immediate followers, which in every case secured their devoted attachment to himself, was the inciting cause to a display of that gallantry which, a day or two after, was more conspicuously called forth in the cause of his country, at the battle of Cape St. Vincent,—after which "Nelson's patent bridge for boarding first-rates" (he having boarded one enemy's first-rate from the deck of another) became a boasting byword of the English sailor.

Commodore Nelson, whose broad pendant at that time was hoisted in the *Minerve*, Captain Cockburn, got under weigh from Gibraltar on the 11th of February 1797, in order to join Sir John Jervis's fleet. The frigate had scarcely cast round from her anchorage, when two of the three Spanish line-of-battle ships in the upper part of Gibraltar Bay were observed also to be in motion. The headmost of the Spanish ships gaining on the frigate, the latter prepared for action, and the *Minerve's* situation every instant becoming more hazardous, Colonel Drinkwater asked Nelson his opinion as to the

probability of an engagement. The hero said he thought it was very possible, as the headmost ship appeared to be a good sailer; "but," continued he, looking up at the broad pendant, "before the Dons get hold of that bit of bunting I will have a struggle with them; and sooner than give up the frigate I will run her ashore."

Captain Cockburn, who had been taking a view of the chasing enemy, now joined the Commodore, and observed that there was no doubt of the headmost ship gaining on the frigate. At this moment dinner was announced; but before Nelson and his guests left the deck, orders were given to set the studding sails. Seated at dinner, Colonel Drinkwater was congratulating Lieutenant Hardy, who had been just exchanged, on his being no longer a prisoner of war, when the sudden cry of "a man overboard" threw the dinner into disorder. There is, perhaps, no passage in naval history of deeper interest than the following account of what then occurred:—

"The officers of the ship ran on deck; I, with others, ran to the stern windows to see if anything could be observed of the unfortunate man. We had scarcely reached them, before we noticed the lowering of the jolly-boat, in which was my late neighbour, Hardy, with a party of sailors; and before many seconds had elapsed the current of the Straits (which runs strongly to the eastward) had carried the jolly-boat far astern of the frigate, towards the Spanish ships. Of course the first object was to recover, if possible, the fallen man; but he was never seen again. Hardy soon made a signal to that effect, and the man was given up as lost.

"The attention of every person was now turned to the safety of Hardy and his boat's crew. Their situation was extremely perilous, and their danger was every instant increasing from the fast sailing of the headmost ship of the chase—the *Terrible*,—which by this time had approached nearly within gunshot of the *Minerve*. The jolly-boat's crew pulled 'might and main' to regain the frigate, but apparently made little progress against the current of the Straits. At this crisis, Nelson,

casting an anxious look at the hazardous situation of Hardy and his companions, exclaimed, 'No, it shall not be; I will not lose Hardy: back the mizzen-topsail.' No sooner said than done: the *Minerve's* progress was retarded, having the current to carry her down towards Hardy and his party, who, seeing this spirited manœuvre to save them from returning to their old quarters on board the *Terrible*, naturally redoubled their exertions to rejoin the frigate. To the landsmen on board the *Minerve* an action now appeared to be inevitable; and so, it would appear, thought the enemy, who, surprised and confounded by this daring manœuvre of the Commodore's (being ignorant of the accident that led to it) must have construed it into a direct challenge.

"Not conceiving, however, a Spanish ship of the line to be an equal match for a British frigate with Nelson on board of her, the captain of the *Terrible* suddenly shortened sail, in order to allow his consort to join him, and thus afforded time for the *Minerve* to drop down to the jolly-boat to take out Hardy and the crew; and the moment they were on board the frigate, orders were given again to make sail. Being now under studding-sails, and the widening of the Straits allowing the wind to be brought more on the *Minerve's* quarter, the frigate soon regained the lost distance, and in a short time we had the satisfaction to observe that the dastardly Don was left far in our wake; and at sunset, by steering to the southward, we lost sight of him and his consort altogether, and Commodore Nelson thus escaped, to share in the battle of St. Vincent, and win fresh laurels from the Spaniard."

Gifford.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN LONDON IN 1750.

- (PARTS OF TWO LETTERS TO SIR HORACE MANN.)

"Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name."

Dryden's "All for Love."

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful

commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if by next post you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last (exactly a month from the first shock), the earth had a shivering fit between one and two, but so slight that if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again, on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head. I thought somebody was getting from under my bed; but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses. In an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up, and found people running into the streets; but saw no mischief done. There has been some: two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town; for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London. They say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, "one can't help going into the country." The only visible effect it has had was on the ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said, "I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment!"

I told you the women talked of going out of town: several families are literally gone, and many more going to-day and to-morrow; for what adds to the absurdity,

is, that the second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it prevails that there will be a third on Thursday next, another month; which is to swallow up London. I am almost ready to burn my letter, now I have begun it, lest you should think I am laughing at you; but it is so true, that Arthur of White's told me last night that he should put off the last ridotto, which was to be on Thursday, because he hears nobody would come to it. I have advised several who are going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark for it, as it is so periodic. Dick Leveson and Mr. Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House the other night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, "past four o'clock and a dreadful earthquake." The frantic terror prevails so much, that within these three days seven hundred and thirty coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park corner, with whole parties removing into the country. Here is a good advertisement which I cut out of the papers to-day:—

"On Monday next will be published (price 6d.), a true and exact list of all the nobility and gentry who have left, or shall leave, this place through fear of another earthquake."

Several women have made earthquake gowns; that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night.¹ These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose; she says, all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back, I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish.

Walpole.

¹ This part of the letter was written on the day when the third earthquake was expected to happen.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Goldsmith's poetry enjoys a calm and steady popularity. It inspires us, indeed, with no admiration of daring design or of fertile invention; but it presents within its narrow limits a distinct and unbroken view of poetical delightfulness. His descriptions and sentiments have the pure zest of nature. He is refined without insipidity. Perhaps there is an intellectual composure in his manner, which may, in some passages, be said to approach to the reserved and prosaic; but he unbends from this graver strain of reflection to tenderness, and even to playfulness, with an ease and grace almost exclusively his own; and connects extensive views of the happiness and interests of society with pictures of life that touch the heart by their familiarity. He is no disciple of the gaunt and famished school of simplicity. He uses the ornaments which must always distinguish true poetry from prose; and when he adopts colloquial plainness, it is with the utmost skill to avoid a vulgar humility. There is more of this sustained simplicity, of this chaste economy and choice of words, in Goldsmith than in any other modern poet, or, perhaps, than would be attainable or desirable as a standard for every writer of rhyme. In extensive narrative poems, such a style would be too difficult. There is a noble propriety even in the careless strength of great poems, as in the roughness of castle walls; and, generally speaking, where there is a long course of story, or observation of life to be pursued, such excursive touches as those of Goldsmith would be too costly materials for sustaining it. His whole manner has a still depth of feeling and reflection, which gives back the image of nature unruffled and minutely. His chaste pathos makes him an insulating moralist, and throws a charm of Claude-like softness over his descriptions of homely objects, that would seem only fit to be the subject of Dutch painting; but his quiet enthusiasm leads the affections to humble things without a vulgar association, and he inspires us with a fondness

to trace the simplest recollections of Auburn, till we count the furniture of its ale-house, and listen to the varnished clock that clicked behind the door.

Campbell.

CHARACTER OF HENRY VIII.

If Henry VIII. had died previous to the first agitation of the divorce, his loss would have been deplored as one of the heaviest misfortunes which had ever befallen the country; and he would have left a name which would have taken its place in history by the side of that of the Black Prince, or of the conqueror of Agincourt. Left at the most trying age, with his character unformed, with the means at his disposal of gratifying every inclination, and married by his ministers, when a boy, to an unattractive woman far his senior, he had lived for thirty-six years almost without blame, and bore through England the reputation of an upright and virtuous king. Nature had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Edward IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely; and, amidst the easy freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard; and these powers were sustained in unfailling vigour by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear; the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigour of purpose. In addition to this, he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages; and his knowledge of a multitude of other

subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of his age; he was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in shipbuilding; and this, not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology, which has been ridiculously ascribed by Lord Herbert to his father's intention of educating him for the Archbishopric of Canterbury; as if the scientific mastery of such a subject could have been acquired by a boy of twelve years of age, for he was no more when he became Prince of Wales. He must have studied theology with the full maturity of his understanding; and he had a fixed and perhaps unfortunate interest in the subject itself.

In all directions of human activity Henry displayed natural powers of the highest order, at the highest stretch of industrious culture. He was attentive, as it is called, to his religious duties, being present at the services in chapel two or three times a-day with unfailling regularity, and showing, to outward appearance, a real sense of religious obligation in the energy and purity of his life. In private, he was good-humoured and good-natured. His letters to his secretaries, though never undignified, are simple, easy, and unrestrained; and the letters written by them to him are similarly plain and business-like, as if the writers knew that the person whom they were addressing disliked compliments, and chose to be treated as a man. Again, from their correspondence with one another, when they describe interviews with him, we gather the same pleasant impression. He seems to have been always kind, always considerate, inquiring into their private concerns with genuine interest, and winning, as a consequence, their warm and unaffected attachment. As a ruler, he had been eminently popular. All his wars had been successful. He had the splendid tastes in which the English people most delighted, and he had substantially acted out his

own theory of his duty, which was expressed in the following words:—"Scripture taketh princes to be, as it were, fathers and nurses to their subjects; and by Scripture it appeareth that it appertaineth to the office of princes to see that right religion and true doctrine be maintained and taught, and that their subjects may be well ruled and governed by good and just laws, and to provide and care for them, that all things necessary may be plenteous, and that the people and commonweal may increase, and to defend them from oppression and invasion, as well within the realm as without, and to see that justice be administered unto them indifferently; and to hear benignly all their complaints, and to show towards them, although they offend, fatherly pity; and, finally, so to correct them that be evil, that they had yet rather save them than lose them, if it were not for respect of justice and maintenance of peace and good order in the commonweal." These principles do really appear to have determined Henry's conduct in his earlier years. It is certain that if, as I said, he had died before the divorce was mooted, Henry VIII., like that Roman emperor said by Tacitus to have been, "by universal consent, capable of reigning had he not reigned," would have been considered by posterity as formed by Providence for the conduct of the Reformation, and his loss would have been deplored as a perpetual calamity. We must allow him, therefore, the benefit of his past career, and be careful to remember it when interpreting his later actions. Not many men would have borne themselves through the same trials with the same integrity; but the circumstances of those trials had not tested the true defects in his moral constitution. Like all princes of the Plantagenet blood, he was a person of a most intense and imperious will. His impulses, in general nobly directed, had never known contradiction; and late in life, when his character was formed, he was forced into collision with difficulties with which the experience of discipline had not fitted him to contend. Education had done much for him; but his nature required more correction than his position

had permitted; whilst unbroken prosperity and early independence of control had been his most serious misfortune. He had capacity, if his training had been equal to it, to be one of the greatest of men. With all his faults about him, he was still, perhaps, the greatest of his contemporaries, and the man best able of all living Englishmen to govern England, had he not been set to do it by the condition of his birth.

Froude.

THE STARLING.

"Beshrew the *sombre* pehcil," said I vauntingly, "for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a coloring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has herself magnified, and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true," said I, correcting the proposition—"the Bastile is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose it is some tyrant of a distemper, and not of a man who holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint."

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be that of a child, which complained, "It could not get out." I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling, hung in a little cage. "I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity. "I can't get out," said the starling. "God help thee," said I, "but I will let thee out, cost what it will;" so I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twisted, and double

twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. "I fear, poor creature," said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty." "No," said the starling, "I can't get out; I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile, and I heavily walked up-stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Sterne.

ON HUMAN GRANDEUR.

An alehouse-keeper, near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the "French King," upon the commencement of the last war with France, pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

Our publican in this imitates the great exactly, who deal out their figures, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one, that is taken in, and another exhibited in its room, which seldom holds its station long, for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which

raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation who opposes the designs of a prince who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sunday; the puny pedant who finds one undiscovered property in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer who makes smooth verses, and paints to our admiration when he should only speak to our hearts,—all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen? No times so important as our own. Ages yet unborn shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went; who were bepraised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub Street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burthen of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer,

and we shall find all our expectations an herring-fishery.

Goldsmith.

RISE AND DECLINE OF THE STYLE OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.

It was the ambition of the authors of Queen Anne's time to improve and perfect the new style introduced at the Restoration, rather than to return to the old one; and it cannot be denied that they did improve it. They corrected its gross indecency—increased its precision and correctness—made its pleasantry and sarcasm more polished and elegant—and spread through the whole of its irony, its narration, and its reflection, a tone of clear and condensed good sense, which recommended itself to all who had, and all who had not, any relish for higher beauties. This is the praise of Queen Anne's wits, and to this praise they are justly entitled. This was left for them to do, and they did it well. They were invited to it by the circumstances of their situation, and do not seem to have been possessed of any such bold or vigorous spirit as either to neglect or to outgo the invitation. Coming into life immediately after the consummation of a bloodless revolution, effected much more by the cool sense than the angry passions of the nation, they seem to have felt that they were born in an age of reason, rather than of feeling or fancy; and that men's minds, though considerably divided and unsettled upon many points, were in a much better temper to relish judicious argument and cutting satire, than the glow of enthusiastic passion, or the richness of a luxuriant imagination. To these, accordingly, they made no pretensions; but writing with infinite good sense, and great grace and vivacity, and, above all, writing for the first time in a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured, at least while the manner was new, as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers which the world had

ever seen, and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison. Men grew ashamed of admiring, and afraid of imitating, writers of so little skill and smartness; and the opinion became general, not only that their faults were intolerable, but that even their beauties were puerile and barbarous, and unworthy the serious regard of a polite and distinguishing age.

These, and similar considerations, will go far to account for the celebrity which those authors acquired in their day; but it is not quite so easy to explain how they should have so long retained their ascendant. One cause, undoubtedly, was the real excellence of their productions, in the style which they had adopted. It was hopeless to think of surpassing them in that style; and, recommended as it was by the felicity of their execution, it required some courage to depart from it, and to recur to another, which seemed to have been so lately abandoned for its sake. The age which succeeded, too, was not the age of courage or adventure. There never was, on the whole, a quieter time than the reigns of the two first Georges, and the greater part of that which ensued. There were two little provincial rebellions, indeed, and a fair proportion of foreign war; but there was nothing to stir the minds of the people at large, to rouse their passions, or excite their imaginations—nothing like the agitations of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, or of the civil wars in the seventeenth. They went on, accordingly, minding their old business, and reading their old books, with great patience and stupidity; and certainly there never was so remarkable a dearth of original talent—so long an interregnum of native genius—as during about sixty years in the middle of the last century. The dramatic art was dead fifty years before, and poetry seemed verging to a similar extinction. The few sparks that appeared, too, showed that the old fire was burnt out, and that the altar must hereafter be heaped with fuel of another quality. Gray, with

the talents rather of a critic than a poet,—with learning, fastidiousness, and scrupulous delicacy of taste, instead of fire, tenderness, or invention,—began and ended a small school, which we could scarcely have wished to become permanent, admirable in many respects as some of its productions are, being far too elaborate and artificial either for grace or for fluency, and fitter to excite the admiration of scholars than the delight of ordinary men. However, he had the merit of not being in any degree French, and of restoring to our poetry the dignity of seriousness, and the tone at least of force and energy. The Whartons, both as critics and as poets, were of considerable service in discrediting the high pretensions of the former race, and in bringing back to public notice the great stores and treasures of poetry which lay hid in the records of our older literature. Akenside attempted a sort of classical and philosophical rapture, which no elegance of language could easily have rendered popular, but which had merits of no vulgar order for those who could study it. Goldsmith wrote with perfect elegance and beauty, in a style of mellow tenderness and elaborate simplicity. He had the harmony of Pope without his quaintness, and his selectness of diction without his coldness and eternal vivacity. And last of all came Cowper, with a style of complete originality, and, for the first time, made it apparent to readers of all descriptions that Pope and Addison were no longer to be the models of English poetry.

In philosophy and prose writing in general, the case was nearly parallel. The name of Hume is by far the most considerable which occurs in the period to which we have alluded. But, though his thinking was English, his style is entirely French; and, being naturally of a cold fancy, there is nothing of that eloquence or richness about him which characterizes the writings of Taylor, and Hooker, and Bacon, and continues, with less weight of matter, to please in those of Cowley and Clarendon. Warburton had great powers, and wrote with more force and freedom than the wits to whom he

succeeded; but his faculties were perverted by a paltry love of paradox, and rendered useless to mankind by an unlucky choice of subjects, and the arrogance and dogmatism of his temper. Adam Smith was nearly the first who made deeper reasonings and more exact knowledge popular among us, and Junius and Johnson the first who again familiarized us with more glowing and sonorous diction, and made us feel the tameness and poorness of the serious style of Addison and Swift.

Jeffrey.

SUFFERINGS DURING THE SIEGE OF GENOA.

In the autumn of 1799 the Austrians had driven the French out of Lombardy and Piedmont; their last victory of Fossano or Genola had won the fortress of Coni or Cuneo, close under the Alps, and at the very extremity of the plain of the Po; the French clung to Italy only by their hold of the Riviera of Genoa, the narrow strip of coast between the Apennines and the sea, which extends from the frontiers of France almost to the mouth of the Arno. Hither the remains of the French force were collected, commanded by General Massena, and the point of chief importance to his defence was the city of Genoa. Napoleon had just returned from Egypt, and was become First Consul; but he could not be expected to take the field till the following spring, and till then, Massena was hopeless of relief from without—everything was to depend on his own pertinacity. The strength of his army made it impossible to force it in such a position as Genoa; but its very numbers, added to the population of a great city, held out to the enemy a hope of reducing it by famine; and as Genoa derives most of its supplies by sea, Lord Keith, the British naval commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, lent the assistance of his naval force to the Austrians, and by the vigilance of his cruisers the whole coasting-trade right and left along the Riviera was effectually cut off. It is not at

once that the inhabitants of a great city, accustomed to the daily sight of well-stored shops and an abundant market, begin to realise the idea of scarcity; or that the wealthy classes of society, who have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, begin seriously to conceive of famine. But the shops were emptied, and the storehouses began to be drawn upon, and no fresh supply or hope of supply appeared. Winter passed away, and spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden-like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belt of mountains, and open to the full range of the southern sun. Spring returned, and clothed the hill-sides with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens with its liveliness and softness when they rode or walked up thither from the city to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the prospect. The green hill-sides were now visited for a very different object: ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our roadsides as a most precious treasure. The French general pitied the distress of the people, but the lives and the strength of his garrison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese; and such provisions as remained were reserved, in the first place, for the French army. Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy; not the momentary death of battle or massacre, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering death of famine. Infants died before their parents' eyes; husbands and wives lay down to expire together. A man whom I saw at Genoa in 1825, told me that his father and two of his brothers had been starved to death in this fatal siege. So it went on till, in the month of June, when Napoleon had already descended from the Alps into the plains of Lombardy, the misery became unendurable and Massena

surrendered. But before he did so, 20,000 innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died by the most horrible of deaths which humanity can endure!

Arnold.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF GEORGE II. AND QUEEN CAROLINE.

Many ingredients concurred to form this reluctance in his majesty to bestowing. One was that, taking all his notions from a German measure, he thought every man who served him in England overpaid; another was, that while employments were vacant he saved the salary; but the most prevalent of all was his never having the least inclination to oblige. I do not believe there ever lived a man to whose temper benevolence was so absolutely a stranger. It was a sensation that, I dare say, never accompanied any one act of his power; so that whatever good he did was either extorted from him, or was the adventitious effect of some self-interested act of policy: consequently, if any seeming favour he conferred ever obliged the receiver, it must have been because the man on whom it fell was ignorant of the motives from which the giver bestowed. I remember Sir Robert Walpole saying once, in speaking to me of the king, that to talk with him of compassion, consideration of past services, charity, and bounty, was making use of words that with him had no meaning. I once heard him say he would much sooner forgive anybody that had murdered a man, than anybody that cut down one of his oaks; because an oak was so much longer growing to a useful size than a man, and consequently, one loss would be sooner supplied than the other: and one evening, after a horse had run away, and killed himself against an iron spike, poor Lady Suffolk saying it was very lucky the man who was upon him had received no hurt, his majesty snapped her very short, and said: 'Yes I am very lucky, truly: pray where is the luck? I have lost a good horse, and I have got

a booby of a groom still to keep.' The queen by long studying and long experience of his temper knew how to instil her own sentiments—whilst she affected to receive his majesty's; she could appear convinced whilst she was controverting, and obedient whilst she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief *priestess* ever received a favourable answer from our god: storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection—calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The king himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife, Charles II. by his mistresses, King James by his priests, King William by his men, and Queen Anne by her women-favourites. His father, he added, had been governed by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, to one of his auditors, and asked him: 'And who do they say governs now?' Whether this is a true or a false story of the king, I know not, but it was currently reported and generally believed. She was at least seven or eight hours tête-à-tête with the king every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising

what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it. She used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these tête-à-têtes seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to—unless it was to sleep: she was forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. However, to all this she submitted for the sake of power, and for the reputation of having it; for the vanity of being thought to possess what she desired was equal to the pleasure of the possession itself. But, either for the appearance or the reality, she knew it was absolutely necessary to have interest in her husband, as she was sensible that interest was the measure by which people would always judge of her power. Her every thought, word, and act therefore tended and was calculated to preserve her influence there; to him she sacrificed her time, for him she mortified her inclination; she looked, spake, and breathed but for him, like a weathercock to every capricious blast of his uncertain temper, and governed him—if such influence so gained can bear the name of government—by being as great a slave to him thus ruled as any other wife could be to a man who ruled her. For all the tedious hours she spent then in watching him whilst he slept, or the heavier task of entertaining him whilst he was awake, her single consolation was in reflecting she had power, and that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country, without knowing how dear the government of it cost her.

Hervey.

AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

Sebituané was about forty-five years of age; of a tall and wiry form; of an olive, or coffee-and-milk, colour,

and slightly bald; in manner though cool and collected, more frank in his answers than any chief I ever met.

He was the greatest warrior ever heard of beyond the colony, and he always led his men into battle himself. When he saw the enemy, he felt the edge of his battle-axe, and said: "Aha! it is sharp, and whoever turns his back on the enemy will feel its edge."

So fleet of foot was he, that all his people knew there was no escape for the coward, as any such would be cut down without mercy. In some instances of skulking, he allowed the individual to return home; then calling him, he would say: "Ah, you prefer dying at home to dying in the field, do you? You shall have your desire." This was the signal for his immediate execution.

He had not only conquered all the black tribes over an immense tract of country, but had made himself dreaded by the most powerful neighbouring chiefs.

Sebituané knew everything that happened in the country; for he had the art of gaining the affections both of his own people and of strangers. When a party of poor men came to his town to sell their wares, no matter how ungainly they might be, he soon knew them all.

A company of these strangers would be surprised to see him come alone to them, and sitting down, inquire if they were hungry. He would order a servant to bring meal, milk, and honey, and make them feast, perhaps for the first time in their lives, on a lordly dish.

Delighted beyond measure with his kindness and liberality, they felt their hearts warm towards him, and gave him all the information in their power; and as he never allowed a party of strangers to go away without giving every one of them, servants and all, a present, his praises were sounded far and wide. "He has a heart! he is wise!" were the usual expressions we heard before we saw him.

He was much pleased with the proof of confidence

we had shown in bringing our children with us, and promised to take us over his country, so that we might choose a part in which to settle. Poor Sebituané, however, just after obtaining what he had so long ardently desired, fell sick of inflammation of the lungs, which arose from an old wound. I saw his danger, but, being a stranger, I feared to treat him medically, lest, in the event of his death, I should be blamed by his people. I mentioned this to one of his doctors, who said: "Your fear is prudent and wise; this people would blame you."

On the Sunday afternoon on which he died, when our usual religious service was over, I visited him with my little boy Robert. "Come near," said Sebituané, "and see if I am any longer a man; I am done."

He was thus sensible of the dangerous nature of his disease; so I ventured to agree with him as to his danger, and added a single sentence regarding hope after death. "Why do you speak of death?" said one of the doctors; "Sebituané will never die." If I had persisted, the impression would have been produced, that, by speaking about it, I wished him to die.

After sitting with him some time, and commending him to the mercy of God, I rose to leave when the dying chieftain raising himself up a little from his reclining position, called a servant, and said, "Take Robert to Mannku (one of his wives), and tell her to give him some milk." These were the last words of Sebituané.

Livingstone.

CHARACTER AND APPEARANCE OF MR. PECKSNIFF.

It has been remarked that Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man. So he was. Perhaps there never was a more moral man than Mr. Pecksniff, especially in his conversation and correspondence. It was once said of him by a homely admirer, that he had a Fortunatus's purse of good sentiments in his inside. In this particular he was like the girl in the fairy tale, except that if

they were not actual diamonds which fell from his lips, they were the very brightest paste, and shone prodigiously. He was a most exemplary man: fuller of virtuous precepts than a copy-book. Some people likened him to a direction-post, which is always telling the way to a place, and never goes there; but these were his enemies; the shadows cast by his brightness; that was all. His very throat was moral. You saw a good deal of it. You looked over a very low fence of white cravat (whereof no man had ever beheld the tie, for he fastened it behind), and there it lay, a valley between two jutting heights of collar, serene and whiskerless before you. It seemed to say, on the part of Mr. Pecksniff, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, all is peace; a holy calm pervades me." So did his hair, just grizzled with an iron-gray, which was all brushed off his forehead and stood bolt upright, or slightly drooped in kindred action with his heavy eyelids. So did his person, which was sleek though free from corpulency. So did his manner, which was soft and oily. In a word, even his plain black suit, and state of widower, and dangling double eye-glass, all tended to the same purpose, and cried aloud, "Behold the Moral Pecksniff!"

The brazen-plate upon the door (which, being Mr. Pecksniff's, could not lie) bore this inscription, "PECKSNIFF, ARCHITECT;" to which Mr. Pecksniff, on his cards of business, added, "AND LAND SURVEYOR." In one sense, and only one, he may be said to have been a land surveyor on a pretty large scale, as an extensive prospect lay stretched out before the windows of his house. Of his architectural doings nothing was clearly known, except that he had never designed or built anything; but it was generally understood that his knowledge of the science was almost awful in its profundity.

Mr. Pecksniff's professional engagements, indeed, were almost, if not entirely, confined to the reception of pupils; for the collection of rents, with which pursuit he occasionally varied and relieved his graver toils,

can hardly be said to be a strictly architectural employment. His genius lay in ensnaring parents and guardians, and pocketing premiums. A young gentleman's premium being paid, and the young gentleman come to Mr. Pecksniff's house, Mr. Pecksniff borrowed his case of mathematical instruments (if silver-mounted or otherwise valuable); entreated him, from that moment, to consider himself one of the family; complimented him highly on his parents or guardians, as the case might be; and turned him loose in a spacious room on the two-pair front; where in the company of certain drawing-boards, parallel rulers, very stiff-legged compasses, and two, or perhaps three, other young gentlemen, he improved himself, for three or five years, according to his articles, in making elevations of Salisbury Cathedral from every possible point of sight; and in constructing in the air a vast quantity of castles, Houses of Parliament, and other public buildings. Perhaps in no place in the world were so many gorgeous edifices of this class erected as under Mr. Pecksniff's auspices; and if but one-twentieth part of the churches which were built in that front room, with one or other of the Miss Pecksniffs at the altar, in the act of marrying the architect, could only be made available by the parliamentary commissioners, no more churches would be wanted for at least five centuries.

Dickens.

GENERAL WOLFE TO HIS ARMY BEFORE QUEBEC, 1759.

I congratulate you, my brave countrymen and fellow-soldiers, on the spirit and success with which you have executed this important part of our enterprise. The formidable heights of Abraham are now surmounted, and the city of Quebec, the object of all our toils, now stands in full view before you. A perfidious enemy, who have dared to exasperate you by their cruelties, but not to oppose you on equal ground, are now constrained to face you on the open plain, without ramparts or entrenchments to shelter you.

You know too well the forces that compose their army, to dread their superior numbers. A few regular troops from old France, weakened by hunger and sickness, who, when fresh, were unable to withstand British soldiers, are their general's chief dependence. Those numerous companies of Canadians, insolent, mutinous, unsteady, and ill-disciplined, have exercised his utmost skill to keep them together to this time; and as soon as their irregular ardour is damped by one firm fire, they will instantly turn their backs, and give you no further trouble but in the pursuit. As for those savage tribes of Indians, whose horrid yells in the forests have struck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with the tomahawk and scalping knife to a flying and prostrate foe, you have experienced how little their ferocity is to be dreaded by resolute men upon fair and open ground: you can now only consider them as the just objects of a severe revenge for the unhappy fate of many slaughtered countrymen.

This day puts it into your power to terminate the fatigues of a siege which has so long employed your courage and patience. Possessed with a full confidence of the certain success which British valour must gain over such enemies, I have led you up these steep and dangerous rocks, only solicitous to show you the foe within your reach. The impossibility of a retreat makes no difference in the situation of men resolved to conquer or die: and believe me, my friends, if the conquest could be bought with the blood of your general, he would most cheerfully resign a life which he has long devoted to his country.

Aikin.

INFLUENCE OF PATRIOTISM ON NATIONAL PROGRESS.

The objects of the patriot are, that his countrymen should, as far as circumstances permit, enjoy what the Creator designed for the enjoyment of animals endowed with reason, and of course develop those faculties

which were given them to be developed. He would do his best that every one of his countrymen should possess whatever all men may and should possess, and that a sufficient number should be enabled and encouraged to acquire those excellences which, though not necessary or possible *for* all men, are yet *to* all men useful and honourable. He knows that patriotism itself is a necessary link in the golden chain of our affections and virtues, and turns away with indignant scorn from the false philosophy or mistaken religion which would persuade him that cosmopolitanism is nobler than nationality, and the human race a sublimer object of love than a people; that Plato, Luther, Newton, and their equals, formed themselves neither in the market nor the senate, but in the world and for all men of all ages. True! but where, and among whom, are these giant exceptions produced? In the wide empires of Asia, where millions of human beings acknowledge no other bond but that of a common slavery, and are distinguished on the map but by a name which themselves perhaps never heard, or hearing abhor? No! In a circle defined by human affections, the first firm sod within which becomes sacred beneath the quickened step of the returning citizen—here, where the powers and interests of men spread without confusion through a common sphere, like the vibrations propagated in the air by a single voice, distinct yet coherent, and all uniting to express one thought and the same feeling! Here, where even the common soldier dares force a passage for his comrades by gathering up the bayonets of the enemy into his own breast; because his country “expected every man to do his duty!” and this not after he has been hardened by habit, but as probably in his first battle; not reckless or hopeless, but braving death from a keener sensibility to those blessings which make life dear, to those qualities which render himself worthy to enjoy them! Here, where the royal crown is loved and worshipped as a glory around the sainted head of FREEDOM! where the rustic at his plough whistles with equal enthusiasm, “God save the

King," and "Britons never shall be slaves;" or, perhaps, leaves one thistle unweeded in his garden, because it is the symbol of his dear native land! Here, from within this circle defined, as light by shade, or rather as light within light, by its intensity, here alone, and only within these magic circles, rise up the awful spirits whose words are oracles for mankind, whose love embraces all countries, and whose voice sounds through all ages! Here, and here only, may we confidently expect those mighty minds to be reared and ripened, whose names are naturalized in foreign lands, the sure fellow-travellers of civilization! and yet render their own country dearer and more proudly dear to their own countrymen. This is indeed cosmopolitanism, at once the nursling and the nurse of patriotic affection! This, and this alone, is genuine philanthropy, which like the olive-tree, sacred to concord and to wisdom, fattens, not exhausts, the soil from which it sprang, and in which it remains rooted. It is feebleness only which cannot be generous without injustice, or just without ceasing to be generous. Is the morning star less brilliant, or does a ray less fall on the golden fruitage of the earth, because the moons of Saturn too feed their lamps from the same sun? Even Germany, though curst with a base and hateful brood of nobles and princelings, cowardly and ravenous jackals to the very flocks entrusted to them as shepherds, who hunt for the tiger, and whine and wag their tails for his bloody offal,—even Germany, whose ever-changing boundaries superannuate the last year's map, and are altered as easily as the hurdles of a temporary sheep-fold, is still remembered with filial love and a patriot's pride, when the thoughtful German hears the names of Luther and Leibnitz. "Ah! why," he sighs, "why for herself in vain should my country have produced such a host of immortal minds!" Yea, even the poor enslaved, degraded, and barbarized Greek, can still point to the harbour of Tenedos, and say, "There lay *our* fleet when we were besieging Troy." Reflect a moment on the past history of *this* wonderful

people. What were they while they remained free and independent—when Greece resembled a collection of mirrors set in a single frame, each having its own focus of patriotism, yet all capable, as at Marathon and Platea, of converging to one point and of consuming a common foe? What were they then? The fountains of light and of civilization, of truth, and of beauty, to all mankind! they were the thinking head, the beating heart of the whole world! They lost their independence, and with their independence their patriotism; and became the cosmopolites of antiquity. It has been truly observed, that, after the first acts of severity, the Romans treated the Greeks not only more mildly than their other slaves and dependents; they behaved to them even affectionately, and with munificence. The victor nation felt reverentially the presence of the visible and invisible deities that gave sanctity to every grove, every fountain, and every forum. "Think" (writes Pliny to one of his friends) "that you are sent into the province of Achaia, that true and genuine Greece, where civilization, letters, even corn, are believed to have been discovered; that you are sent to administer the affairs of free states, that is, to men eminently free, who have retained their natural right by valour, by services, by friendship; lastly, by treaty and by religion. Revere the gods, their founders; the sacred influences represented in these gods; revere their ancient glory and their very old age, which in man is venerable, in cities sacred. Cherish in thyself a reverence of antiquity, a reverence for their great exploits, a reverence even for their fables. Detract nothing from the proud pretensions of any state; keep before thine eyes that this is the land which sent us our institutions, which gave us our laws, not after it was subjugated, but in compliance with *our* petition." And what came out of these men, who were *eminently free* without patriotism, because without national independence? While they were intense patriots, they were the benefactors of all mankind; legislators for the very nation that afterwards subdued and enslaved them.

When, therefore, they became pure cosmopolites, and no partial affections interrupted their philanthropy, and when they yet retained their country, their language, and their arts, what noble works, what mighty discoveries, may we not expect from them? If the applause of a little city (a first-rate town of a country not much larger than Yorkshire), and the encouragement of a Pericles, produced a Phidias, a Sophocles, and a constellation of other stars scarcely inferior in glory, what will not the applause of the world effect, and the boundless munificence of the world's imperial masters? Alas! no Sophocles appeared, no Phidias was born!—individual genius fled with national independence, and the best products were cold and laborious copies of what their fathers had taught and invented in grandeur and majesty. At length nothing remained but dastardly and cunning slaves, who avenged their own ruin and degradation by assisting to degrade and ruin their conquerors; and the golden harp of their divine language remained only as the frame on which priests and monks spun their dirty cobwebs of sophistry and superstition!

Coleridge.

OF REVENGE.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law, but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon. And Solomon, I am sure, saith, "It is the glory of a man to pass an offence." That which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labour in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake; but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, or the like. Therefore why should I be angry

with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill-nature, why? Yet it is but like the thorn or brier, which prick and scratch because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy: but then let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one; some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh: this is the more generous. For the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent, but base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. "You shall read," said he, "that we are commanded to forgive our enemies, but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends." But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune, "Shall we," saith he, "take good at God's hand, and not be content to take evil also?" And so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal, and do well. Public revenges are, for the most part, fortunate, as that for the death of Cæsar, for the death of Pertinax, for the death of Henry the Third of France, and many more, but in private revenges it is not so; nay, rather vindictive persons live the life of witches, who as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate.

Bacon.

ON THE VALUE OF WORKS OF FICTION.

What do we look for in studying the history of a past age? Is it to learn the political transactions and characters of the leading public men? is it to make ourselves acquainted with the life and being of the time? If we set out with the former grave purpose, where is the truth, and who believes that he has

it entire? What character of what great man is known to you? You can but make guesses as to character more or less happy. In common life don't you often judge and misjudge a man's whole conduct, setting out from a wrong impression? The tone of a voice, a word said in joke, or a trifle in behaviour—the cut of his hair or the tie of his neckcloth, may disfigure him in your eyes, or poison your good opinion; or at the end of years of intimacy it may be your closest friend says something, reveals something which had previously been a secret, which alters all your views about him, and shows that he has been acting on quite a different motive to that which you fancied you knew. And if it is so with those you know, how much more with those you don't know? Say, for example, that I want to understand the character of the Duke of Marlborough. I read Swift's history of the times in which he took a part; the shrewdest of observers and initiated, one would think, into the politics of the age—he hints to me that Marlborough was a coward, and even of doubtful military capacity: he speaks of Walpole as a contemptible boor, and scarcely mentions, except to flout it, the great intrigue of the Queen's latter days, which was to have ended in bringing back the Pretender. Again, I read Marlborough's life by a copious archdeacon, who has the command of immense papers, of sonorous language, of what is called the best information; and I get little or no insight into this secret motive which, I believe, influenced the whole of Marlborough's career, which caused his turnings and windings, his opportune fidelity and treason, stopped his army at Paris gate, and landed him finally on the Hanoverian side—the winning side; I get, I say, no truth, or only a portion of it in the narrative of either writer, and believe that Coxe's portrait or Swift's portrait is quite unlike the real Churchill. I take this as a single instance, prepared to be as sceptical about any other, and say to the Muse of History, “O venerable daughter of Mnemosyne, I doubt every single statement you ever made since your lady-

ship was a Muse! For all your grave airs and high pretensions, you are not a whit more trustworthy than some of your lighter sisters on whom your partisans look down. You bid me listen to a general's oration to his soldiers: Nonsense! He no more made it than Turpin made his dying speech at Newgate. You pronounce a panegyric of a hero: I doubt it, and say you flatter outrageously. You utter the condemnation of a loose character: I doubt it, and think you are prejudiced and take the side of the Dons. You offer me an autobiography: I doubt all autobiographies I ever read, except those, perhaps, of Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, and writers of his class. *These* have no object in setting themselves right with the public or their own consciences; these have no motive for concealment or half-truths; these call for no more confidence than I can cheerfully give, and do not force me to tax my credulity or to fortify it by evidence. I take up a volume of Dr. Smollett, or a volume of the 'Spectator,' and say the fiction carries a greater amount of truth in solution than the volume which purports to be all true. Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life of the time; of the manners, of the movement, the dress, the pleasures, the laughter, the ridicules of society—the old times live again, and I travel in the old country of England. Can the heaviest historian do more for me?"

Thackeray.

THE DISASTERS WHICH BEFELL JONES ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR COVENTRY, WITH THE SAGE REMARKS OF PARTRIDGE.

No road can be plainer than that from the place where they now were to Coventry; and though neither Jones, nor Partridge, nor the guide had ever travelled it before, it would have been almost impossible to have missed their way, had it not been for the two reasons mentioned in the conclusion of the last chapter (*viz.*, rain and darkness). These two circumstances, however,

happening both unfortunately to intervene, our travellers deviated into a much less frequented track; and after riding full six miles, instead of arriving at the stately spires of Coventry, they found themselves still in a very dirty lane, where they saw no symptoms of approaching the suburbs of a large city. Jones now declared that they must certainly have lost their way; but this the guide insisted upon was impossible; a word which, in common conversation, is often used to signify not only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and sometimes what hath certainly happened: an hyperbolical violence like that which is so frequently offered to the words *infinite* and *eternal*; by the former of which it is usual to express a distance of half a yard, and by the latter a duration of five minutes. And thus it is as usual to assert the impossibility of losing what is already actually lost. This was, in fact, the case at present; for, notwithstanding all the confident assertions of the lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right road to Coventry, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting miser is in the right road to heaven.

It is not, perhaps, easy for the reader, who hath never been in those circumstances, to imagine the horror with which darkness, rain, and wind fill persons who have lost their way in the night; and who, consequently, have not the pleasant prospect of warm fires, dry clothes, and other refreshments, to support their minds in struggling with the inclemency of the weather. A very imperfect idea of this horror will, however, serve sufficiently to account for the conceits which now filled the head of Partridge, and which we shall presently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more positive that they were out of their road; and the boy himself at last acknowledged he believed they were not in the right road to Coventry, though he affirmed, at the same time, it was impossible they should have missed the way. But Partridge was of a different opinion. He said, "when they first set out he imagined some mischief or other

would happen. Did not you observe, sir," said he to Jones, "that old woman who stood at the door just as you were taking horse? I wish you had given her a small matter, with all my heart; for she said then you might repent it; and at that very instant it began to rain, and the wind hath continued rising ever since. Whatever some people may think, I am very certain it is in the power of witches to raise the wind whenever they please. I have seen it happen very often in my time; and, if ever I saw a witch in all my life, that old woman was certainly one. I thought so to myself at that very time; and if I had had any halfpence in my pocket, I would have given her some; for to be sure it is always good to be charitable to those sort of people, for fear what may happen; and many a person hath lost his cattle by saving a halfpenny."

Jones, though he was horridly vexed at the delay which this mistake was likely to occasion in his journey, could not help smiling at the superstition of his friend, whom an accident now greatly confirmed in his opinion. This was a tumble from his horse; by which, however, he received no other injury than what the dirt conferred on his clothes.

Partridge had no sooner recovered his legs than he appealed to his fall as conclusive evidence of all he had asserted; but Jones, finding he was unhurt, answered with a smile: "This witch of yours, Partridge, is a most ungrateful jade, and doth not, I find, distinguish her friends from others in her resentment. If the old lady had been angry with me for neglecting her, I don't see why she should tumble you from your horse, after all the respect you have expressed for her."

"It is ill jesting," cries Partridge, "with people who have power to do these things; for they are often very malicious. I remember a farrier who provoked one of them, and within three months from that very day one of his best cows was drowned. Nor was she satisfied with that; for a little time afterwards he lost a barrel of his best drink; for the old witch pulled out the spigot, and let it run all over the cellar, the very

first evening he had tapped it to make merry with some of his neighbours. In short, nothing ever thrived with him afterwards; for she worried the poor man so that he took to drinking; and in a year or two his stock was seized, and he and his family are now come to the parish."

The guide, and perhaps his horse too, were both so attentive to this discourse, that, either through want of care, or by the malice of the witch, they were now both sprawling in the dirt.

Partridge entirely imputed this fall, as he had done his own, to the same cause; he told Mr. Jones "it would certainly be his turn next, and earnestly entreated him to return back, and find out the old woman and pacify her. We shall very soon," added he, "reach the inn; for though we have seemed to go forward, I am very certain we are in the identical place in which we were an hour ago; and I dare swear, if it was daylight, we might now see the inn we set out from."

Instead of returning any answer to this sage advice, Jones was entirely attentive to what had happened to the boy, who received no other hurt than what had before fallen Partridge, and which his clothes very easily bore, as they had been for many years inured to the like. He soon regained his side-saddle, and by the hearty curses and blows which he bestowed on his horse, quickly satisfied Mr. Jones that no harm was done.

Fielding.

TO MR—.

Vienna, October 10, O. S. 1716.

I deserve not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been some time without answering your letter, it is not that I don't know how many thanks are due to you for it, or that I am stupid enough to prefer any amusements to the pleasure of hearing from you; but after the professions of esteem you have so

obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, shewing you that you are mistaken. If you are sincere, when you say you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the disappointment that I am sure you will receive when you hear from me, though I have done my best endeavours to find out something worth writing to you. I have seen every thing that was to be seen with a very diligent curiosity. Here are some fine villas, particularly the late Prince of Lichtenstein's: but the statues are all modern, and the pictures are not of the first hands. 'Tis true, the emperor has some of great value. I was yesterday to see the repository, which they call his treasure, where they seem to have been more diligent in amassing a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. I spent above five hours there, and yet there were very few things that stopped me long to consider them. But the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery filled on both sides, and five large rooms. There is a vast quantity of paintings, amongst which are many fine miniatures, but the most valuable pictures are a few of Correggio, those of Titian being at the Favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me so rich as I expected to see it. They shewed me here a cup, about the size of a tea-dish, of one entire emerald, which they had so particular a respect for, that only the emperor has the liberty of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clock-work, only one of which I thought worth observing; that was a crawfish with all the motions so natural, that it was hard to distinguish it from the life.

The next cabinet was a large collection of agates, some of them extremely beautiful, and of an uncommon size, and several vases of lapis lazuli. I was surprised to see the cabinet of medals so poorly furnished; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a most ridiculous disorder. As to the antiques, very few of them deserve that name. Upon my saying they were modern, I could not forbear laughing at the

answer of the profound antiquary that shewed them, that "They were ancient enough, for, to his knowledge, they had been there these forty years." But the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing else but a parcel of wax babies, and toys in ivory, very well worthy to be presented to children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with these trifles of all kinds, set in jewels, amongst which I was desired to observe a crucifix that they assured me had spoken very wisely to the emperor Leopold. I won't trouble you with a catalogue of the rest of lumber, but I must not forget to mention a small piece of loadstone that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought the most curious in the whole treasure. There are some few heads of ancient statues; and several of them are defaced by modern additions. I foresee that you will be very little satisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly ask you to be good-natured enough to charge the dulness of it on the barrenness of the subject, and to overlook the stupidity of

Yours, etc. etc.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

THE COMPARISON OF WATCHES.

When Griselda thought that her husband had long enough enjoyed his new existence, and that there was danger of his forgetting the taste of sorrow, she changed her tone. One day, when he had not returned home exactly at the appointed minute, she received him with a frown such as would have made even Mars himself recoil, if Mars could have beheld such a frown upon the brow of his Venus.

"Dinner has been kept waiting for you this hour, my dear."

"I am very sorry for it; but why did you wait, my dear? I am really very sorry I am so late, but (looking at his watch) it is only half-past six by me."

"It is seven by me."

They presented their watches to each other, he in an apologetical, she in a reproachful attitude.

"I rather think you are too fast, my dear," said the gentleman.

"I am very sure you are too slow, my dear," said the lady.

"My watch never loses a minute in the four and twenty hours," said he.

"Nor mine a second," said she.

"I have reason to believe I am right, my love," said the husband, mildly.

"Reason!" exclaimed the wife, astonished, "what reason can you possibly have to believe you are right, when I tell you I am morally certain you are wrong, my love?"

"My only reason for doubting it is, that I set my watch by the sun to-day."

"The sun must be wrong, then," cried the lady, hastily.

"You need not laugh, for I know what I am saying."

"Well, my dear, that is sufficient."

Maria Edgeworth.

THE FIRE OF LONDON.

I was sitting in the parlour at Mickleham, looking on a beautiful moon, and delaying to go to bed, when my servant came in and told me that there was a dreadful fire in London. One of the tradesmen had brought news of a dreadful fire the day before; but, as every fire was dreadful, and as I had seen the people of London run away from a cow, crying out "A mad bull!" I thought nothing of it, and was prepared to think as little of the new one. The old man, however, strongly assuring me that both fires were one and the same, and that it had burnt a night and day, and was visible as far as Epsom, I thought it time to see into the truth of the matter. I ordered my horse, and promising to bring back a correct account, purely to satisfy the house that there was no such thing, I set off at a round gallop, looking towards the

north as if I could already discern what I had doubted. Nobody was stirring at Leatherhead, but at Epsom, sure enough, there was a great commotion; all the people being at their doors, and vowing that they saw the fire, which however, I could not discern. That there was a fire, however, and a dreadful one, was but too certain, from accounts brought into the town, both by travellers and inhabitants; so, with the natural curiosity which draws us on and on upon much less occasions, especially on a road, I pushed on, and soon had pretty clear indication of a terrible fire indeed. I began to consider what the King might think of it, and whether he would not desire to have his active servants about him. At Morden the light was so strong, that it was difficult to persuade oneself the fire was not nearer; and at Tooting you would have declared it was at the next village. The night was, nevertheless, a very fine one, with a brilliant moon. Not a soul seemed in bed in the village, though it was ten o'clock. There was a talk of the French, as if they had caused it. By degrees, I began to meet carts laden with goods; and on entering the borders of Southwark, the fearfulness of the scene was rendered truly awful, there was such a number of people abroad, yet in such a gazing silence. Now and then, one person called to another, but the sound seemed as if in bravado, or brutish. An old man, in a meeting of cross roads, was haranguing the people in the style of former years, telling them of God's judgment, and asserting that this was the pouring out of that other vial of wrath which has been typified by the fiery sword,—a spectacle supposed to have been seen in the sky at the close of the year sixty-four. The plague was thought to have been announced by a comet.

Very different from this quieter scene was the one that presented itself on my getting through the last street, and reaching the water-side. The "comet" itself seemed to have come to earth, and to be burning and waving in one's face, the whole city being its countenance, and its hair flowing towards Whitehall in

a volume of fiery smoke. The river was of a blood-red colour, like the flame; and the sky over-head was like the top of a pandemonium. From the Tower to St. Paul's there was one mass of devastation, the heat striking on our eyes, and the air being filled with burning sparks, and with the cries of people flying, or removing goods to the river. Ever and anon distant houses fell in, with a very terrible gigantic shuffling noise, and a crash. I saw a steeple give way, like some ghastly idol, its long white head toppling, and going sideways, as if it were drunk. A poor girl near me, who paced a few yards up and down, holding her sides as if with agony, turned and hid her eyes at this spectacle, crying out, "Oh, the poor people! oh, the mothers and babies!" She thought, as I did, that there must be a dreadful loss of lives; but it was the most miraculous circumstance of that miraculous time, that the fire killed nobody, except some women with fright.

I took boat, and got to Whitehall, where I found the King in a more serious and stirring humour than ever I saw him. Mr. Pepys, begging our forgiveness for having an appetite at such a crisis, and interrupting his laughter at the supper they gave him, with tears of pity and terror, had brought word to his Majesty that the whole city would be destroyed, if some of the houses were not blown up. The King accordingly not only despatched myself and others to assist, but went in person with his brother, and did a world of good. I never saw him look so grim, or say so many kind things. Wherever he went he gave the people a new life, for they seemed dead with fright. Those who had not fled (which they did by thousands into the fields, where they slept all night) seemed only to have been prevented from doing so, by not knowing what steps to take. The Lord Mayor, a very different one from his predecessor, who showed a great deal of courage during the plague, went about like a mad cook with his handkerchief, perspiring, and lamenting himself; and nobody would have taken the citizens for the

same men who settled my court friends at the battle of Naseby. The court, however, for that matter, was as frightened as the city, with the exception of the King and one or two others; so terrible is a new face of danger, unless there is some peculiar reason for meeting it. The sight, indeed, of the interior of the burning city was more perilous, though not so awful, as its appearance outside. Many streets consisted of nothing but avenues between heaps of roaring ruins, the sound of the fire being nothing less than that of hundreds of furnaces, mixed up with splittings, rattlings, and thunderous falls; and the flame blowing frightfully one way, with a wind like a tempest. The pavement was hot under one's feet; and if one did not proceed with caution, the fire singed one's hair. All the water that could be got seemed like a ridiculous dabbling in a basin, while the world was burning all around. The blowing up of the houses marked out by the King was the ultimate salvation of some of the streets that remained; but, as a whole, the city might be looked upon as destroyed. I observed the King, as he sat on his horse at the beginning of Cheapside and cast his eyes up that noble thoroughfare; and certainly I had never seen such an expression in his countenance before. Some said that he now began to see the arm of heaven in these visitations, and that he resolved to bethink himself from that time, and lead a new life. But the new life certainly was not led. The opinion of its cause that secretly obtained the most ground was, that it was a punishment for the sin of gluttony; the greatest argument, next to the looks and consciences of the aldermen, being the appalling fact, that the fire began at Pudding Lane, and ended at Pye Corner. The fire raged four days and nights; and on the 5th of September, London, from the Tower to Fleet Street, was as if a volcano had burst in the midst of it and destroyed it; the very ruins being calcined, and nothing remaining in the most populous part to show that the inhabitants had lived there, except a church here and there, and an

old statue. I looked into it three days afterwards, when the air was still so hot, that it was impossible to breathe; and the pavement absolutely scorched the soles of my shoes.

The loss of property by the fire was of course far greater than that by the plague; and yet, assuredly, it was not felt a thousandth part so much, even in the city; for money, unless with the lovers of it, is not so great a thing, after all, as old habits and affections. The wits at court never chose to say much about the plague; but the fire, after the fright was over, was a standing joke. The beneficial consequences to the city itself soon became manifest, in the wider and better building of the streets—an improvement which came in aid of the cleanliness which was resorted to against the plague: so that the misfortune, instead of, as might have been presumed, being productive of evil to the nation, proved of incalculable benefit.

Esher.

A FABLE.

Once upon a time, a Giant and a Dwarf were friends and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens, and the Dwarf, who was courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor Dwarf's arm. He was now in a woeful plight, but the giant coming to his assistance in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the Dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded Satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The Dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before; but for all that, struck the first blow; which was returned by another, that knocked out his eye: but the Giant was soon up with them, and had they not fled, would certainly have

killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the Giant, and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The Giant for the first time, was foremost now; but the Dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the Giant came, all fell before him; but the Dwarf lost his leg. The Dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the Giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion: 'My little hero, this is glorious sport; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever.'—'No,' cries the Dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser, 'no, I declare off; I'll fight no more: for I find in every battle that you get all the honour and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me!'

Goldsmith.

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

My lords, you have now heard the principles on which Mr. Hastings governs the part of Asia subjected to the British empire. You have heard his lecture upon arbitrary power, which he states to be the constitution of Asia. You hear the application he makes of it; and you hear the practices which he employs to justify it, and who the persons were on whose authority he relies, and whose example he professes to follow. In the first place, your lordships will be astonished at the audacity with which he speaks of his own administration, as if he was reading a speculative lecture on the evils attendant upon some vicious system of foreign government, in which he had no sort of concern whatsoever. And then, when in this speculative way he has established, or thinks he has, the vices of the government, he conceives he has found a sufficient apology for his own crimes. And if he violates the most solemn engagements, if he oppresses, extorts, and robs, if he imprisons, confiscates, banishes, at his sole will and pleasure, when we accuse him for

his ill treatment of the people committed to him as a sacred trust, his defence is,—“To be robbed, violated, oppressed, is their privilege—let the constitution of their country answer for it. I did not make it for them. Slaves I found them, and as slaves I have treated them. I was a despotic prince, despotic governments are jealous, and the subjects prone to rebellion. This very proneness of the subject to shake off his allegiance exposes him to continual danger from his sovereign's jealousy, and this is consequent on the political state of Hindostanic governments.” He lays it down as a rule, that despotism is the genuine constitution of India; that a disposition to rebellion in the subject, or dependent prince, is the necessary effect of this despotism, and that jealousy and its consequences naturally arise on the part of the sovereign; that the government is everything, and the subject nothing; that the great landed men are in a mean and depraved state, and subject to many evils.

But nothing is more false than that despotism is the constitution of any country in Asia that we are acquainted with. It is certainly not true of any Mahomedan constitution. But if it were, do your lordships really think, that the nation would bear, that any human creature would bear, to hear an English governor defend himself on such principles? or if he can defend himself on such principles, is it possible to deny the conclusion, that no man in India has a security for anything but by being totally independent of the British government? Here he has declared his opinion, that he is a despotic prince, that he is to use arbitrary power, and of course all his acts are covered with that shield. “*I know,*” says he, “*the constitution of Asia only from its practice.*” Will your lordships submit to hear the corrupt practices of mankind made the principles of government? No; it will be your pride and glory to teach men intrusted with power, that, in their use of it, they are to conform to principles, and not to draw their principles from the corrupt practice of any man whatever. Was

there ever heard, or could it be conceived, that a governor would dare to heap up all the evil practices, all the cruelties, oppressions, extortions, corruptions, briberies, of all the ferocious usurpers, desperate robbers, thieves, cheats, and jugglers, that ever had office from one end of Asia to another, and consolidating all this mass of the crimes and absurdities of barbarous domination into one code, establish it as the "whole duty" of an English governor? I believe that till this time so audacious a thing was never attempted by man.

He have arbitrary power! My lords, the East Indian Company have not arbitrary power to give him; the king has no arbitrary power to give him; your lordships have not; nor the Commons; nor the whole legislature. We have no arbitrary power to give; because arbitrary power is a thing which neither any man can hold nor any man can give. No man can lawfully govern himself, according to his own will, much less can one person be governed by the will of another. We are all born in subjection, all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, in subjection to one great, immutable, pre-existent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas and all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe, out of which we cannot stir.

Burke.

VANCE AND LIONEL AT THE COUNTRY FAIR.

It was a summer fair in one of the prettiest villages in Surrey. The main street was lined with booths, abounding in toys, gleaming crockery, gay ribbons, and gilded gingerbread. Farther on, where the street widened into the ample village-green, rose the more pretending fabrics which lodged the attractive forms of the Mermaid, the Norfolk Giant, the Pig-faced Lady, the Spotted Boy, and the Calf with Two Heads; while high

over even these edifices, and occupying the most conspicuous vantage-ground, a lofty stage promised to rural play-goers the "Grand Melo-dramatic Performance of the Remorseless Baron and the Bandit's Child." Music, lively if artless, resounded on every side; drums, fifes, penny-whistles, cat-calls, and a hand-organ played by a dark foreigner, from the height of whose shoulder a cynical but observant monkey eyed the hubbub and cracked his nuts.

It was now sunset—the throng at the fullest—an animated joyous scene. The day had been sultry; no clouds were to be seen, except low on the western horizon, where they stretched in lengthened ridges of gold and purple, like the border-land between earth and sky. The tall elms on the green were still, save, near the great stage, one or two, upon which had climbed young urchins, whose laughing faces peered forth, here and there, from the foliage trembling under their restless movements. Amidst the crowd, as it streamed saunteringly along, were two spectators—strangers to the place, as was notably proved by the attention they excited, and the broad jokes their dress and appearance provoked from the rustic wits, jokes which they took with amused good-humour, and sometimes retaliated with a zest which had already made them very popular personages; indeed, there was that about them which propitiated liking. They were young, and the freshness of enjoyment was so visible in their faces, that it begot a sympathy, and wherever they went, other faces brightened around them.

One of the two whom we have thus individualised was of that enviable age, ranging from five-and-twenty to seven-and-twenty, in which, if a man cannot contrive to make life very pleasant, pitiable, indeed, must be the state of his digestive organs. But you might see by this gentleman's countenance that if there were many like him, it would be a worse world for the doctors. His cheek, though not highly coloured, was yet ruddy and clear; his hazel eyes were lively and keen; his hair, which escaped in loose clusters from a

jean shooting-cap set jauntily on a well-shaped head, was of that deep sunny auburn rarely seen but in persons of vigorous and hardy temperament. He was good-looking on the whole, and would have deserved the more flattering epithet of handsome, but for his nose, which was what the French call "a nose in the air"—not a nose supercilious, not a nose provocative, as such noses mostly are, but a nose decidedly in earnest to make the best of itself and of things in general—a nose that would push its way up in life, but so pleasantly, that the most irritable fingers would never itch to lay hold of it. With such a nose a man might play the violoncello, marry for love, or even write poetry, and yet not go to the dogs. Never would he stick in the mud so long as he followed that nose in the air!

By the help of that nose this gentleman wore a black velvet jacket of foreign cut; a moustache and imperial (then much rarer in England than they have been since the siege of Sebastopol); and yet left you perfectly convinced that he was an honest Englishman, who had not only no designs on your pocket, but would not be easily duped by any designs upon his own.

The companion of the personage thus sketched might be somewhere about seventeen; but his gait, his air, his little vigorous frame, showed a manliness at variance with the boyish bloom of his face. He struck the eye much more than his elder comrade. Not that he was regularly handsome—far from it; yet it is no paradox to say he was beautiful; at least, few indeed were the women who would not have called him so. His hair, long, like his friend's, was of a dark chestnut, with gold gleaming through it where the sun fell, inclining to curl, and singularly soft and silken in its texture. His large, clear, dark-blue happy eyes were fringed with long ebon lashes; and set under brows which already wore the expression of intellectual power, and, better still, of frank courage and open loyalty. His complexion was fair and somewhat pale, and his lips,

in laughing, showed teeth exquisitely white and even. But though his profile was clearly cut, it was far from the Greek ideal; and he wanted the height of stature which is usually considered essential to the personal pretensions of the male sex. Without being positively short, he was still under middle height, and, from the compact development of his proportions, seemed already to have attained his full growth. His dress, though not foreign, like his comrade's, was peculiar:—a broad-brimmed straw-hat, with a wide blue ribbon; shirt-collar turned down, leaving the throat bare; a dark-green jacket of thinner material than cloth; white trousers and waistcoat completed his costume. He looked like a mother's darling—perhaps he was one.

Bulwer.

UNCLE TOBY AND HIS MINIATURE SIEGES.

If the reader has not got a clear conception of the rood and the half of ground which lay at the bottom of my uncle Toby's kitchen-garden, and which was the scene of so many of his delicious hours, the fault is not in me, but in his imagination, for I am sure I gave him so minute a description, I was almost ashamed of it. My uncle Toby came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almost every fortified town in Italy and Flanders; so let the Duke of Marlborough, or the allies, have set down before what town they pleased, my uncle Toby was prepared for them.

His way, which was the simplest one in the world was this: as soon as ever a town was invested (but sooner when the design was known), to take the plan of it (let it be what town it would), and enlarge it upon a scale to the exact size of his bowling-green; upon the surface of which, by means of a large roll of pack-thread, and a number of small piquets driven into the ground, at the several angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths

and slopes of the ditches, he set the Corporal to work, and sweetly it went on. The nature of the soil, the nature of the work itself, and, above all, the good nature of my uncle Toby, sitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the Corporal upon past-done deeds, left labour little else but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finished in this manner, and put into a proper posture of defence, it was invested; and my uncle Toby and the Corporal began to run their first parallel. I beg I may not be interrupted in my story by being told that the first parallel should be at least three hundred toises distant from the main body of the place, and that I have not left a single inch for it; for my uncle Toby took the liberty of encroaching upon his kitchen-garden, for the sake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green; and for that reason, generally ran his first and second parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and cauliflowers; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be considered at large in the history of my uncle Toby's campaigns, of which this I'm now writing is but a sketch.

When the town with its works was finished, my uncle Toby and the Corporal began to run their first parallel, not at random, or anyhow, but from the same points and distances the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks by the accounts my uncle Toby received from the daily papers, they went on, during the whole siege, step by step, with the allies. When the Duke of Marlborough made a lodgment, my uncle Toby made a lodgment too; and when the face of a bastion was battered down, or a defence ruined, the corporal took his mattock and did as much; and so on, gaining ground, and making themselves masters of the works, one after another, till the town fell into their hands. To one who took pleasure in the happy state of others, there could not have been a greater sight in the world, than on a post-morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the Duke of Marlborough in the main body of the place, to have

stood behind the horn-beam hedge, and observed the spirit with which my uncle Toby, with Trim behind him, sallied forth, the one with the Gazette in his hand, the other with a spade on his shoulder, to execute the contents. What an honest triumph in my uncle Toby's looks as he marched up to the ramparts! what intense pleasure swimming in his eye as he stood over the Corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, lest peradventure, he should make the breach an inch too wide, or leave it an inch too narrow! But when the *chamade* was beat, and the Corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts,—Heaven! Earth! Sea!—but what avail apostrophes?—with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded so intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happiness, for many years, without one interruption to it, except now and then when the wind continued to blow due west for a week or ten days together, which detained the Flanders mail, and kept them so long in torture,—but still it was the torture of the happy,—in this track, I say, did my uncle Toby and Trim move for many years, every year of which, and sometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding some new conceit or quirk of improvement to their operations, which always opened fresh springs of delight in carrying them on. The first year's campaign was carried on, from beginning to end, in the plain and simple method I've related. In the second year, in which my uncle Toby took Liege and Ruremond, he thought he might afford the expense of four handsome drawbridges. At the latter end of the same year he added a couple of gates with portcullises; and during the winter of the same year, my uncle Toby, instead of a new suit of clothes, which he always had at Christmas, treated himself with a handsome sentry-box, to stand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis there was left a little kind of an esplanade, for him and the Corporal to confer and

hold councils of war upon. The sentry-box was in case of rain. All these were painted white three times over the ensuing spring, which enabled my uncle Toby to take the field with great splendour.

My father would often say to Yorick, that if any mortal in the whole universe had done such a thing except his brother Toby, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the most refined satires upon the parade and prancing manner in which Louis XIV., from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field. But 'tis not in my brother Toby's nature, kind soul! my father would add, to insult any one.

Sterne.

CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF.

If Shakspeare's fondness for the ludicrous sometimes led to faults in his tragedies (which was not often the case), he has made us amends by the character of Falstaff. This is perhaps the most substantial comic character that ever was invented. Sir John carries a most portly presence in the mind's eye. We are as well acquainted with his person as his mind, and his jokes come upon us with double force and relish from the quantity of flesh through which they make their way, as he shakes his fat sides with laughter, or "lards the lean earth as he walks along." Other comic characters seem, if we approach and handle them, to resolve themselves into air—"into thin air;" but this is embodied and palpable to the grossest apprehension: it lies "three fingers deep upon the ribs;" it plays about the lungs and the diaphragm with all the force of animal enjoyment. His body is like a good estate to his mind, from which he receives rents and revenues of profit and pleasure in kind, according to its extent and the richness of the soil. Wit is often a meagre substitute for pleasurable sensation; an effusion of spleen and petty spite at the comforts of others, from feeling none in itself. Falstaff's wit is an emanation

of a fine constitution; an exuberance of good-humour and good-nature, an overflowing of his love of laughter, and good fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease, and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is *cut and come again*. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain "it snows of meat and drink." He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump-and-dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupify his other faculties, but "ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull, crude vapours that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated descriptions which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking, but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him, and he is himself "a tun of man." His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle, is a joke to show his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill, found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack with only one half-penny worth of bread, was not put there by himself, as a trick to humour the jest upon his favourite propensities, and as

a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, and yet we are not offended but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage; and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian, who should represent him to the life, before one of the police-offices. We only consider the number of pleasant lights in which he puts certain foibles (the more pleasant as they are opposed to the received rules and necessary restraints of society), and do not trouble ourselves about the consequences resulting from them, for no mischievous consequences do result. Sir John is old as well as fat, which gives a melancholy retrospective tinge to the character, and by the disparity between his inclinations and his capacity for enjoyment, makes it still more ludicrous and fantastical.

The secret of Falstaff's wit is for the most part a masterly presence of mind, an absolute self-possession, which nothing can disturb. His repartees are involuntary suggestions of his self-love; instinctive evasions of everything that threatens to interrupt the career of his triumphant jollity and self-complacency. His very size floats him out of all his difficulties in a sea of rich conceits; and he turns round on the pivot of his convenience, with every occasion and at a moment's warning. His natural repugnance to every unpleasant thought or circumstance, of itself makes light of objections, and provokes the most extravagant and licentious answers in his own justification. His indifference to truth puts no check upon his invention; and the more improbable and unexpected his contrivances are, the more happily does he seem to be delivered of them, the anticipation of their effect acting as a stimulus

to the gaiety of his fancy. The success of one adventurous sally gives him spirits to undertake another: he deals always in round numbers, and his exaggerations and excuses are "open, palpable, monstrous, as the father that begets them."

Hazlitt.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. Lovel and the Boy.

Mr. Lovel was one morning riding by himself, when, dismounting to gather a plant in the hedge, his horse got loose, and galloped away before him. He followed, calling the horse by name, which stopped, but on his approach set off again. At length a little boy in a neighbouring field, seeing the affair, ran across where the road made a turn, and getting before the horse, took him by the bridle, and held him till his owner came up. Mr. Lovel looked at the boy, and admired his ruddy, cheerful countenance.

"Thank you, my good lad," said he, "you have caught my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you for your trouble?" putting his hand into his pocket.

"I want nothing, sir," said the boy.

Mr. L. Don't you? so much the better for you. Few men can say as much. But, pray, what were you doing in the field?

B. I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that are feeding on the turnips.

Mr. L. And do you like this employment?

B. Yes, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But had you not rather play?

B. This is not hard work; it is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who set you to work?

B. My daddy, sir.

Mr. L. Where does he live?

B. Just by, among the trees there.

Mr. L. What is his name?

B. Thomas Hurdle.

Mr. L. And what is yours?

B. Peter, sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

B. I shall be eight at Michaelmas.

Mr. L. How long have you been out in this field?

B. Ever since six in the morning.

Mr. L. And are you not hungry?

B. Yes; I shall go to my dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know. I never had so much in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings! what are those?

Mr. L. Such as balls, ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B. No, sir; but our Tom makes footballs to kick in the cold weather, and we set traps for birds; and then I have a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing else?

B. No, I have hardly time for those; for I always ride the horses to field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town for errands; and that is as good as play; you know.

Mr. L. Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money?

B. Oh! I can get apples at home; and as for gingerbread, I don't mind it much, for my mother gives me a pie now and then, and that is as good.

Mr. L. Would not you like a knife to cut sticks?

B. I have one—here it is—brother Tom gave it me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes—don't you want a better pair?

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

B. Oh, I don't care for that.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have a better at home; but I had as lief have none at all, for it hurts my head.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains?

B. If it rains very hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

Mr. L. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But if there are none?

B. Then I do as well as I can; I work on, and never think of it.

Mr. L. Are you not dry sometimes this hot weather?

B. Yes, but there is water enough.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher!

B. Sir?

Mr. L. I say, you are a philosopher, but I am sure you do not know what that means.

B. No, sir—no harm—I hope?

Mr. L. No, no! (*Laughing.*) Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all, so I shall not give you money to make you want anything. But were you ever at school?

B. No, sir; but daddy says I shall go after harvest.

Mr. L. You will want books then?

B. Yes, the boys have all a spelling book and a New Testament.

Mr. L. Well, then, I will give you them. Tell your daddy so, and that it is because I thought you a very good little boy. So now go to your sheep again.

B. I will, sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good-bye, Peter.

B. Good-bye, sir.

Aikin.

MACHIAVELLI AND MONTESQUIEU.

Nothing is more remarkable in the political treatises of Machiavelli than the fairness of mind which they indicate. It appears where the author is in the wrong,

almost as strongly as where he is in the right. He never advances a false opinion because it is new or splendid, because he can clothe it in a happy phrase, or defend it by an ingenious sophism. His errors are at once explained by a reference to the circumstances in which he was placed. They evidently were not sought out; they lay in his way, and could scarcely be avoided. Such mistakes must necessarily be committed by early speculators in every science.

In this respect it is amusing to compare The Prince and the Discourses with the Spirit of Laws. Montesquieu enjoys, perhaps, a wider celebrity than any political writer of modern Europe. Something he doubtless owes to his merit but much more to his fortune. He had the good luck of a Valentine. He caught the eye of the French nation, at the moment when it was waking from the long sleep of political and religious bigotry; and, in consequence, he became a favourite. The English, at that time, considered a Frenchman who talked about constitutional checks and fundamental laws as a prodigy not less astonishing than the learned pig or the musical infant. Specious but shallow, studious of effect, indifferent to truth, eager to build a system, but careless of collecting those materials out of which alone a sound and durable system can be built, the lively President constructed theories as rapidly and as slightly as card-houses, no sooner projected than completed, no sooner blown away than forgotten. Machiavelli errs only because his experience, acquired in a very peculiar state of society, could not always enable him to calculate the effect of institutions differing from those of which he had observed the operation. Montesquieu errs, because he has a fine thing to say, and is resolved to say it. If the phenomena which lie before him will not suit his purpose, all history must be ransacked. If nothing established by authentic testimony can be racked or chipped to suit his Procrustean hypothesis, he puts up with some monstrous fable about Siam, or Bantam, or Japan, told by writers compared with whom Lucian and Gulliver

were veracious, liars by a double right, as travellers and as Jesuits.

Propriety of thought, and propriety of diction, are commonly found together. Obscurity and affectation are the two greatest faults of style. Obscurity of expression generally springs from confusion of ideas; and the same wish to dazzle at any cost which produces affectation in the manner of a writer, is likely to produce sophistry in his reasonings. The judicious and candid Machiavelli shows itself in his luminous, manly, and polished language. The style of Montesquieu, on the other hand, indicates in every page a lively and ingenious, but an unsound mind. Every trick of expression, from the mysterious conciseness of an oracle to the flippancy of a Parisian coxcomb, is employed to disguise the fallacy of some positions, and the triteness of others. Absurdities are brightened into epigrams; truisms are darkened into enigmas. It is with difficulty that the strongest eye can sustain the glare with which some parts are illuminated, or penetrate the shade in which others are concealed.

Macaulay.

ON TEDIOUS STORY-TELLERS.

Boccalini, in his "Parnassus," indicts a laconic writer for speaking that in three words which he might have said in two, and sentences him for his punishment to read over all the works of Guicciardine. This Guicciardine is so very prolix and circumstantial in his writings, that I remember our countryman Dr. Donne, speaking of that majestic and concise manner in which Moses has described the creation of the world, adds, "that if such an author as Guicciardine were to have written on such a subject, the world itself would not have been able to have contained the books that gave the history of its creation."

I look upon a tedious talker, or what is generally known by the name of a story-teller, to be much more insufferable than even a prolix writer. An author may

be tossed out of your hand, and thrown aside when he grows dull and tiresome, but such liberties are so far from being allowed towards your orators in common conversation, that I have known a challenge sent a person for going out of the room abruptly, and leaving a man of honour in the midst of a dissertation. This evil is at present so very common and epidemical, that there is scarce a coffee-house in town that has not some speakers belonging to it, who utter their political essays, and draw parallels out of Baker's "Chronicle" to almost every part of her Majesty's reign. It was said of two ancient authors, who had very different beauties in their style, "that if you took a word from one of them, you only spoiled his eloquence; but if you took a word from the other, you spoiled his sense." I have often applied the first part of this criticism to several of these coffee-house speakers whom I have at present in my thoughts, though the character that is given to the last of those authors is what I would recommend to the imitation of my loving countrymen. But it is not only public places of resort, but private clubs and conversations over a bottle, that are infested with this loquacious kind of animal, especially with that species which I comprehend under the name of a story-teller. I would earnestly desire these gentlemen to consider, that no point of wit or mirth at the end of a story can atone for the half-hour that has been lost before they come at it. I would likewise lay it home to their serious consideration, whether they think that every man in the company has not a right to speak as well as themselves? and whether they do not think they are invading another man's property, when they engross the time which should be divided equally among the company to their own private use?

What makes this evil the much greater in conversation is, that these humdrum companions seldom endeavour to wind up their narrations into a point of mirth or instruction, which might make some amends for the tediousness of them, but think they have a right to tell

anything that has happened within their memory. They look upon matter of fact to be a sufficient foundation for a story, and give us a long account of things, not because they are entertaining or surprising, but because they are true.

My ingenious kinsman, Mr. Humphrey Wagstaff, used to say, "The life of man is too short for a story-teller."

Methusalem might be half an hour in telling what o'clock it was; but as for us postdiluvians, we ought to do everything in haste; and in our speeches, as well as actions, remember that our time is short. A man that talks for a quarter of an hour together in company, if I meet him frequently, takes up a great part of my span. A quarter of an hour may be reckoned the eight-and-fortieth part of a day, a day the three hundred and sixtieth part of a year, and a year the three score and tenth part of life. By this moral arithmetic, supposing a man to be in the talking world one-third part of the day, whoever gives another a quarter of an hour's hearing, makes him a sacrifice of more than the four-hundred-thousandth part of his conversable life.

I would establish but one great general rule to be observed in all conversation, which is this, "That men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them." This would make them consider whether what they speak be worth hearing; whether there be either wit or sense in what they are about to say; and whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom, it is spoken. For the utter extirpation of these orators and story-tellers, which I look upon as very great pests of society, I have invented a watch which divides the minute into twelve parts, after the same manner that the ordinary watches are divided into hours; and will endeavour to get a patent, which shall oblige every club or company to provide themselves with one of these watches, that shall lie upon the table, as an hour-glass is often placed near the pulpit, to measure out the length of a discourse.

I shall be willing to allow a man one round of my watch, that is, a whole minute to speak in; but if he exceeds that time, it shall be lawful for any of the company to look upon the watch, or to call him down to order. Provided, however, that if any one can make it appear he is turned of threescore, he may take two, or, if he pleases, three rounds of the watch without giving offence. Provided, also, that this rule be not construed to extend to the fair sex, who shall still be at liberty to talk by the ordinary watch that is now in use. I would likewise earnestly recommend this little automaton, which may easily be carried in the pocket without any incumbrance, to all such as are troubled with this infirmity of speech, that upon pulling out their watches, they may have frequent occasion to consider what they are doing, and by that means cut the thread of the story short, and hurry to a conclusion.

Steele.

RESULTS OF CIVILIZATION.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the woolcomber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others who often live in a very distant part of the country! How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many shipbuilders, sailors, sailmakers, ropemakers, must

have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of these workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the brick-layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the mill-wright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him perhaps by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing these different conveniences;—if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that without the assistance and co-operation of many thou-

sands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated.

Adam Smith.

REFINEMENT FAVOURABLE TO HAPPINESS AND VIRTUE.

Human happiness, according to the most received notions, seems to consist in three ingredients, action, pleasure, and indolence; and though these ingredients ought to be mixed in different proportions, according to the particular disposition of the person, yet no one ingredient can be entirely wanting, without destroying, in some measure, the relish of the whole composition. Indolence or repose, indeed, seems not of itself to contribute much to our enjoyment; but, like sleep, is requisite as an indulgence to the weakness of human nature, which cannot support an uninterrupted course of business or pleasure. That quick march of the spirits, which takes a man from himself, and chiefly gives satisfaction, does in the end exhaust the mind, and requires some intervals of repose, which, though agreeable for a moment, yet, if prolonged, beget a languor and lethargy that destroys all enjoyment. Education, custom, and example, have a mighty influence in turning the mind to any of these pursuits; and it must be owned, that, where they promote a relish for action and pleasure, they are so far favourable to human happiness. In times when industry and the arts flourish, men are kept in perpetual occupation, and enjoy, as their reward, the occupation itself, as well as those pleasures which are the fruit of their labour. The mind acquires new vigour; enlarges its powers and faculties; and by an assiduity in honest industry, both satisfies its natural appetites, and prevents the growth of unnatural ones, which commonly spring up when nourished by ease and idleness. Banish those arts from society, you deprive men both of action and of pleasure; and leaving nothing but indolence in their place, you

even destroy the relish of indolence, which never is agreeable but when it succeeds to labour, and recruits the spirits, exhausted by too much application and fatigue.

Another advantage of industry and of refinements in the mechanical arts is, that they commonly produce some refinements in the liberal; nor can one be carried to perfection without being accompanied, in some degree, with the other. The same age which produces great philosophers and politicians, renowned generals and poets, usually abounds with skilful weavers and ship-carpenters. We cannot reasonably expect that a piece of woollen cloth will be wrought to perfection in a nation which is ignorant of astronomy, or where ethics are neglected. The spirit of the age affects all the arts; and the minds of men being once roused from their lethargy, and put into a fermentation, turn themselves on all sides, and carry improvements into every art and science. Profound ignorance is totally banished, and men enjoy the privilege of rational creatures; to think as well as to act; to cultivate the pleasures of the mind as well as those of the body.

The more these refined arts advance, the more sociable men become; nor is it possible that, when enriched with science, and possessed of a fund of conversation, they should be contented to remain in solitude, or live with their fellow-citizens in that distant manner which is peculiar to ignorant and barbarous nations. They flock into cities; love to receive and communicate knowledge, to show their wit or their breeding, their taste in conversation or living, clothes, or furniture. Curiosity allures the wise, vanity the foolish, and pleasure both. Particular clubs and societies are everywhere formed; both sexes meet in an easy and sociable manner; and the tempers of men, as well as their behaviour, refine apace. So that, beside the improvements which they receive from knowledge and the liberal arts, it is impossible but they must feel an increase of humanity from the very habit of conversing together and contributing to each other's pleasure and

entertainment. Thus industry, knowledge, and humanity are linked together by an indissoluble chain, and are found, from experience as well as reason, to be peculiar to the more polished and what are commonly denominated the more luxurious ages. Nor are they advantageous in private life alone; they diffuse their beneficial influence on the public, and render the government as great and flourishing as they make individuals happy and prosperous. The increase and consumption of all the commodities which serve to the ornament and pleasure of life, are advantageous to society, because, at the same time that they multiply those innocent gratifications to individuals, they are a kind of storehouse of labour, which, in the exigencies of the state, may be turned to the public service. In a nation where there is no demand for such superfluities, men sink into indolence, lose all enjoyment of life, and are useless to the public, which cannot maintain or support its fleets and armies from the industry of such slothful members.

This industry is much promoted by the knowledge inseparable from ages of art and refinement; as, on the other hand, this knowledge enables the public to make the best advantage of the industry of its subjects. Laws, order, police, discipline,—these can never be carried to any degree of perfection before human reason has refined itself by exercise, and by an application to the more vulgar arts, at least, of commerce and manufacture. Can we expect that a government will be well modelled by a people who know not how to make a spinning-wheel or to employ a loom to advantage? Not to mention that all ignorant ages are infested with superstition, which throws the government off its bias, and disturbs men in the pursuit of their interest and happiness.

Knowledge in the arts of government naturally begets mildness and moderation, by instructing men in the advantages of humane maxims above rigour and severity, which drive subjects into rebellion, and make the return to submission impracticable, by cutting off all hopes of

pardon. When the tempers of men are softened, as well as their knowledge improved, this humanity appears still more conspicuous, and is the chief characteristic which distinguishes a civilized age from times of barbarity and ignorance. Factions are then less inveterate, revolutions less tragical, authority less severe, and seditions less frequent. Even foreign wars abate of their cruelty; and after the field of battle, where honour and interest steel men against compassion as well as fear, the combatants divest themselves of the brute, and resume the man.

Nor need we fear that men, by losing their ferocity, will lose their martial spirit, or become less undaunted and vigorous in defence of their country or their liberty. The arts have no such effect in enervating either the mind or body. On the contrary, industry, their inseparable attendant, adds new force to both. And if anger, which is said to be the whetstone of courage, loses somewhat of its asperity by politeness and refinement; a sense of honour, which is a stronger, more constant, and more governable principle, acquires fresh vigour by that elevation of genius which arises from knowledge and a good education. Add to this, that courage can neither have any duration nor be of any use when not accompanied with discipline and martial skill, which are seldom found among a barbarous people.

Hume.

NECESSITY OF PRECISION IN USING LANGUAGE.

Seeing that truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations, a man that seeketh precise truth had need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled in words as a bird in lime twigs—the more he struggles the more belimed. And therefore in geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin at settling the significations of their words; which

settling of significations they call definitions, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning.

By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge to examine the definitions of former authors; and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them himself. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds, and lead men into absurdities, which at last they see, but cannot avoid without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens that they which trust to books do as they that cast up many little sums into a greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not; and at last, finding the error visible and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their books, as birds that, entering by the chimney, flutter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which way they came in. So that in the right definition of names lies the first use of speech, which is the acquisition of science, and in wrong or no definitions lies the first abuse; from which proceed all false and senseless tenets, which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men as men endued with true science are above it. For between true science and erroneous doctrines, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and imagination are not subject to absurdity. Nature itself cannot err; and as men abound in copiousness of language, so they become more wise or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without letters for any man to become either excellently wise, or, unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish. For words are wise men's counters,—they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas,¹ or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man.

Hobbes.

¹ Hobbes refers to Thomas Aquinas.

ARMINIUS.

A narrative of the epoch A. D. 9, when Germany took up arms for her independence against Roman invasion, has for us this special attraction—that it forms part of our own national history. Had Arminius been supine or unsuccessful, our Germanic ancestors would have been enslaved or exterminated in their original seats along the Eyder and the Elbe. This island would never have borne the name of England, and “we, this great English nation, whose race and language are now overrunning the earth, from one end of it to the other,” would have been utterly cut off from existence.

Arnold may, indeed, go too far in holding that we are wholly unconnected in race with the Romans and Britons, who inhabited this country before the coming-over of the Saxons; that, “nationally speaking, the history of Cæsar’s invasion has no more to do with us than the natural history of the animals which then inhabited our forests.” There seems ample evidence to prove that the Romanised Celts, whom our Teutonic forefathers found here, influenced materially the character of our nation. But the main stream of our people was and is Germanic. Our language alone decisively proves this. Arminius is far more truly one of our national heroes than Caractacus: and it was our own primeval fatherland that the brave German rescued, when he slaughtered the Roman legions eighteen centuries ago, in the marshy glen between the Lippe and the Ems.

Dark and disheartening, even to heroic spirits, must have seemed the prospects of Germany, when Arminius planned the general rising of his countrymen against Rome. Half the land was occupied by Roman garrisons; and what was worse, many of the Germans seemed patiently acquiescent in their state of bondage. The braver portion, whose patriotism could be relied on, was ill-armed and undisciplined; while the enemy’s troops consisted of veterans in the highest state of

equipment and training, familiarised with victory, and commanded by officers of proved skill and valour. The resources of Rome seemed boundless; her tenacity of purpose was believed to be invincible. There was no hope of foreign sympathy or aid; for "the self-governing powers, that had filled the old world, had bent one after another before the rising power of Rome, and had vanished. The earth seemed left void of independent nations."

The German chieftain knew well the gigantic power of the oppressor. Arminius was no rude savage, fighting out of mere animal instinct, or in ignorance of the might of his adversary. He was familiar with the Roman language and civilisation; he had served in the Roman armies; he had been admitted to the Roman citizenship, and raised to the dignity of the equestrian order. It was part of the subtle policy of Rome to confer rank and privileges on the youth of the leading families in the nations which she wished to enslave. Among other young German chieftains, Arminius and his brother, who were the heads of the noblest house in the tribe of the Cherusci, had been selected as fit objects for the exercise of this insidious system. Roman refinements and dignities succeeded in denationalising the brother, who assumed the Roman name of Flavius, and adhered to Rome throughout all her wars against his country. Arminius remained unbought by honours or wealth, uncorrupted by refinement or luxury. He aspired to and obtained from Roman enmity a higher title, than ever could have been given by Roman favour. It is in the page of Rome's greatest historian, that his name has come down to us with the proud addition of "*Liberator haud dubie Germaniæ.*"

Creasy.

ADAPTATION OF THE COVERING OF BIRDS TO THEIR CONDITION.

The covering of birds cannot escape the most vulgar observation. Its lightness, its smoothness, its warmth,

the disposition of the feathers all inclined backward, the down about their stem, the overlapping of their tips, their different configuration in different parts, not to mention the variety of their colours, constitute a vestment for the body, so beautiful, and so appropriate to the life which the animal is to lead, as that, I think we should have had no conception of anything equally perfect, if we had never seen it, or can never imagine anything more so. Let us suppose (what is possible only in supposition) a person who had never seen a bird to be presented with a plucked pheasant, and bid to set his wits to work, how to contrive for it a covering which shall unite the qualities of warmth, levity, and least resistance to the air, and the highest degree of each; giving it also as much beauty and ornament as he could afford; he is the person to behold the work of the Deity, in this part of His creation, with the sentiments which are due to it. The commendation which the general aspect of the feathered world seldom fails of exciting, will be increased by farther examination. It is one of those cases in which the philosopher has more to admire than the common observer. Every feather is a mechanical wonder. If we look at the quill, we find properties not easily brought together—strength and lightness. I know few things more remarkable than the strength and lightness of the very pen with which I am writing. If we cast our eye to the upper part of the stem, we see a material, made for the purpose, used in no other class of animals, and in no other part of birds; tough, light, pliant, elastic. The pith also, which feeds the feathers, is amongst animal substances peculiar, neither bone, flesh, membrane, nor tendon. But the artificial part of a feather is the beard, or, as it is sometimes, I believe, called, the vane. By the beards are meant, what are fastened on each side of the stem, and what constitute the breadth of the feather; what we usually strip off from one side or both when we make a pen. The separate pieces, or laminæ, of which the beard is composed, are called

threads, sometimes filaments, or rays. Now, the first thing which an attentive observer will remark is, how much stronger the beard of the feather shows itself to be, when pressed in a direction perpendicular to its plane, than when rubbed, either up or down, in the line of the stem: and he will soon discover the structure which occasions this difference, viz., that the laminæ whereof these beards are composed are flat, and placed with their flat sides towards each other; by which means, whilst they easily bend for the approaching of each other, as any one may perceive by drawing his finger ever so lightly upwards, they are much harder to bend out of their place, which is the direction in which they have to encounter the impulse and pressure of the air, and in which their strength is wanted and put to the trial.

This is one particularity in the structure of a feather; a second is still more extraordinary. Whoever examines a feather cannot help taking notice that the threads or laminæ of which we have been speaking, in their natural state unite; that their union is something more than the mere apposition of loose surfaces; that they are not parted asunder without some degree of force; that nevertheless there is no glutinous cohesion among them; that, therefore, by some mechanical means or other, they catch or clasp among themselves, thereby giving to the beard or vane its closeness and compactness of texture. Nor is this all; when two laminæ, which have been separated by accident or force, are brought together again, they immediately reclasp; the connection, whatever it was, is perfectly recovered, and the beard of the feather becomes as smooth and firm as if nothing had happened to it. Draw your finger down the feather, which is against the grain, and you break probably the junction of some of the contiguous threads; draw your finger up the feather, and you restore all things to their former state. This is no common contrivance; and now for the mechanism by which it is effected. The threads or laminæ above mentioned are interlaced with one another; and the

interlacing is performed by means of a vast number of fibres or teeth, which the laminæ shoot forth on each side, and which hook and grapple together. A friend of mine counted fifty of these fibres in one-twentieth of an inch. These fibres are crooked; but curved after a different manner: for those which proceed from the thread on the side towards the extremity of the feather are longer, more flexible, and bent downward; whereas those which proceed from the side towards the beginning or quill-end of the feather are shorter, firmer, and turn upwards. The process, then, which takes place is as follows:—when two laminæ are pressed together, so that these long fibres are forced far enough over the short ones, *their* crooked parts fall into the cavity made by the crooked parts of the others, just as the latch that is fastened to a door enters into the cavity of the catch fixed to the door-post, and there hooking itself, fastens the door; for it is properly in this manner that one thread of a feather is fastened to the other.

This admirable structure of the feather, which it is easy to see with the microscope, succeeds perfectly for the use to which nature has designed it; which use was, not only that the laminæ might be united, but that when one thread or lamina has been separated from another by some external violence, it might be reclasped with sufficient facility and expedition. In the ostrich, this apparatus of crotchets and fibres, of hooks and teeth, is wanting; and we see the consequence of the want. The filaments hang loose and separate from one another, forming only a kind of down; which constitution of the feathers, however it may fit them for the flowing honours of a lady's head-dress, may be reckoned an imperfection in the bird, inasmuch as wings, composed of these feathers, although they may greatly assist it in running, do not serve for flight.

But at present our business with feathers is as they are the covering of the bird. And herein a singular circumstance occurs. In the small order of birds which winter with us, from a snipe downwards, let the

external colour of the feathers be what it will, their Creator has universally given them a bed of *black* down next their bodies. Black, we know, is the warmest colour, and the purpose here is to keep in the heat arising from the heart and circulation of the blood. It is further likewise remarkable, that this is not found in larger birds, for which there is also a reason: small birds are much more exposed to the cold than large ones; forasmuch as they present, in proportion to their bulk, a much larger surface to the air. If a turkey were divided into a number of wrens (supposing the shape of the turkey and wren to be similar), the surface of all the wrens would exceed the surface of the turkey, in the proportion of the length, breadth, or of any homologous line of a turkey to that of a wren, which would be, perhaps, a proportion of ten to one. It was necessary, therefore, that small birds should be more warmly clad than large ones; and this seems to be the expedient by which that agency is provided for.

Paley.

WOMAN IN THE HOMERIC AGE.

No view of a peculiar civilization can on its ethical side be satisfactory, unless it include a distinct consideration of the place held in it by woman. And, besides, the position of the Greek woman of the heroic age is in itself so remarkable, as even on special grounds to require separate and detailed notice. It is likewise so elevated, both absolutely and in comparison with what it became in the historic ages of Greece and Rome amidst their elaborate civilization, as to form in itself a sufficient confutation of the theories of those writers who can see in the history of mankind only the development of a law of continual progress from intellectual darkness into light, and from moral degradation up to virtue.

The idea and place of woman have been slowly and laboriously elevated by the Gospel: and their full de-

velopment has constituted the purest and most perfect protest, that the world has ever seen, against the sovereignty of force. For it is not alone against merely physical, but also against merely intellectual strength, that this protest has been lodged. To the very highest range of intellectual strength known among the children of Adam, woman seems never to have ascended, but in every or almost every case to have fallen somewhat short of it. But when we look to the virtues, it seems probable both that her average is higher, and that she also attains in the highest instances to loftier summits. Certainly there is no proof here of her inferiority to man. Now it is nowhere written in Holy Scripture that God is knowledge, or that God is power; while it is written that God is love: words which appear to set forth love as the central essence, and all besides as attributes. Woman then holds of God, and finds her own principal development in that which is most Godlike. Thus, therefore, when Christianity wrought out for woman, not a social identity, but a social equality, not a rivalry with the function of man, but an elevation in her own function reaching as high as his, it made the world and human life in this respect also a true image of the Godhead.

Within the pale of that civilization which has grown up under the combined influence of the Christian religion as paramount, and of what may be called the Teutonic manners as secondary, we find the idea of woman and her social position raised to a point even higher than in the poems of Homer. But it would be hard to discover any period of history or country of the world, not being Christian, in which they stood so high as with the Greeks of the heroic age.

Gladstone.

GRADUATED EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION INTO GERMAN.

Part III.

BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

In July Cromwell entered Scotland, and marched without any opposition till he came within less than a day's journey of Edinburgh; where he found the Scottish army encamped upon a very advantageous ground; and he made his quarters as near as he could conveniently, and yet with disadvantages enough; for the country was so destroyed behind him, and the passes so guarded before, that he was compelled to send for all his provision for horse and foot from England by sea (and Cromwell being seized upon by a fever, which held him about six weeks, during which time the army lay still); insomuch as the army was reduced to great straits; and the Scots really believed that they had them all at their mercy, except such as would embark on board their ships. But as soon as Cromwell had recovered a little strength, his army began to remove, and seemed to provide for their march. Whether that march was to retire out of so barren a country for want of provisions (which, no doubt, were very scarce; and the season of the year would not permit them to depend upon all necessary supplies by sea, for it was now the month of September), or whether that motion was only to draw the Scots from the advantageous post of which they were possessed, is not yet understood. But it was confessed on all sides, that, if the Scots had remained within their trenches, and sent parties of horse to have followed the English army closely, they must have so disordered them, that they would have left their cannon

and all their heavy carriage behind them, besides the danger the foot must have been in. But the Scots did not intend to part with them so easily; they doubted not but to have the spoil of the whole army. And, therefore, they no sooner discerned that the English were upon their march but they decamped, and followed with their whole body all the night following, and found themselves in the morning within a small distance of the enemy; for Cromwell was quickly advertised that the Scottish army was dislodged, and marched after him; and thereupon he made a stand, and put his men in good order. The Scots found they were not upon so clear a chase as they imagined, and placed themselves again upon such a side of a hill as they believed the English would not have the courage to attack them there.

But Cromwell knew them too well to fear them upon any ground, when there were no trenches or fortifications to keep him from them; and therefore he made haste to charge them on all sides, upon what advantage-ground soever they stood. Their horse did not sustain one charge; but fled, and were pursued with a great execution. The foot depended much upon their ministers, who preached, and prayed, and assured them of the victory, till the English were upon them; and some of their preachers were knocked on the head whilst they were promising the victory. Though there was so little resistance made, that Cromwell lost very few men by that day's service, yet the execution was very terrible upon the enemy; the whole body of the foot being, upon the matter, cut in pieces; no quarter was given till they were weary of killing; so that there were between five and six thousand dead upon the place; and very few, but they who escaped by the heels of their horse, were without terrible wounds, of which very many died shortly after; especially such of their ministers who were not killed upon the place, as very many were, had very notable marks about the head and the face, that anybody might know that they were not hurt by chance, or in the crowd, but by very good

will. All the cannon, ammunition, carriages, and baggage were entirely taken, and Cromwell, with his victorious army, marched directly to Edinburgh; where he found plenty of all things which he wanted, and good accommodation for the refreshing his army, which stood in need of it.

Clarendon.

LABOUR AND RECREATION.

Our modern system of division of labour divides wits also. The more necessity there is, therefore, for finding in recreation something to expand men's intelligence. There are intellectual pursuits almost as much divided as pin-making: and many a man goes through some intellectual process, for the greater part of his working hours, which corresponds with the making of a pin's-head. Must there not be some danger of a general contraction of mind from this convergence of attention upon something very small, for so considerable a portion of man's life?

I have seen it quoted in Aristotle, that the end of labour is to gain leisure. It is a great saying. We have in modern times a totally wrong view of the matter. Noble work is a noble thing, but not all work. Most people seem to think that any business is in itself something grand; that to be intensely employed, for instance, about something which has no truth, beauty, or usefulness in it, which makes no man happier or wiser, is still the perfection of human endeavour, so that the work be intense. It is the intensity, not the nature, of the work that men praise. You see the extent of this feeling in little things. People are so ashamed of being caught for a moment idle, that if you come upon the most industrious servants or workmen whilst they are standing looking at something which interests them, or fairly resting, they move off in a fright, as if they were proved, by a moment's relaxation, to be neglectful of their work. Yet it is the result that they should mainly be judged by, and to which they should

appeal. But amongst all classes, the working itself, incessant working, is the thing deified. Now what is the end and object of most work. To provide for animal wants. Not a contemptible thing, by any means, but still it is not all in all with man. Moreover, in those cases where the pressure of bread-getting is fairly past, we do not often find men's exertions lessened on that account. There enter into their minds as motives, ambition, a love of hoarding, or a fear of leisure, things which, in moderation, may be defended or even justified, but which are not so peremptorily, and upon the face of them excellent, that they at once dignify excessive labour.

The truth is, that to work insatiably requires much less mind than to work judiciously, and less courage than to refuse work that cannot be done honestly. For a hundred men whose appetite for work can be driven on by vanity, avarice, ambition, or a mistaken notion of advancing their families, there is about one who is desirous of expanding his own nature and the nature of others in all directions, of cultivating many pursuits, of bringing himself and those around him in contact with the universe in many points, of being a man and not a machine.

"Friends in Council."

EDUCATION OF MARTIN SCRIBLERUS BY HIS FATHER CORNELIUS.

Four years of young Martin's life having passed away, Mr. Scriblerus considered it was now time to instruct him in the fundamentals of religion, and to that end took no small pains in teaching him his catechism. But Cornelius looked on this as a tedious way of instruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleasing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the puppet-show of the creation of the world, where the child, with exceeding delight, gained a notion of the history of the Bible. His first rudi-

ments in profane history were acquired by seeing of raree-shows, where he was brought acquainted with all the princes of Europe. In short, the old gentleman so contrived it, to make everything contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland shirts and Flander's lace, English cloth, lined with Indian silk; his gloves were Italian, and his shoes were Spanish. He was made to observe this, and daily catechized thereupon, which his father was wont to call "travelling at home." He never gave him a fig or an orange but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came. In natural history he was much assisted by his curiosity in sign-posts, insomuch that he hath often confessed he owed to them the knowledge of many creatures which he never found since in any author; such as white lions, golden dragons, &c. He once thought the same of green men, but had since found them mentioned by Kercherus, and verified in the history of William of Newbury.

His disposition to the mathematics was discovered very early, by his drawing parallel lines on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal angles, so as to form the whole superficies into squares. But in the midst of all these improvements, a stop was put to his learning the alphabet; nor would he let him proceed to letter *d* till he could truly and distinctly pronounce *c* in the ancient manner, at which the child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was also obliged to delay his learning to write, having turned away the writing-master because he knew nothing of Fabius's waxen tables.

Cornelius having read and seriously weighed the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated, and resolving in some degree to exceed them, resolved he should speak and learn nothing but the learned languages, and especially the Greek, in which he constantly

eat and drank according to Homer. But what most conduced to his easy attainment of this language, was his love of gingerbread, which his father observing, caused it to be stamped with the letters of the Greek alphabet; and the child, the very first day, eat as far as iota. By his particular application to this language above the rest, he attained so great a proficiency therein that Gronovius ingenuously confesses he durst not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old; and at fourteen he composed a tragedy in the same language as the younger Pliny had done before him. He learned the Oriental languages of Erpenius, who resided some time with his father for that purpose. He had so early relish for the eastern way of writing, that even at this time he composed, in imitation of it, the "Thousand-and-One Arabian Tales," and also the "Persian Tales," which have been since translated into several languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance by Mr. Ambrose Philips. In this work of his childhood he was not a little assisted by the historical traditions of his nurse.

Pope.

OF SUSPICION.

Suspicions amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they even fly by twilight. Certainly they are to be repressed, or at least well guarded, for they cloud the mind, they lose friends, and they check with business, whereby business cannot go on currently and constantly. They dispose kings to tyranny, husbands to jealousy, wise men to irresolution and melancholy. They are defects, not in the heart, but in the brain, for they take place in the stoutest natures, as in the example of Henry the Seventh of England, there was not a more suspicious man, nor a more stout. And in such a composition they do small hurt. For commonly they are not admitted but with examination, whether they be likely or no? but in fearful natures they gain ground too fast. There is nothing makes a man suspect much more than to know little, and

therefore men should remedy suspicion, by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother. What would men have? Do they think those they employ and deal with are saints? Do they not think they will have their own ends, and be truer to themselves than to them? Therefore there is no better way to moderate suspicions, than to account upon such suspicions as true, and yet to bridle them as false; for so far a man ought to make use of suspicions, as to provide, as if that should be true that he suspects, yet it may do him no hurt. Suspicions, that the mind of itself gathers, are but buzzes; but suspicions that are artificially nourished and put into men's heads by the tales and whisperings of others, have stings. Certainly the best means to clear the way in this same wood of suspicions, is frankly to communicate them with the party that he suspects, for thereby he shall be sure to know more of the truth of them than he did before, and withal shall make that party more circumspect, not to give further cause of suspicion. But this would not be done to men of base natures; for they, if they find themselves once suspected, will never be true. The Italian says, *Sospetto licentia fede*, as if suspicion did give a passport to faith; but it ought rather to kindle it, to discharge itself.

Bacon.

· ADDISON.

Addison does not go very deep: let gentlemen of a profound genius, critics accustomed to the plunge of the bathos, console themselves by thinking that he *couldn't* go very deep. There are no traces of suffering in his writing. He was so good, so honest, so healthy, so cheerfully selfish, if I must use the word. There is no deep sentiment. I doubt, until after his marriage, perhaps, whether he ever lost his night's rest or his day's tranquillity about any woman in his life: whereas poor Dick Steele had capacity enough to melt, and to languish, and to sigh, and to cry his honest old eyes out, for a dozen. His writings do not

show insight into a reverence for the love of women, which I take to be one the consequence of the other. He walks about the world watching their pretty humours, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries; and noting them with the most charming archness. He sees them in public, in the theatre, or the assembly, or the puppet-show; or at the toy-shop higgling for gloves and lace; or at the auction, battling together over a blue porcelain dragon, or a darling monster in Japan; or at church, eyeing the width of their rivals' hoops, or the breadth of their laces, as they sweep down the aisles. Or he looks out of his window at the Garter in St. James's-street, at Ardelia's coach, as she blazes to the drawing-room with her coronet and six footmen; and remembering that her father was a Turkey merchant in the city, calculates how many sponges went to purchase her earring, and how many drums of figs to build her coach-box; or he demurely watches behind a tree in Spring Garden as Saccharissa (whom he knows under her mask) trips out of her chair to the alley where Sir Fopling is waiting. He sees only the public life of women. Addison was one of the most resolute club-men of his day. He passed many hours daily in those haunts. Besides drinking, which alas! is past praying for; you must know it, he owned, too, ladies, that he indulged in that odious practice of smoking. Poor fellow! He was a man's man, remember. The only woman he *did* know, he didn't write about. I take it there would not have been much humour in that story.

He likes to go and sit in the smoking-room at the Grecian, or the Devil; to pace' Change and the Mall—to mingle in that great club of the world—sitting alone in it somehow: having good-will and kindness for every single man and woman in it—having need of some habit and custom binding him to some few; never doing any man a wrong (unless it be a wrong to hint a little doubt about a man's parts, and to damn him with faint praise); and so he looks on the world and plays with the ceaseless humours of all of

us—laughs the kindest laugh—points our neighbour's foible or eccentricity out to us with the most good-natured, smiling confidence; and then, turning over his shoulder, whispers *our* foibles to our neighbour. What would Sir Roger de Coverly be without his follies and his charming little brain-cracks? If the good knight did not call out to the people sleeping in church, and say "Amen" with such a delightful pomposity: if he did not make a speech in the assize-court *apropos de bottes*, and merely to show his dignity to Mr. Spectator: if he did not mistake Madam Doll Tearsheet for a lady of quality in Temple Garden: if he were wiser than he is: if he had not his humour to salt his life, and were but a mere English gentleman and game-preserved—of what worth were he to us? We love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him: we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity—we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety; such as, if my audience will think their reading and hearing over, doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of Heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only expounded in gown and surplice, and out of those two vestments can nobody preach it? Commend me to this dear preacher without orders—this parson in the tye-wig. When this man looks from the world, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the Heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture: a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. When he turns to Heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind; and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town: looking at the birds

in the trees: at the children in the streets: in the morning or in the moonlight: over his books in his own room: in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. I think Addison's life was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name.

Thackeray.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY ASSASSINS.

The small number of those who perpetrated these murders in the French capital under the eyes of the legislature, is one of the most instructive facts in the history of revolutions. Marat had long before said, that with 200 assassins at a louis a day, he would govern France, and cause 300,000 heads to fall; and the events of the 2d September seemed to justify the opinion. The number of those actually engaged in the massacres did not exceed 300; and twice as many more witnessed and encouraged their proceedings; yet this handful of men governed Paris and France, with a despotism which three hundred thousand armed warriors afterwards strove in vain to effect. The immense majority of the well-disposed citizens, divided in opinion, irresolute in conduct, and dispersed in different quarters, were incapable of arresting a band of assassins, engaged in the most atrocious cruelties of which modern Europe has yet afforded an example—an important warning to the strenuous and the good in every succeeding age, to combine for defence the moment that the aspiring and the desperate have begun to agitate the public mind, and never to trust that mere smallness of numbers can be relied on for preventing reckless ambition from destroying irresolute virtue. It is not less worthy of observation, that these atrocious massacres took place in the heart of a city where above

50,000 men were enrolled in the National Guard, and had arms in their hands; a force specifically destined to prevent insurrectionary movements, and support, under all changes, the majesty of the law. They were so divided in opinion, and the revolutionists composed so large a part of their number, that nothing whatever was done by them, either on the 10th August, when the king was dethroned, or the 2d September, when the prisoners were massacred. This puts in a forcible point of view the weakness of such a force, which, being composed of citizens, is distracted by their feelings, and actuated by their passions. In ordinary times, it may exhibit an imposing array, and be adequate to the repression of the smaller disorders; but it is paralysed by the events which throw society into convulsions, and generally fails at the decisive moment when its aid is most required.

Alison.

THE QUACK PHILOSOPHER DISCOMFITED.

For some time my elder brother turned his thoughts to philosophy, and read lectures to us every night from some branch or other of physics. This undertaking arose upon some one of us envying or admiring flies for their power of walking upon the ceiling. "Pooh!" he said; "they are impostors; they pretend to do it, but they can't do it as it ought to be done. Ah! you should see *me* standing upright on the ceiling, with my head downwards, for half an hour together, meditating profoundly!" My sister Mary remarked that we should all be very glad to see him in that position. "If that's the case," he replied, "it's very well that all is ready, except as to a strap or two." Being an excellent skater he had first imagined that, if held up until he had started, he might then, by taking a bold sweep ahead, keep himself in position through the continued impetus of skating. But this he found not to answer; because, as he observed, "the friction was too retarding from the plaster of Paris; but the case

would be very different if the ceiling were coated with ice." As it was *not*, he changed his plan. The true secret, he now discovered, was this: he would consider himself in the light of a humming-top; he would make an apparatus (and he made it) for having himself launched, like a top, upon the ceiling, and regularly spun. Then the rotary motion of the human top would overpower the force of gravitation. He should, of course, spin upon his own axis, and sleep upon his own axis, perhaps he might even dream upon it. The principle was now discovered; "and, of course," he said, "if a man can keep it up for five minutes, what's to hinder him from doing so for five months?" "Certainly, nothing that I can think of," was the reply of my sister, whose doubt in fact had not settled upon the five months, but altogether upon the five minutes.

The apparatus for spinning him, however, perhaps from its complexity, would not work; a fact evidently owing to the stupidity of the gardener. On reconsidering the subject, he announced, to the disappointment of some amongst us, that although the physical discovery was now complete, he saw a moral difficulty. It was not a *humming-top* that was required but a *peg-top*. Now this, in order to keep up the whirl at full stretch, without which, to a certainty, gravitation would prove too much for him, needed to be whipped incessantly. But that was precisely what a gentleman ought not to tolerate; to be scourged unintermittingly on the legs, was a thing he could not bring his mind to face.

However, as some compensation to us, he proposed to improve the art of flying, which was, as everybody must acknowledge, in a condition disgraceful to civilised society. As he had made many a fire-balloon, and had succeeded in some attempts at bringing down cats by *parachutes*, it was not very difficult to fly downwards from moderate elevations. But, as he was reproached by my sister for never flying back again, which, however, was a far different thing, he refused, under such poor encouragements, to try his winged parachutes

any more, either "aloft or below:" in the meantime, he resumed his general lectures on physics. From these, however, he was speedily driven, or one might say shelled out, by a concerted assault of my sister Mary's.

He had been in the habit of lowering the pitch of his lectures with ostentatious condescension to the presumed level of our poor understandings. This superciliousness annoyed my sister; and accordingly, with the help of two young female visitors, and my next younger brother, she arranged a mutiny, that had the unexpected effect of suddenly extinguishing the lectures for ever. He had happened to say, what was no unusual thing with him, that he flattered himself he had made the point under discussion tolerably clear; "clear," he added, bowing round the half circle of us, the audience, "to the meanest of capacities;" and then he repeated, sonorously, "clear to the most excruciatingly mean of capacities." Upon which a voice, a female voice, but whose voice, in the tumult that followed, I did not distinguish, retorted, "No, you haven't; it's as dark as sin;" and then, without a moment's interval, a second voice exclaimed: "Dark as night;" then came my younger brother's insurrectionary yell: "Dark as midnight;" then another female voice chimed in melodiously: "Dark as pitch." And the peal so continued to come round like a catch, that it was perfectly impossible to make head against it; whilst the abruptness of the interruption gave to it the protecting character of an oral "round robin," it being impossible to challenge any one in particular as to the ringleader. Burke's epithet of "the swinish multitude," applied to mobs, was then in everybody's mouth; and accordingly, after my brother had recovered from his first astonishment at this audacious mutiny, he made us several sweeping bows, that looked very much like tentative rehearsals of a sweeping *fusillade*, muttering not very complimentary phrases.

We all laughed in chorus at this parting salute; my brother himself condescended at last to join us; but

there ended the course of lectures on Natural Philosophy.

De Quincey.

BEHIND TIME.

A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station, at which two trains usually met. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the up train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight hours on the enemy posted on the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; reinforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight. It was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be right. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous sums of money in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if they arrived, its credit, its honour, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm was bound to meet bills which had been maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at day-break;

but it was found on inquiry that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half-a-million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting the money, had been *behind time*.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation; and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve, a favourable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve; but he came too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations—honour, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is “behind time.” There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are “behind time.” There are others who put off reformation year by year till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because for ever “behind time.” Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another, it is *punctuality*; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being “behind time.”

Freeman Hunt.

PIONEERS OF SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

When truths are once known to us, though by tradition, we are apt to be favourable to our own parts; and ascribe to our own understandings, the discovery of what, in reality, we borrowed from others; or, at least, finding we can prove, what at first we learn from others, we are forward to conclude it an obvious truth, which if we had sought we could not have missed. Nothing seems hard to our understandings that is once known: and because what we see, we see with our own eyes, we are apt to overlook, or forget the help we had from others who showed it us, and first made us to see it; as if we were not at all beholden to them for those truths they opened the way to, and led us into. For knowledge being only of truths that are perceived to be so, we are favourable enough to our own faculties to conclude, that they of their own strength would have attained those discoveries, without any foreign assistance; and that we know those truths by the strength and native light of our own minds, as they did from whom we received them by theirs, only they had the luck to be before us. Thus the whole stock of human knowledge is claimed by every one, as his private possession, as soon as he (profiting by others' discoveries) has got it into his own mind, and so it is; but not properly by his own industry, nor of his own acquisition. He studies, it is true, and takes pains to make a progress in what others have delivered: but their pains were of another sort who first brought those truths to light, which he afterwards derives from them. He that travels the road now, applauds his own strength and legs that have carried him so far in such a scantling of time, and ascribes all to his own vigour, little considering how much he owes to their pains who cleared the woods, drained the bogs, built the bridges, and made the ways passable; without which he might have toiled much with little progress.

Locke.

COUNTRY HOSPITALITY.

Those inferior duties of life, which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation, fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observes among them where intemperance has quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances it is odd to consider, that for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations.

This abuse reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the mean time, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand: the girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gilliflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for, but madam vowed I should drink it off; for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my

life was worth, and sat me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr. Bickerstaff, (says the lady,) you must eat a wing, to oblige me;" and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal: as often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October.

Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, What I would have for supper? I said, I never eat any thing at night; but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours, spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, "That this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss;" the lady went, and left me to her husband; for they took special care I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backward and forward every moment, and constantly as they came in, or went out, made a courtesy directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow, and "your humble servant, pretty miss." Exactly at eight, the mother came up, and discovered, by the redness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and, upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of stingo, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night.

I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and, after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neat's tongues, venison pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of the way, and carry me a short cut through his own ground, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.

Swift.

THE RIVALS.

SCENE III.

King's-Mead-Fields. Sir Lucius and Acres, with pistols.

Acr. By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance—Odds levels and aims! I say it is a good distance.

Luc. It is for muskets or small field-pieces! upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. Stay now—I'll show you. (*Measures paces along the stage.*) There now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acr. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Luc. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acr. No, Sir Lucius, but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards—

Luc. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acr. Odds bullets, no! by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius,

let me bring him down at a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Luc. Well—the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acr. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand—

Luc. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acr. A quietus!

Luc. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the abbey.

Acr. Pickled!—Snug lying in the abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Luc. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acr. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Luc. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing.—Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acr. Odds files!—I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there (*Puts himself in an attitude.*)—a side-front, hey?—Odd! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Luc. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—(*Levelling at him.*)

Acr. Zounds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cock'd.

Luc. Never fear.

Acr. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Luc. Pho! be easy. Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part of your right side—'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acr. A vital part!

Luc. But, there—fix yourself so—(*Placing him.*) let him see the broadside of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acr. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Luc. Ay—may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acr. Look'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

Luc. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure they don't mean to disappoint us—Hah!—no faith—I think I see them coming.

Acr. Hey!—what! coming!—

Luc. Ay—Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acr. There are two of them indeed!—well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run.

Luc. Run!

Acr. No—I say—we *won't* run by my valour!

Luc. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acr. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Luc. O fie!—consider your honour.

Acr. Ay—true—my honour—Do Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honour.

Luc. (*Looking.*) Well here they're coming.

Acr. Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me!—Valour will come and go.

Luc. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acr. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands?

Luc. Your honour—your honour. Here they are.

Acr. O mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod-Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Sheridan.

POOR RELATIONS.

A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature, a piece of impertinent correspondency, an odious approximation, a haunting conscience, a preposterous shadow lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity, an unwelcome remembrancer, a perpetually recurring mortification, a drain on your purse, a more intolerable dun upon your pride, a drawback upon success, a rebuke to your rising, a stain in your blood, a blot on your scutcheon, a rent in your garment, a death's-head at your banquet, Agathocles' pot, a Mordecai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door, a lion in your path, a frog in your chamber, a fly in your ointment, a mote in your eye, a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends, the one thing not needful, the hail in harvest, the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet. He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you, "That is Mr—." A rap, between familiarity and respect, that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of entertainment. He entereth smiling and embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time, when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side-table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr.— will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth-days, and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish—the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port; yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the

servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half; yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependant; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend; yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent; yet, 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist-table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach, and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape; but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle, which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is a female poor relation. You may do something with the

other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. 'He is an old humorist,' you may say, 'and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one.' But in the indications of the female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. 'She is plainly related to the L—s, or what does she at their house!' she is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped after the gentlemen. Mr.— requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former because he does. She calls the servant *sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The house-keeper patronizes her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

Lamb.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ADVANTAGES AND EVILS OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

If we look at the feudal polity as a scheme of civil freedom, it bears a noble countenance. To the feudal law it is owing that the very names of right and privilege were not swept away, as in Asia, by the desolating hand of power. The tyranny which, on every favourable moment, was breaking through all barriers, would have rioted without control, if, when the people were poor and disunited, the nobility had not been brave and free. So far as the sphere of feudality extended, it diffused the spirit of liberty and the notions

of private right. Every one, I think, will acknowledge this, who considers the limitations of the services of vassalage, so cautiously marked in those law-books which are the records of customs, the reciprocity of obligation between the lord and his tenant, the consent required in every measure of a legislative or a general nature, the security, above all, which every vassal found in the administration of justice by his peers, and even (we may in this sense say) in the trial by combat. The bulk of the people, it is true, were degraded by servitude, but this had no connection with the feudal tenures.

The peace and good order of society was not promoted by this system. Though private wars did not originate in the feudal customs, it is impossible to doubt that they were perpetuated by so convenient an institution, which indeed owed its universal establishment to no other cause. And as predominant habits of warfare are totally irreconcilable with those of industry, not merely by the immediate works of destruction which render its efforts unavailing, but through that contempt of peaceful occupations which they produce, the feudal system must have been intrinsically adverse to the accumulation of wealth, and the improvement of those arts which mitigate the evils or abridge the labours of mankind.

But as the school of moral discipline, the feudal institutions were perhaps most to be valued. Society had sunk, for several centuries after the dissolution of the Roman empire, into a condition of utter depravity, where, if any vices could be selected as more eminently characteristic than others, they were falsehood, treachery, and ingratitude. In slowly purging off the lees of this extreme corruption, the feudal spirit exerted its ameliorating influence. Violation of faith stood first in the catalogue of crimes, most repugnant to the very essence of a feudal tenure, most severely and promptly avenged, most branded by general infamy. The feudal law-books breathe throughout a spirit of honourable obligation. The feudal course of jurisdiction promoted, what trial

by peers is peculiarly calculated to promote, a keener feeling and readier perception of moral as well as of legal distinctions. And as the judgment and sympathy of mankind are seldom mistaken in these great points of veracity and justice, except through the temporary success of crimes or the want of a definite standard of right, they gradually recovered themselves, when law precluded the one and supplied the other. In the reciprocal services of lord and vassal, there was ample scope for every magnanimous and disinterested energy. The heart of man, when placed in circumstances which have a tendency to excite them, will seldom be deficient in such sentiments. No occasions could be more favourable than the protection of a faithful supporter, or the defence of a beneficent suzerain, against such powerful aggression as left little prospect except of sharing in his ruin.

From these feelings, engendered by the feudal relation, has sprung up the peculiar sentiment of personal reverence and attachment towards a sovereign, which we denominate loyalty; alike distinguishable from the stupid devotion of Eastern slaves, and from the abstract respect with which free citizens regard their chief magistrate. Men who had been used to swear fealty, to profess subjection, to follow, at home and in the field, a feudal superior and his family, easily transferred the same allegiance to the monarch. It was a very powerful feeling, which could make the bravest men put up with slights and ill-treatment at the hands of their sovereign; or call forth all the energies of disinterested exertion for one whom they never saw, and in whose character there was nothing to esteem. In ages when the rights of the community were unfelt, this sentiment was one great preservative of society; and, though collateral or even subservient to more enlarged principles, it is still indispensable to the tranquillity and permanence of every monarchy. In a moral view, loyalty has scarcely perhaps less tendency to refine and elevate the heart than patriotism itself, and holds a middle place in the scale of human motives, as they ascend from

the grosser inducements of self-interest to the furtherance of general happiness and conformity to the purposes of Infinite Wisdom.

Hallam.

PRAISE AND BLAME.

Much harm may be done to a youth by indiscreet praise, and by indiscreet blame; but remember, the chief harm is always done by blame. It stands to reason that a young man's work cannot be perfect. It *must* be more or less ignorant; it must be more or less feeble; it is likely that it may be more or less experimental, and if experimental, here and there mistaken. If therefore, you allow yourself to launch out into sudden barking at the first faults you see, the probability is that you are abusing the youth for some defect naturally and inevitably belonging to that stage of his progress; and that you might just as rationally find fault with a child for not being as prudent as a privy councillor, or with a kitten for not being as grave as a cat. But there is one fault which you may be quite sure is unnecessary, and, therefore, a real and blameable fault: that is, haste, involving negligence. Whenever you see that a young man's work is either bold or slovenly, then you may attack it firmly, sure of being right. If his work is bold, it is insolent; repress his insolence: if it is slovenly, it is indolent; spur his indolence. So long as he works in that dashing or impetuous way, the best hope for him is in your contempt: and it is only by the fact of his seeming not to seek your approbation that you may conjecture he deserves it.

But if he does deserve it, be sure that you give it him, else you not only run a chance of driving him from the right road by want of encouragement, but you deprive yourself of the happiest privilege you will ever have of rewarding his labour. For it is only the young who can receive much reward from men's praise: the old, when they are great, get too far beyond and

above you to care what you think of them. Then you may urge them with sympathy, and surround them then with acclamation; but they will doubt your pleasure, and despise your praise. You might have cheered them in their race through the asphodel meadows of their youth; you might have brought the proud, bright scarlet into their faces, if you had but cried once to them, "Well done," as they dashed up to the first goal of their early ambition. But now, their pleasure is in memory, and their ambition is in heaven. They can be kind to you, but you never more can be kind to them. You may be fed with the fruit and fulness of their old age, but you were as the nipping blight to them in their blossoming, and your praise is only as the warm winds of autumn to the dying branches.

There is one thought still, the saddest of all, bearing on this withholding of early help. It is possible, in some noble natures, that the warmth and the affection of childhood may remain unchilled, though unanswered; and that the old man's heart may still be capable of gladness, when the long-withheld sympathy is given at last. But in these noble natures it nearly always happens, that the chief motive of earthly ambition has not been to give delight to themselves, but to their parents. Every noble youth looks back, as to the chiefest joy which the world's honour ever gave him, to the moment when he first saw his father's eyes flash with pride, and his mother turn away her head, lest he should take her tears for tears of sorrow. Even the lover's joy, when some worthiness of his is acknowledged before his mistress, is not so great as that, for it is not so pure: the desire to exalt himself in her eyes mixes with that of giving her delight; but he does not need to exalt himself in his parents' eyes: it is with the pure hope of giving them pleasure that he comes to tell them what he has done, or what has been said of him; and, therefore, he has a purer pleasure of his own. And this purest and best of rewards you keep from him if you can: you feed him in his tender youth with ashes and dishonour; and then

you come to him, obsequious, but too late, with your sharp laurel-crown, the dew all dried from off its leaves; and you thrust it into his languid hand, and he looks at you wistfully. What shall he do with it? What can he do, but go and lay it on his mother's grave?

Ruskin.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT CHURCH.

I am always well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular: and that in order to make them kneel, and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon

recovering out of it, he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times in the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all the circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

Addison.

VISIT TO A MODEL PRISON.

Several months ago some friends took me with them to see one of the London prisons—a prison of the

exemplary or model kind. An immense circuit of buildings, cut out, girt with a high ring-wall, from the lanes and streets of the quarter, which is a dim and crowded one. Gateway as to a fortified place; then a spacious court, like the square of a city; broad staircases, passages to interior courts; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges some thousand or twelve hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment. Surely one of the most perfect buildings within the compass of London. We looked at the apartments, sleeping cells, dining-rooms, working-rooms, general courts, or special and private: excellent all, the *ne plus ultra* of human care and ingenuity; probably no duke in England lives in a mansion of such perfect and thorough cleanness.

The bread, the cocoa, soup, meat, all the various sorts of food, in their respective cooking-places, we tasted; found them of excellence superlative. The prisoners sat at work,—light work, picking oakum and the like,—in airy apartments with glass roofs, of agreeable temperature and perfect ventilation; silent, or at least conversing only by secret signs; others were out, taking their hour of promenade in clean, flagged courts; methodic composure, cleanliness, peace, substantial wholesome comfort, reigned everywhere supreme. The women in other apartments, some notable murderesses among them, all in the like state of methodic composure and substantial wholesome comfort, sat sewing; in long ranges of wash-houses, drying-houses, and whatever pertains to the getting-up of clean linen, were certain others, with all conceivable mechanical furtherances, not too arduously working. The notable murderesses were, though with great precautions of privacy, pointed out to us; and we were requested not to look openly at them, or seem to notice them at all, as it was found to “cherish their vanity” when visitors looked at them. Schools, too, were there; intelligent teachers, of both sexes, studiously instructing the still ignorant of these thieves.

The captain of the place, a gentleman of ancient

military or royal navy habits, was one of the most perfect governors; professionally and by nature zealous for cleanliness, punctuality, good order of every kind; a humane heart, and yet a strong one; soft of speech and manner, yet with an inflexible rigour of command, so far as his limits went; "iron hand in a velvet glove," as Napoleon defined it. A man of real worth, challenging at once love and respect; the light of those mild bright eyes seemed to permeate the place as with an all-pervading vigilance, and kindly yet victorious illumination; in the soft, definite voice, it was as if Nature herself were promulgating her orders,—gentlest, mildest orders, which, however, in the end, there would be no disobeying, which, in the end, there would be no living without fulfilment of. A true commander of men. A man worthy to have commanded and guided forward, in good ways, twelve hundred of the best common people in London or the world; he was here, for many years past, giving all his care and faculty to command and guide forward in such ways as there were, twelve hundred of the worst. I looked with considerable admiration on this gentleman; and with considerable astonishment, the reverse of admiration, on the work he had been here set upon.

This excellent captain was too old a commander to complain of anything: indeed he struggled visibly the other way, to find in his own mind that all here was best; but I could sufficiently discern that, in his natural instincts, if not mounting up to the region of his thoughts, there was a continual protest going on against much of it; that nature and all his inarticulate persuasion (however much forbidden to articulate itself) taught him the futility and unfeasibility of the system followed here. The visiting magistrates, he gently regretted rather than complained, had lately taken his treadwheel from him—men were just now pulling it down; and how he was henceforth to enforce discipline on these bad subjects was much a difficulty with him. "They cared for nothing but the treadmill, and for having their rations cut short;" of the two sole penalties,

hard work and occasional hunger, there remained now only one, and that by no means the better one, as he thought. The "sympathy" of the visitors, too, their "pity" for his interesting scoundrel-subjects, though he tried to like it, was evidently no joy to this practical mind. Pity, yes—but pity for the scoundrel-species? For those who will not have pity on themselves, and will force the universe and the laws of nature to have no "pity" on them? Meseems I could discover fitter objects of pity.

In fact, it was too clear this excellent man had got a field for his faculties which, in several respects, was by no means the suitable one. To drill twelve hundred scoundrels by "the method of kindness," and of abolishing your very treadmill—how could any commander rejoice to have such a work cut out for him? You had but to look in the faces of these twelve hundred, and despair, for most part, of ever "commanding" them at all. Miserable distorted blockheads, the generality; ape-faces, imp-faces, angry dog-faces, heavy sullen ox-faces; degraded underfoot perverse creatures, sons of indocility, greedy mutinous darkness, and, in one word, *stupidity*, which is the general mother of such. Stupidity-intellectual and stupidity-moral (for the one always means the other, as you will, with surprise or not, discover if you look) had borne this progeny; base-natured beings, on whom, in the course of a maleficent subterranean life of London scoundrelism, the Genius of Darkness (called Satan, Devil, and other names) had now visibly impressed his seal, and had marked them out as soldiers of Chaos and of him—appointed to serve in *his* regiments, first of the line, second ditto, and so on in their order. Him, you could perceive, they would serve; but not easily another than him. These were the subjects whom our brave captain and prison-governor was appointed to command, and reclaim to *other* service, by "the method of love," with a treadmill abolished.

Hopeless for evermore such a project! These abject, ape, wolf, ox, imp, and other diabolic-animal specimens

of humanity—who of the very gods could ever have commanded them by love? A collar round the neck, and a cart-whip flourished over the back—these, in a just and steady human hand, were what the gods would have appointed them; and now when, by long misconduct and neglect, they had sworn themselves into the Devil's regiments of the line, and got the seal of Chaos impressed on their visage, it was very doubtful whether even these would be of avail for the unfortunate commander of twelve hundred men. By "love," without hope, except of peacefully teasing oakum, or fear, except of a temporary loss of dinner, he was to guide these men, and wisely constrain them—whitherward? Nowhither; that was his goal, if you will think well of it; that was a second fundamental falsity in his problem. False in the warp, and false in the woof, thought one of us; about as false a problem as any I have seen a good man set upon lately! To guide scoundrels by "love," that is a false woof, I take it, a method that will not hold together; hardly for the flower of men will love alone do, and for the sediment and scoundrelism of men it has not even a chance to do. And then, to guide any class of men, scoundrel or other, *nowhither*, which was this poor captain's problem in this prison, with oakum for its one element of hope or outlook, how can that prosper by "love," or by any conceivable method? That is a warp wholly false. Out of which false warp, or originally false condition to start from, combined and daily woven into by your false woof, or methods of "love" and -suchlike, there arises for our poor captain the falsest of problems, and, for a man of his faculty, the unfairlest of situations. His problem was not to command good men to do something, but bad men to do (with superficial disguises) nothing.

Carlyle.

AN IRISH POSTILION.

In the morning, just as I was ready to set off, and had thrown myself back in my carriage, my Englishman

and Frenchman came to the door, both in so great a rage, that the one was inarticulate, and the other unintelligible. At length the object of their indignation spoke for itself. From the inn-yard came a hackney-chaise in a most deplorable state; the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs, nodding forwards, one door swinging open, three blinds up, because they could not be let down, the perch tied in two places, the iron of the wheels half off, half loose wooden pegs for linchpins, and ropes for harness. The horses were worthy of the harness, wretched little dog-tired creatures, that looked as if they had been driven to the last gasp, and as if they had never been rubbed down in their lives, their bones starting through their skin; one lame, the other blind; one with a raw back, the other with a galled breast; one with his neck poking down over his collar, and the other with his head dragged forward by a bit of a broken bridle, held at arm's length by a man dressed like a mad beggar, in half a hat and half a wig, both awry in opposite directions; a long tattered great-coat tied round his waist by a hay rope; the jagged rents in the skirts of his coat showing his bare legs, marbled of many colours; while something like stockings hung loose about his ankles. The noises he made in threatening or encouraging his steeds I pretend not to describe.

In an indignant voice I called to the landlord—'I hope these are not the horses—I hope this is not the chaise intended for my servants!' The innkeeper and the pauper who was preparing to officiate as postilion, both in the same instant exclaimed: 'There is no better chaise in the country! We have two more to be sure—but one has no top, and the other no bottom. Any way there's no better can be seen than this same.' 'And these horses,' cried I—'why this horse is so lame he can hardly stand.' 'Oh, please your honour, though he can't stand, he'll go fast enough. He has a great deal of the rogue in him, please your honour. He's always that way at first setting out.' 'And that wretched animal with the galled breast!' 'He's all the better for

it when once he warms; it's he that will go with the speed of light, please your honour. Sure is not he Knockecroghery? and didn't I give fifteen guineas for him, barring the luck-penny, at the fair of Knockecroghery, and he rising four years old at the same time?'

Then seizing his whip and reins in one hand, he clawed up his stockings with the other; so with one easy step he got into his place, and seated himself, coachmanlike, upon a well-worn bar of wood, that served as a coachbox. 'Throw me the loan of a trusty bartly for a cushion,' said he. A frieze coat was thrown up over the horses' heads—Paddy caught it. 'Where are you, Hosey?' cried he to a lad in charge of the leaders. 'Sure I'm only rowling a wisp of straw on my leg,' replied Hosey. 'Throw me up,' added this paragon of postilions, turning to one of the crowd of idle bystanders; 'arra, push me up, can't ye?' A man took hold of his knee, and threw him upon the horse; he was in his seat in a trice; then clinging by the mane of his horse, he scrambled for the bridle, which was under the other horse's feet—reached it, and, well satisfied with himself, looked round at Paddy, who looked back to the chaise-door at my angry servants, 'secure in the last event of things.' In vain the Englishman in monotonous anger, and the Frenchman in every note of the gamut, abused Paddy; necessity and wit were on Paddy's side; he parried all that was said against his chaise, his horses, himself and his country, with invincible comic dexterity, till at last both his adversaries, dumbfounded, clambered into the vehicle, where they were instantly shut up in straw and darkness. Paddy, in a triumphant tone, called to my postilions, bidding them 'get on, and not be stopping the way any longer.'

Maria Edgeworth.

PREJUDICES.

Every one is forward to complain of the prejudices that mislead other men or parties, as if he were free,

and had none of his own. This being objected on all sides, it is agreed that it is a fault, and a hindrance to knowledge. What now is the cure? No other but this, that every man should let alone other's prejudices, and examine his own. Nobody is convinced of his by the accusation of another: he recriminates by the same rule and is clear. The only way to remove this great cause of ignorance and error out of the world is, for every one impartially to examine himself. If others will not deal fairly with their own minds, does that make my errors truth, or ought it to make me in love with them, and willing to impose on myself? If others love cataracts on their eyes, should that hinder me from couching of mine as soon as I could? Every one declares against blindness, and yet who almost is not fond of that which dims his sight, and keeps the clear light out of his mind, which should lead him into truth and knowledge? False or doubtful positions, relied upon as unquestionable maxims, keep those in the dark from truth, who build on them. Such are usually the prejudices imbibed from education, party reverence, fashion, interest, etc. This is the mote which every one sees in his brother's eye, but never regards the beam in his own. For who is there almost that is ever brought fairly to examine his own principles, and see whether they are such as will bear the trial? But yet this should be one of the first things every one should set about, and be scrupulous in, who would rightly conduct his understanding in the search of truth and knowledge.

To those who are willing to get rid of this great hindrance of knowledge (for to such only I write); to those who would shake off this great and dangerous impostor Prejudice, who dresses up falsehood in the likeness of truth, and so dexterously hoodwinks men's minds, as to keep them in the dark, with a belief that they are more in the light than any that do not see with their eyes, I shall offer this one mark whereby prejudice may be known. He that is strongly of any opinion, must suppose (unless he be self-condemned)

that his persuasion is built upon good grounds; and that his assent is no greater than what the evidence of the truth he holds forces him to; and that they are arguments, and not inclination or fancy, that make him so confident and positive in his tenets. Now if, after all his profession, he cannot bear any opposition to his opinion; if he cannot so much as give a patient hearing, much less examine and weigh the arguments on the other side, does he not plainly confess it is prejudice governs him? And it is not evidence of truth, but some lazy anticipation, some beloved presumption, that he desires to rest undisturbed in. For if what he holds be as he gives out, well fenced with evidence, and he sees it to be true, what need he fear to put it to the proof? If his opinion be settled upon a firm foundation, if the arguments that support it, and have obtained his assent, be clear, good, and convincing, why should he be shy to have it tried whether they be proof or not? He whose assent goes beyond his evidence, owes this excess of his adherence only to prejudice, and does in effect own it when he refuses to hear what is offered against it; declaring thereby that it is not evidence he seeks, but the quiet enjoyment of the opinion he is fond of, with a forward condemnation of all that may stand in opposition to it, unheard and unexamined; which, what is it but prejudice?

Locke.

RIGHT OF RESISTANCE TO GOVERNMENT.

The war of a people against a tyrannical government may be tried by the same tests which ascertain the morality of a war between independent nations. The employment of force in the intercourse of reasonable beings is never lawful, but for the purpose of repelling or averting wrongful force. Human life cannot lawfully be destroyed, or assailed, or endangered, for any other object than that of just defence. Such is the nature and such the boundary of legitimate self-defence

in the case of individuals. Hence the right of the lawgiver to protect unoffending citizens by the adequate punishment of crimes; hence, also, the right of an independent state to take all measures necessary to her safety, if it be attacked or threatened from without; provided always that reparation cannot otherwise be obtained, that there is a reasonable prospect of obtaining it by arms, and that the evils of the contest are not probably greater than the mischiefs of acquiescence in the wrong, including, on both sides of the deliberation, the ordinary consequences of the example, as well as the immediate effects of the act. If reparation can otherwise be obtained, a nation has no necessary, and therefore no just cause of war; if there be no probability of obtaining it by arms, a government cannot, with justice to their own nation, embark it in war; and if the evils of resistance should appear on the whole greater than those of submission, wise rulers will consider an abstinence from a pernicious exercise of right as a sacred duty to their own subjects, and a debt which every people owes to the great commonwealth of mankind, of which they and their enemies are alike members. A war is just against the wrong-doer, when reparation for wrong cannot otherwise be obtained; but it is then only conformable to all the principles of morality, when it is not likely to expose the nation by whom it is levied to greater evils than it professes to avert, and when it does not inflict on the nation which has done the wrong sufferings altogether disproportioned to the extent of the injury. When the rulers of a nation are required to determine a question of peace or war, the bare justice of their case against the wrong-doer never can be the sole, and is not always the chief, matter on which they are morally bound to exercise a conscientious deliberation. Prudence in conducting the affairs of their subjects is, in them, a part of justice.

On the same principles the justice of a war made by a people against their own government must be examined. A government is entitled to obedience from

the people, because without obedience it cannot perform the duty, for which alone it exists, of protecting them from each other's injustice. But when a government is engaged in systematically oppressing a people, or in destroying securities against future oppression, it commits the same species of wrong towards them which warrants an appeal to arms against a foreign enemy. A magistrate who degenerates into a systematic oppressor shuts the gates of justice, and thereby restores them to their original right of defending themselves by force. As he withholds the protection of law from them, he forfeits his moral claim to enforce their obedience by the authority of law. Thus far civil and foreign war stand on the same moral foundation: the principles which determine the justice of both against the wrong-doer, are, indeed, throughout the same.

But there are certain peculiarities, of great importance in point of fact, which in other respects permanently distinguish them from each other. The evils of failure are greater in civil than in foreign war. A state generally incurs no more than loss in war; a body of insurgents is exposed to ruin. The probabilities of success are more difficult to calculate in cases of internal contest than in a war between states, where it is easy to compare those merely material means of attack and defence which may be measured or numbered. An unsuccessful revolt strengthens the power and sharpens the cruelty of the tyrannical ruler; while an unfortunate war may produce little of the former evil and of the latter nothing. It is almost peculiar to intestine war, that success may be as mischievous as defeat. The victorious leaders may be borne along by the current of events far beyond their destination; a government may be overthrown which ought to have been only repaired, and a new, perhaps a more formidable, tyranny may spring out of victory. A regular government may stop before its fall becomes precipitate, or check a career of conquest when it threatens destruction to itself: but the feeble authority of the

chiefs of insurgents is rarely able, in the one case, to maintain the courage, in the other to repress the impetuosity, of their voluntary adherents. Finally, the cruelty and misery incident to all warfare are greater in domestic dissension than in contests with foreign enemies. Foreign wars have little effect on the feelings, habits, or condition of the majority of a great nation, to most of whom the worst particulars of them may be unknown. But civil war brings the same or worse evils into the heart of a country, and into the bosom of many families: it eradicates all habits of recourse to justice and reverence for law; its hostilities are not mitigated by the usages which soften wars between nations; it is carried on with the ferocity of parties who apprehend destruction from each other; and it may leave behind it feuds still more deadly, which may render a country depraved and wretched through a long succession of ages. As it involves a wider waste of virtue and happiness than any other species of war, it can only be warranted by the sternest and most dire necessity. The chiefs of a justly disaffected party are unjust to their fellows and their followers, as well as to all the rest of their countrymen, if they take up arms in a case where the evils of submission are not more intolerable, the impossibility of reparation by pacific means more apparent, and the chance of obtaining it by arms greater than are necessary to justify the rulers of a nation in undertaking a foreign war. A wanton rebellion, when considered with the aggravation of its ordinary consequences, is one of the greatest of crimes. The chiefs of an inconsiderable and ill-concerted revolt, however provoked, incur the most formidable responsibility to their followers and their country. An insurrection rendered necessary by oppression, and warranted by a reasonable probability of a happy termination, is an act of public virtue, always environed with so much peril as to merit admiration.

Mackintosh.

THE STATE OF MAN BEFORE THE FALL.

The understanding, the noblest faculty of the mind, was then sublime, clear, and aspiring, and as it were the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade as command; it was not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility; it knew no rest but in motion; no quiet but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object; not so much find as make things intelligible. It arbitrated upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not, like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In short, it was vegete, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and full view into all things; and was not only a window, but itself the prospect. Adam came into the world a philosopher, which sufficiently appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names; he could view essences in themselves, and read forms without the comment of their respective properties; he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn in the womb of their causes; his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents, his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or the certainties of prediction; till his fall, he was ignorant of nothing but sin; or at least it rested in the notion, without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was an "I have found it, I have found

it!"—the offspring of his brain, without the sweat of his brow. Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth in the deep, to exhaust his time, and to impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days and himself into one pitiful controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention; his faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons; there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess it is as difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being; and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other acts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but there lies of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

South.

FATHERS AND ELDER SONS AMONG THE GREAT.

And let us, my brethren who have not our names in the Red Book, console ourselves by thinking comfortably how miserable our betters may be, and that Damocles, who sits on satin cushions, and is served on gold plate, has an awful sword hanging over his head in the shape of a bailiff, or an hereditary disease, or a family secret, which peeps out every now and then from the embroidered arras in a ghastly manner, and will be sure to drop one day or the other in the right place.

In comparing, too, the poor man's situation with that of the great, there is (according to Mr. Eaves) another source of comfort for the former. You who have little or no patrimony to bequeath or to inherit, may be on good terms with your father or your son, whereas the heir of a great prince, such as my Lord Steyne, must naturally be angry at being kept out of his kingdom, and eye the occupant of it with no very agreeable glances. "Take it as a rule," this sardonic old Eaves would say, "the fathers and elder sons of all great families hate each other. The Crown Prince is always in opposition to the crown or hankering after it. Shakspeare knew the world, my good sir, and when he describes Prince Hal (from whose family the Gaunts pretend to be descended, though they are no more related to John of Gaunt than you are,) trying on his father's coronet, he gives you a natural description of all heirs-apparent. If you were heir to a dukedom and a thousand pounds a day, do you mean to say you would not wish for possession? Pooh! And it stands to reason that every great man having experienced this feeling towards his father, must be aware that his son entertains it towards himself; and so they can't but be suspicious and hostile.

"Then again, as to the feeling of elder towards younger sons. My dear sir, you ought to know that every elder brother looks upon the cadets of the house as his natural enemies, who deprive him of so much

ready money which ought to be his by right. I have often heard George Mac Turk, Lord Bajazet's eldest son, say that, if he had his will, when he came to the title, he would do what the sultans do, and clear the estate by chopping off all his younger brothers' heads at once; and so the case is, more or less, with them all. I tell you they are all Turks in their hearts. Pooh! sir, they know the world." And here, haply a great man coming up, Tom Eaves's hat would drop off his head, and he would rush forward with a bow and a grin, which showed that he knew the world too—in the Tomeavesian way, that is. And having laid out every shilling of his fortune on an annuity, Tom could afford to bear no malice to his nephews and nieces, and to have no other feeling with regard to his betters but a constant and generous desire to dine with them.

Thackeray.

SUPERIOR MORALITY OF CHRISTIAN COUNTRIES.

(Alciphron here argues for, and Crito against Atheism.)

Alciphron.—Would you have us think ourselves a finer people than the ancient Greeks or Romans?

Crito.—If by finer you mean better, perhaps we are; and if we are not, it is not owing to the Christian religion, but to the want of it.

Alciphron.—You say "perhaps we are:" I do not pique myself upon my reading, but should be very ignorant to be capable of being imposed on in so plain a point. What! compare Cicero or Brutus to an English patriot, or Seneca to one of our parsons! Then that invincible constancy and vigour of mind, that disinterested and noble virtue, that adorable public spirit you so much admire, are things in them so well known, and so different from our manners, that I know not how to excuse your *perhaps*. *Euphranor*, indeed, who passeth his life in this obscure corner, may possibly mistake the characters of our times, but you who know the world, how could you be guilty of such a mistake?

Crito.—O Alciphron, I would by no means detract from the noble virtue of ancient heroes; but I observe those great men were not the minute philosophers¹ of their times; that the best principles upon which they acted are common to them with Christians, of whom it would be no difficult matter to assign many instances in every kind of worth and virtue, public or private, equal to the most celebrated of the ancients, though, perhaps, their story might not have been so well told, set off with such fine lights and colourings of style, or so vulgarly known and considered by every school-boy. But though it should be granted, that here and there a Greek or Roman genius, bred up under strict laws and severe discipline, animated to public virtue by statues, crowns, triumphal arches, and such rewards and monuments of great actions, might attain to a character and fame beyond other men, yet this will prove only, that they had more spirit, and lived under a civil polity more wisely ordered in certain points than ours; which advantages of nature and civil institution will be no argument for their religion or against ours. On the contrary, it seems an invincible proof of the power and excellency of the Christian religion, that without the help of those civil institutions and incentives to glory, it should be able to inspire a phlegmatic people with the noblest sentiments, and soften the rugged manners of northern boors into gentleness and humanity; and that these good qualities should become national, and rise and fall in proportion to the purity of our religion, as it approaches to, or recedes from, the plan laid down in the gospel. To make a right judgment of the effects of the Christian religion, let us take a survey of the prevailing notions and manners of this very country where we live, and compare them with those of our heathen predecessors.

Alciphron.—I have heard much of the glorious light of the gospel, and should be glad to see some effects

¹ *Minute Philosopher* was a name given at that time to an Atheist or Freethinker.

of it in my own dear country, which, by-the-by, is one of the most corrupt and profligate upon earth, notwithstanding the boasted purity of our religion. But it would look mean and diffident to affect a comparison with the barbarous heathen from whence we drew our original: if you would do honour to your religion, dare to make it with the most renowned heathens of antiquity.

Crito.—It is a common prejudice to despise the present, and overrate remote times and things. Something of this seems to enter into the judgments men make of the Greeks and Romans. For though it must be allowed those nations produced some noble spirits and great patterns of virtue, yet upon the whole it seems to me they were much inferior in point of real virtue and good morals, even to this corrupt and profligate nation, as you are now pleased to call it, in dishonour to our religion, however you may think fit to characterize it, when you would do honour to the minute philosophy. This, I think, will be plain to any one, who shall turn off his eyes from a few shining characters, to view the general manners and customs of those people. Their insolent treatment of captives, even of the highest rank and softer sex, their unnatural exposing of their own children, their bloody gladiatorian spectacles, compared with the common notions of Englishmen, are to me a plain proof, that our minds are much softened by Christianity. Could anything be more unjust, than the condemning a young lady to the most infamous punishment and death for the guilt of her father, or a whole family of slaves, perhaps some hundreds, for a crime committed by one? Or more abominable than their bacchanals and unbridled lusts of every kind? which, notwithstanding all that has been done by minute philosophers to debauch the nation, and their successful attempts on some parts of it, have not yet been matched among us, at least not in every circumstance of impudence and effrontery. While the Romans were poor, they were temperate; but, as they grew rich, they became luxurious to a degree that is hardly believed or conceived by us. It cannot be

denied, the old Roman spirit was a great one. But it is as certain, there have been numberless examples of the most resolute and clear courage in Britons, and in general from a religious cause. Upon the whole, it seems an instance of the greatest blindness and ingratitude, that we do not see and own the exceeding great benefits of Christianity, which, to omit higher considerations, hath so visibly softened, polished, and embellished our manners.

Berkeley.

CONSIDERATIONS OF THE VANITY AND SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

All the succession of time, all the changes in nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man, and to every creature, doth preach our funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton, Time, throws up the earth, and digs a grave, where we must lay our sins or our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or an intolerable eternity. Every revolution which the sun makes about the world divides between life and death, and death possesses both those portions by the next morrow; and we are dead to all those months which we have already lived, and we shall never live them over again, and still God makes little periods of our age. First we change our world, when we enter life and feel the warmth of the sun; then we sleep and enter into the image of death, in which state we are unconcerned in all the changes of the world; and if our mothers or our nurses die, or a wild boar destroy our vineyards, or our king be sick, we regard it not, but, during that state, are as disinterested as if our eyes were closed with the clay that weeps in the bowels of the earth. At the end of seven years our teeth fall and die before us, representing a formal prologue to

the tragedy, and still every seven years¹ it is odds but we shall finish the last scene; and when nature, or chance, or vice, takes our body in pieces, weakening some parts and loosing others, we taste the grave and the solemnities of our own funeral, first, in those parts that ministered to vice, and, next, in them that served for ornament; and in a short time, even they that served for necessity become useless and entangled, like the wheels of a broken clock. Baldness is but a dressing to our funerals, the proper ornament of mourning, and of a person entered very far into the regions and possession of death; and we have many more of the same signification—gray hairs, rotten teeth, dim eyes, trembling joints, short breath, stiff limbs, wrinkled skin, short memory, decayed appetite. Every day's necessity calls for a reparation of that portion which death fed on all night when we lay in his lap, and slept in his outer chambers. The very spirits of a man prey upon his daily portion of bread and flesh, and every meal is a rescue from one death, and lays up for another; and while we think a thought we die, and the clock strikes, and reckons on our portion of eternity: we form our words with the breath of our nostrils—we have the less to live upon for every word we speak.

Thus nature calls us to meditate of death by those things which are the instruments of acting it; and God, by all the variety of His providence, makes us see death everywhere, in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two: and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses; and all the summer long men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog-days come,

¹ According to an opinion prevalent in Taylor's time, every *seventh* or *ninth* year of a man's life was considered as one of peculiar importance and danger. These periods were called *climacterics*, and a man's sixty-third year, which, as the product of seven and nine, was styled the *grand climacteric*, was held pre-eminently fatal.

and then the Sirian star makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death; and you can go no whither but you tread upon a dead man's bones.

Jeremy Taylor.

OF DELAYS.

Fortune is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall. And again, it is sometimes like Sybilla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price. For occasion (as it is in the common verse) turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front and no hold taken; or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginning and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them. Nay, it were better to meet some dangers half way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows (as some have been when the moon was low, and shone on their enemies' back), and so to shoot off before the time; or

to teach dangers to come on by over early buckling towards them, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion (as we said) must ever be well weighed; and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus, with his hundred eyes; and the ends to Briareus, with his hundred hands,—first to watch, and then to speed. For the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politic man go invisible, is secrecy in the counsel, and celerity in the execution. For when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity; like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.

Bacon.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

I think, the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted, and, if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man, is that of the Slave Ship, the chief Academy picture of the Exhibition of 1840. It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high, nor local, but a low broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendour which burns like gold, and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley, the tossing waves by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided, lift themselves in dark, indefinite fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it along the illuminated foam. They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together in wild groups, fitfully and furiously, as the under strength of the swell compels or permits them; leaving between them

treacherous spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the indistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low; advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty¹ ship as it labours amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.

Ruskin.

¹ She is a slaver, throwing her slaves overboard. The near sea is encumbered with corpses.

NOTES.

Observations. The letter H. refers to the hints for translation given at the end of the notes.

Words in *Italics* are to be translated literally into German, instead of the words in the text that precede them.

PART I.

THE MONKEY AND THE TWO CATS.

p. 1. having — H. 1.
 some — *a piece* (of).
 about dividing — H. 3 & 4.
 to settle, *schlichten*.
 to produce, *herberholen*.
 put a part — H. 5.
 a part — *a piece*.
 he observed — *as he observed*.
 to reduce to an equilibrium,
ins Gleichgewicht bringen.
 additional, *neu*.
 to be alarmed for, *beforgt werden wegen*.
 is not — *is it not*.
 of this intricate — *of so intricate*.
 Upon which — H. 6.
 cats, seeing — H. 1.
 what remained — H. 7.
 is due — *belongs*.
 in right, *recht*, *fract*.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

p. 2. on a certain day — *one day*
 As to, *was ... anbetrifft*.

I presume to say nothing —
I do not presume to say anything about them.
 of no service — H. 8.
 a thing where — *something about which*.
 informing — H. 1.
 As to the books ... if there be contained in them — *If in the books ... be contained anything*.
 Order them — H. 9.
 in making — *in order to make*.
 After this manner — *In this manner*. H. 10.
 The historian, having — H. 1 or 2.
 from his — *as the expression of his*.

THE OCCUPATIONS OF ALEXANDER SEVERUS.

p. 3. and ... might well deserve — H. 5.
 modern — *of our time*.
 private devotion, *die Hausanbacht*.

by improving etc. — H. 4.
 above his years — H. 8.
 business — H. 11.
 to set apart, vorbehalten.
 the equal, der Alergenosse.
 Refreshed — H. 1.
 by the use of the — *by a*.
 he is attended by them, sie
 sind um ihn.
 I am at liberty, es steht mir frei.
 p. 4. proper, bestimmt.
 was heard — H. 12.

THE STORY OF INKLE AND YARICO.

eminent, vornehm.
 master of (a science), Meister in.
 prepossession, ein günstiges
 Vorurtheil.
 turned, beschaffen.
 ruddy, gesund, healthy.
 to flow (of hair), herabfallen.
 in some distress — *in a distress*.
 to put into, einlaufen.
 in search of — *in order to seek*.
 among others — *with others*.
 From their first landing —
Immediately at their landing.
 Upon his coming — H. 1.

p. 5. to be agreeable to each
 other, sich gefallen.
 the limbs, der Bau, *the make*.
 she would sometimes — H. 13.
 to delight in, sich ergötzen über.
 it seems — *as it seems*.
 different, ander.
 the spoil, das Beutestück.
 by the favour of, begünstigt
 von, *favoured by*.
 where to lie — *where he*
could lie.
 amidst the falls of waters, unter
 dem Rauschen von Wasserfällen.
 of their own, für sich, *for*
themselves.
 as his waistcoat — *as that of*
which his waistcoat.
 as they were tormented with —
as those with which they etc.

p. 6. to a ship's crew of his
 countrymen — *to the crew of*
an English ship.
 where there is an immediate
 market of — *where immedi-*
ately a sale takes place of.
 careful what account — *anxious*
about the account which.
 Upon which — H. 6.

THE WHISTLE.

coppers, Kupfermünzen.
 all over the — *through the*
whole.
 understanding the bargain —
hearing of the bargain.
 This put him in mind, nun
 dachte er daran.
 (I cried) with, vor.
 p. 7. to be ambitious of, streben
 nach, *to strive for*. H. 8.
 to be in attendance on, auf-
 warten bei.
 fond of, veressen auf.
 If I knew — *If I saw*.
 for the sake of — *in order to*
 (Inf.). H. 4.

THE CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

for (parts), in Bezug auf, was
 anbetrifft.
 learning, Kenntniffe.
 p. 8. to rival, es aufnehmen mit.
 the politer arts, die schönen
 Künste und Wissenschaften.
 a patron of wit and learning,
 ein Gönner geistreicher und
 gelehrter Männer.
 to indulge, sich ergeben.
 in their turns — *alternately*.
 any share of treasure, irgenb
 welcher Schatz.
 to make someone something,
 Jemand zu (def. Art.) etwas
 machen.
 p. 9. intemperance of, Ueber-
 schreitung des Maaßes in.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

the misery, das Leid (pl. en).
to cast into a public stock, zu
einem gemeinfamen Fonds
zusammenwerfen.

equally, gleichmäßig.

to bring in, herbeibringen.

the calamity, das Mißgeschick.

to march, hermarschiren, to
march along.

There was a lady ... who —
A lady ... was.

(active) in, bei.

a flowing robe, ein fliegendes
Gewand.

chimerical, sonderbar.

to hover, flattern.

There was (something wild) —
She had.

to lead up, führen.

p. 10. which ... I discovered
to be — and ... I discovered
that it was. H. 6 and 9.

upon his throwing it — H. 1.
to strip oneself of, sich abziehen.
I did not question — without
doubt.

He was followed — Him fol-
lowed. H. 12.

to approach towards, sich nähern,
zusammen auf.

I grew — I became.

the utmost aggravation, die ganze
Häßlichkeit, das ganze Miß-
verhältniß.

out of humour with, mißge-
stimmt über:

it seems — as it seems.

modestly speaking, mäßig ge-
rechnet.

I am at liberty, es steht mir frei.
p. 11. to bestir, regen.

at this time, hierbei.

were not (to be) — use: Pres.
of sich lassen.

to express, beschreiben.

to be a great gainer by, viel
gewinnen bei.

for sickness — of sickness.

with a long (visage) — with
the long.

to be sensible of, ein feines
Gefühl haben für.

as I went — when I wished.

(clapped) my finger — with my
finger.

to play the hand about, mit
der Hand fahren über.

to aim at something, es auf
etwas absehen.

that had no calves to them —
that had no calves.

how to move — how he should
move.

to make (a sight), gewähren.

p. 12. to take compassion, Mit-
leid haben.

with a design — with the design.
was commanded — H. 12.

he had not been left — H. 12.

pieces (of morality), Lehren.

to be drawn — which one can
draw.

THE DEAD ASS.

we had — H. 14.

p. 13. true touches of nature —
natural feelings.

as if to (eat it) — as if he
wished to.

to draw numbers about one,
eine Menge um jemand ver-
sammeln.

where he had been (from) —
whither he had gone.

to take as far a journey, auf
eine so weite Reise treiben.

if Heaven — that if the Heaven.
take him — take this one.

in (gratitude), aus.

to stop (in a speech), inne-
halten.

p. 14. (till they) met — met
again.

the weight of myself — my
weight.

Shame on the world, die Welt sollte sich schämen.
that would be something, daß würde doch noch etwas sein.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S PILGRIMAGE.

to enter upon, betreten.
These we presently etc. — H. 9.
to stand with arms a-kimbo, die Arme in die Seiten stemmen.
to hang down the head, den Kopf hängen lassen.
strange to say, höchst wunder-
bar.
to feel disconcerted, in Ver-
wirrung gesetzt werden, or
außer Fassung gebracht werden.
to be for (sounding), dabei sein.
p. 15. spirit — *courage*.
(to be conquered) to a man,
biß auf den letzten Mann.
dismay, der Schrecken.
of two, three, and four in
company, von je zwei, drei
und vier Mann.
the way, die Straße, *distance*.
the face of the country, die
Beschaffenheit des Bodens.
p. 16. in vast numbers — H. 11.
to reduce, theilen, or zurück-
führen auf.
to set (a step) — *to make*.
(our course) lay — *went for led*.
richly variegated — *rich and*
variegated.
to mean, beabsichtigen, *intend*.
years of travel, jahrelanges
Reisen.

THE SADDLER'S PET RAT.

worthy, brav.
strange to say, wunderbarer-
weise.
at work, bei der Arbeit.
a. 17. coolly, ruhig.
to take a look about a place, sich
in einer Räumlichkeit umsehen.

to prop up ... with, aufstellen ...
mit Hilfe.

to come down, herunterfallen.
what to do — *what I shall do*.

Mr. Rat. — read: Mr. Rat.

what was his—*how great was his*.
as much as to say, als ob er
sagen wollte.

will lock up — H. 13.

why (I must), nun dann.

to leave alone, in Ruhe lassen.

there are about, es giebt hier.

For a long time afterwards —

During a long time after this
occurrence.

in return, zum Danke.

as in duty bound, pflichtgemäß.

p. 18. to be at work, arbeiten.

the bird-shop — *bird-dealer*,
Vogelhändler.

afar off, von weitem.

where a few sharp etc. — *where*
he sharply bit and shook him
a few times and thus soon
made an end to his life.

INCIDENT DURING THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

and who were carried in form —
namely those which were car-
ried thither with a certain
outward form.

was stopped — *was obliged to*
cease.

went — H. 5.

a very long way — *from a*
very great distance.

which alleys — H. 6.

and laid ... on — *whereon*
they laid.

p. 19. twenty years after it —
still twenty years.

and (were most) fearless of
it — *and feared it least.*

to go about one's employment,
seiner Beschäftigung nachgehen.

It was under this ... that — H. 16.

the care, die Aufsicht.
 in return, dafür.
 would give — H. 13.
 p. 20. to talk simply, dummes
 Zeug reden.
 (while things) were — stood.
 to do (in health), sich befinden.
 to have a bellyful, seinen
 Banst voll haben.
 a body — a man.
 along, weiter, further.
 the body, die Leiche, corpse.
 p. 21. to go about one's bu-
 siness — to go away.
 the story goes — it is related,
 or the rumour goes.
 he set up his pipes — he began
 to blow.
 as above — as above related.
 EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF
 SCOTS.
 with black — with black cloth.
 p. 22. to be settled in, fest-
 halten an.
 in defence — in the defence.
 private devotion, stilles Gebet.
 from the office of — which was
 directed to.
 for Queen — for the Queen.
 petitions — prayers.
 in English — in the English
 language.
 prosper — happily reign.
 to be employed, wirken.
 with some compunction —
 with a certain contrition
 p. 23. to hold up, in die Höhe
 halten.
 to the (spectators) — turned
 towards the.
 zeal and flattery alike — zeal
 as well as flattery.
 present, augenblicklich.
 (admiration) of — for.
 (of her) age — life.
 a princess of — a princess who
 was endowed with.
 one period — a certain time.

the graces of her air, die An-
 muth ihres Benehmens.
 of all beholders — of all those
 who saw her.
 society, Geselligkeit, sociableness.
 to partake — to possess.
 as to — in order to.
 to form — to form for one's
 self.
 p. 24. of one — of a man.
 never lay — never was.
 alleviation, mildernde Umstände,
 extenuating circumstances.
 RODERICK RANDOM'S PROGRESS
 AT SCHOOL.
 time out of mind, seit Menschen-
 gedenken.
 to give oneself concern about,
 sich kümmern um.
 instruction, Leitung.
 disgrace, Nachtheil, disadvantage.
 to become a good proficient —
 to make good progress.
 lie on his head — come over him.
 the boy's ability was owing —
 the boy owed his ability.
 p. 25. effectually, ganz und gar.
 who, taking upon him — when
 this one dared.
 I cut him to the skull — I laid
 bare his skull.
 were I to live to — even if I
 should reach.
 to conceive, empfinden, feel.
 impatient of — who could not
 bear.
 a piece of mischief, ein schleschter
 Streich.
 lay unknown — was unknown.
 for having narrowly escaped
 drowning — because I was
 (Subj.) nearly drowned.
 p. 26. Far from, weit davon
 entfernt.
 CHARACTER OF CHARLES I.
 to shade, übertünchen, cover.
 appearances — H. 11.

are imposed on — *are deceitfully* (betrügerischer Weise), *described to . . . as such.*
 passion for power, Herrschsucht.
 the measure, das Verfahren, die Handlungsweise, action.
 p. 27. have place — *find a place.*
 to partake, etwas an sich haben.
 to call in question, in Frage stellen.
 and were it allowed — *and even if it were granted.*
 which, whether — *and this be it.*
 lost him — *robbed him of.*
 of reinstatement on — *again to be placed into possession of.*
 formal — *pedants.*
 polite arts — *fine arts.*
 enforced his attention — *forced him to turn his attention.*
 p. 28. justly proportioned — *well built.*

THE VULTURE AND HIS CHILDREN

practice — *example.*
 the household fowls, die Hausvögel.
 in (the pasture), auf.
 to know how — *to understand.*
 to balance your flight — *in (the) flight to preserve equilibrium.*
 where man — *where men.*
 to feast upon — *sich göttlich thun.*
 will . . . meet — H. 13.
 p. 29. the carcass, der Leichnam.
 to touch, anrühren.
 so much a (benefactor) — *to (zu) so great a . . .*
 in our way — H. 15.
 what need shall we have of labouring — *wherefore need we then still (to) work.*
 I am reckoned — *I am considered, or taken for.*

vegetables — *plants.*
 may be fed — *have (something) to eat.*
 contrivance, der Aufschlag, H. 11.
 policy, Schlaueit.
 more eminently — *quite particularly.*
 p. 30. to be delighted with, sich freuen über.

CATHARINE I., EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

near (Dorpat), in der Nähe von.
 she was heiress to no other inheritance — *she inherited nothing further.*
 her person, ihre Gestalt.
 a solicitation of marriage, ein Heirathsantrag.
 went to live — *lived henceforth.*
 in quality — *in the quality.*
 of governess to — *of a governess of.*
 who attended the rest of — *who came to the other members of.*
 p. 31. to pristine (poverty) — *to her pristine.*
 The country of Livonia — *Livonia.*
 (Those calamities) are — *lie.*
 of greater plenty — *where greater plenty prevailed.*
 scanty, gering.
 by the wayside, an der Straße.
 to take up one's lodgings, sich einquartieren.
 she recollected — *she recognised.*
 the interview, das Zusammenreffen.
 to go in order (to satisfy), baraufgehen um.
 parted with — *gave her.*
 p. 32. and such was the fury — *and the fury was so great.*
 put to the sword — *killed.*
 pretty well, ziemlich.
 (what) it was, es hieß.

to strike with, einnehmen durch.
happened to come — *came by chance.*

dry — *dried.*

from motives of interest, aus eigennützigen Beweggründen.

EULOGIUM ON MARIE ANTOINETTE,
QUEEN OF FRANCE.

p. 33. she began to move in,
glittering like — *in which she began to move with the splendour of.*

revolution — *change.*

Little did he dream, er ließ es sich wenig träumen.

added — *received.*

distant, schlichtern, timid.

I thought . . . must have leaped — *I had thought . . . must fly.*

has succeeded — *has come.*

grace, Bieder.

grossness, abstoßendes Aeußere.

LOUIS XI.

the point of honour — *the honour.*

p. 34. profoundly attentive to — *highly anxious for.*

to interfere with, im Wege stehen (Dat.).

He was careful in disguising — *he hid carefully.*

who knew not — *who knew it not.*

for himself — *what concerned himself.*

his very cap — *even his cap.*
any advantage — *any advantage to others.*

even to the extent of — *even to the degree that.*

the touch, der Anfaß.

fairly, völlig, entirely.

to announce, bezeichnen, to point out.

a rival prince — *a hostile prince.*

license, Ausschweifung.

ruling, vorherrschend (Superl.).
the private walks of life, das Treiben des Privatlebens.

with an inattention to — *without regard to (auf).*

thought something — *taken for something.*

p. 35. Himself — *Although he himself . . . was.*

undoubting, zuberstichtlich.

the object, die Absicht.

breathed — *lived.*

of the period — *of that time.*

unsubjected — *not subjected.*

by main strength — *by their strength.*

the dictates — *the precepts.*

relaxation, Nachlassen.

obscure, verborgen.

points, Seiten.

p. 36. SALATHIEL'S ACCOUNT OF
THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

held out — *made.*

to be undone — *to be annihilated.*

to be as (in the proportion),
sich verhalten wie.

troublesome — *disturbed.*

lay naked to — *were naked exposed to.*

withering — *consuming.*

p. 37. but it was to see — *but therefore because we saw.*

the powers, die Festen.

We were conscience smitten —
our conscience smote us.

We howled to — *We ran howling into.*

to plunge, springen.

to be at hand, bei der Hand sein.
came around me — *assembled around me.*

every shape — *every kind.*

to be daunted, erschrecken.

to sweep down, niederwerfen.

the flinty shower, der Steinregen.

p. 38. in awe — *to a gigantic height.*
 yet to which — *with which compared however.*
 the broadest — *the brightest.*
 forth to ... and ... — *there from the ... to the ...*
 were existing — *were existing with (bei) them.*
 the world beside — *still a world.*
 to fall on, treffen.
 ears — H. 11.
 to subdue, niederbrücken.
 flowing down — *were flowing down (hernieder).*
 the echo, der Widerhall.
 upon (the night) — *through.*
 scattered on the wind, in alle Winde zerstreut.

CHARACTER OF RICHARD I.

to fall to the lot of few, Wenigen zu Theil werden.
 p. 39. in support, zur Durchföhrung.
 (it had been) held — *law.*
 to escape alive, mit dem Leben davonkommen.
 in their default, in deren Ermangelung.
 a prior claim in preference to, das Näherrecht vor.

THE WHITE SHIP.

to have ... acknowledged — *to let ... be acknowledged (Inf. Act.).*
 p. 40. triumphantly — *splendidly.*
 rejoicing — H. 11.
 manned by — H. 8.
 he had chosen — H. 14.
 sailing all night — H. 1.
 of eighteen — *of eighteen years.*
 who bore — *who had.*
 nobles — read: youthful nobles.

p. 41. What time is there — *How much time have we.*
 to be in attendance, sich im Gefolge befinden. H. 8.
 to make merry — *they (man) should make merry.*
 to make merry, sich belustigen.
 were going — *were playing.*
 harder yet — *still faster.*
 The rest of us — *We others.*
 calling for help — H. 1.
 then — *in this moment.*
 I cannot bear — *I cannot bear it.*
 floated — *were swimming upon the water.*
 p. 42. to benumb, erstarrt machen.
 whom they knew to be — *in whom they recognised.*
 aside — *out of the face.*
 Gone — *dead.*
 faintly — *with faint voice.*
 to hold, sich festhalten.
 and got him — *and took him.*
 into his presence — *to him.*
 and never was seen — H. 12.

PRUSSIA.

centuries — H. 11.
 an order of religious knight-hood, ein geistlicher Ritterorden.
 p. 43. to carry on, ausföhren.
 H. 8.
 Being driven — H. 1.
 held it — *possessed it.* H. 5.
 for independence — *to obtain their independence.*
 the right of sovereignty, das Höherrecht.
 to elect, erwählen zu.
 engaging — *and (who) engaged.*
 to engage, sich einlassen.
 to become an early convert, sich früh bekehren.
 to erect into, erheben zu, to raise.

the investiture, das Recht der Investitur.

(the reformed) religion — church. kept possession — kept.

In process — *In the course.*

p. 44. an equality, dieselbe Stufe.

to take one's rank among, in einer Reihe stehen mit.

CRITICAL EXTRACTS: THE POETRY OF WORDSWORTH; HOMER.

to look over — Insep. Verb. operating — H. 1.

and hence, delighting — H. 10.

to deliver up, hingeben.

(the love) of — to.

in doing so — *in doing that.*

H. 1 and 3.

feels that — H. 5.

that poetry can be said — *that it can be said that poetry.*

H. 12 and 9.

to embody, fleiben.

(the sacred) page — *writings.* H. 11.

(to breathe) over — *out of.*

p. 45. we inhabit — H. 14.

to force the way, Bahn brechen.

H. 15.

to emblazon, erglänzen lassen. as if, wie.

wide, rege.

tented shore and masted sea — *the tented shore and the etc.*

to shudder, erzittern machen.

prodigal of, verschwenderisch mit.

(we) look at — *consider.*

are called — H. 12.

p. 46. to pour forth, fingen.

H. 1.

the felicity, der glückliche Zufall. was it — *did it happen.*

apart, getrennt.

to overspread, sich ausbreiten über.

(moulded) into form — *into one form.*

to pronounce an impossibility, als eine Unmöglichkeit bezeichnen. H. 12.

conception, Schöpfung, création.

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY.

crossing — *to cross.*

He desired — *He commanded to, or H. 9.*

they did so — *this happened.*

p. 47. in the rear — *in his back.*

to starve to death, verhungern.

H. 3.

will effect — H. 13.

too much — *as too high.*

to a distance — *a certain distance.*

his escape was narrow, er entsam mit genauer Noth.

was then rising — *was just rising.*

to take round by, auf einem Umwege führen über.

to place, bringen. H. 3.

p. 48. of fifteen — *of fifteen years.*

came to shoot — *wished to shoot.*

fell short of — *did not reach.*

p. 49. to fall back amongst, sich stürzen auf.

down they came, men and horses — *men and horses fell.*

the scene of action — *the battle field.*

to overthrow, zurückwerfen.

p. 50. from age, von Altersschwäche.

to hazard — *to expose to (the) danger.*

to set (an example) — *to give.*

OF THE INTRODUCTION, IMPROVEMENT AND FALL OF THE ARTS OF ROME.

as things — *as on (auf) things.*

as too apt — *which were too apt.*

to take from, *ſchöpfen*.
 in setting off — *to adorn*.
 these began to be furnished
 — H. 12.
 p. 51. earthenware, *Thongut*.
 a rough kind of posts — *a kind
 of rough posts*.
 whose very ruins — *whose
 ruins even*.
 to seek after, *auffuchen*.
 to enter within, *ſchreiten in*.

THE GORILLA.

In — *In the year*.
 a church missionary — *an
 English missionary*.
 negro natives — *native negroes*.
 and there is a very prominent
 ridge above the eyes — *and
 the bone above the eye is very
 prominent*.
 p. 52. are nearer those — *is
 nearer that*.
 of size — *of circumference*.
 at the smallest they are ...
 round — *for at the smallest
 part they have ... in circum-
 ference*.
 destitute of — *without*.
 dimensions — H. 11.
 power of grasp — *strength*.
 to skulk, *bavonſchleichen*.
 to draw up and down, *ſich auf-
 und niederbewegen*. H. 8.
 in quest of — *in order to
 look for*.
 p. 53. dropped — *allowed to
 hang down*.
 to grasp, *ſich anflammern an*.
 he betakes him to — *he throws
 himself upon*.
 to make one's way, *ſich ent-
 fernern*.
 vantage ground — *advantageous
 position*.
 in a (domestic point) — *from a*.
 a natural history collector, ein
Naturforſcher.

p. 54. owing to which — *by
 which*.
 in those regions — *on that part*.
 across the back of his head —
behind the head.
 forward projection, *Neigung
 nach vorn über*.
 to catch, *ablaufen*.

JAMES HARROD OF HARRODSBURG.

marked characteristics, *beſon-
 dere Eigenſchaften*.
 p. 55. to ascertain, *erfahren*.
 showered — *flew*.
 has passed into — *has become*.
 to gain so much upon some-
 body, *Jemandem einen ſolchen
 Vorſprung abgewinnen*.
 fell short — *did not reach him*.
 took to — *run behind a*.
 to fall behind, *zurückbleiben*.
 to sweep down, *hinabſpülen*.
 struck — *came to*.
 p. 56. and had sustained —
*and had kept himself over the
 water*.
 Here was a trial, *hier gab es
 eine ſchwere Prüfung*.
 to think within oneself, *bei
 ſich überlegen*.
 to decide upon his course, *ſich
 zu einer Maßregel entſchließen*.
 to form, faſſen. H. 1.
 which being gained — H. 1 and 6.
 into full view, *gerade vor ihn
 hin*.
 a place of deposit, *eine Nieder-
 lage*.
 by the accident of having —
by having accidentally. H. 3.
 p. 57. good faith, *die Treue*.
 EXILE ONLY AN IMAGINARY EVIL.
 Is it so? *Ist dem ſo?*
 to come to pass — *to come*.
 such numbers — *such a great
 number*.
 countries — H. 11.

to call over, aufrufen.
 the largest (opportunities) —
the best.
 minds, Geister, spirits; Sinne,
 senses. H. 11.
 as not to have — *as that it*
should not contain.
 p. 58. not unartfully — *arti-*
ficially.
 the prejudice of education has
 been with care put on its
 side — *(the) education has*
helped carefully to cultivate
(the) prejudice in its favour.
 have come — *have come thereto.*
 from believing — H. 4.
 p. 59. to cherish, erwärmen.
 to tread, stehen.

PELHAM AT ETON AND CAMBRIDGE.

At ten — *When I was ten.*
 of the day — *of her time.*
 some story — *a story.*
 the time (he stayed) — *the*
time during which.
 which was within a year of —
namely until about a year
before.
 p. 60. the ingredient, die ~~Bürge~~.
 her establishment — *her house.*
 no cringing to — *no fluttery*
towards (gegenüber).
 greater apparent consequence —
apparently greater conse-
quence.
 looked upon as — *taken for.*
 to gratification for himself —
towards his own enjoyments.
 much less — *much smaller.*
 p. 61. to share, Theil nehmen
 an.
 I had been ... acquiring —
I had wanted ... in order to
acquire.
 information, which — H. 6.
 recall — *employ.*
 may think to the contrary —
may say against it.

a fellow commoner, ein Student.
 Trinity — *Trinity College.*
 p. 62. to manage, es wohin
 bringen.
 by the gallon, gallonenweise.
 jockey-cut coats — *coats with*
a jockey cut.
 to ride for wagers, wetten
 (darauf), wer am Schnellsten
 reitet.
 their proudest (glory) — *their*
greatest.
 to leer, äugeln.
 (squeezing) me by the — *me the.*
 the lecture-room, der Hörsaal.
 creditably, ehrenvoll.

THE ANT.

p. 63. will be — H. 13.
 bethought — *resolved.*
 to attract — *to bring.*
 to make up one's mind, seinen
 Entschluß fassen.
 the guess, die Rnthmähung.
 p. 64. to wheedle some one
 out of something, Jemandem
 etwas abschwatzen.
 the chances — H. 11.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

made (to drink) — *obliged.*
 p. 65. unto thy — *to thy.*
 full (scope) — *free.*
 the head, das Kopfenbe.
 notched all over with — *full*
of the notches of.
 to add to — *in order to add*
it to.

p. 66. JAMAICA.

a cane piece — *a cane.*
 on an occasional (favourable
 spot) — *here and there on a.*
 on the roadsides — *on the roads.*
 the provision-ground, der Vor-
 rathsgaßet.
 In additon to this, außerdem.

p. 67. to care for, *hagen*.
 unencumbered — *not covered*.
 (patches) of coffee — *planted with coffee*.
 to plant, *bepflanzen*.
 the characteristic, *die Eigenschaft*.
 it does (also) — *it heightens*.
 of locomotion — *of travelling from one place to the other*.
 sad to say, *es thut mir leid*,
es sagen zu müssen.
 to go to destruction, *zu Grunde gehen*.
 of passage — *to pass, passieren*.
 clustered together — *which stand together*.
 p. 68. which act — *which serve*.
 has departed — *has disappeared*.
 the very name — *even the name*.

ENVY.

p. 62. but — *without that a*.
 however, *wie sehr ... auch*.
 at the mercy — *in the power of*.
 whenever, *so oft*.
 a thousand murmurs — *a thousandfold murmur*.
 familiar, *gewöhnlich*.
 we happen to feel — *we feel somehow*.
 but by — *except by*.
 he perceives — *he sees*.
 to incite, *aufreizen*.
 to advance, *fördern*.
 in time, *mit der Zeit*.
 p. 70. additional fame, *Zuwachs an Ruhm*, *increase of fame*.
 as can — *that it can*.
 to balance, *aufwiegen*.
 the original, *die Entstehung*.
 to remember, *bedenken*.
 that he should resolve — *that he resolves*.

LASSOING THE BUFFALO.

the deepest — *the greatest*.
 He required etc. — *It required much provocation before we could bring him (to it) to resist*.
 p. 71. black — *black colour*.
 starting off ... he made — *he run away ... and made*.
 in the form of — *so that they formed (bildeten) the form of*.
 encircled ... with his lasso — *threw his lasso round*.
 as if anxious to — *as if he should like (mögen) to*.
 to make with, *anrichten unter*.
 any, *irgend welche*.
 a state of Martyrdom, *ein Märtyrerstand*.

p. 72. CHARACTER OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

was brown-haired — *had brown hair*.
 constitution, *Gesichtsfarbe, complexion*.
 composed to — *which expressed*.
 critical, *scharf*.
 the dregs, *der Ausschlag*.
 was his character — *was peculiar to him*.
 to look into, *sehen auf*.
 to disgust, mit Widerwillen erfüllen.
 the error, *der Nachtheil*.
 nor to have — *nor did he like to hear*.
 p. 73. who had the arts of complaisance — *who possessed the art to make themselves agreeable*.
 to set things right, *die Sachen wieder gut machen*.
 to carry something to — *es worin bis zu ... treiben*.
 out of his sight, *fern von ihm*.
 private prayers, *die Hausandacht*.

his being zealous — *his zeal*.
 to meet, erfahren.
 jealousies of, Mißtrauen gegen.
 towards, gegenüber.
 in a great (measure) — *in high*.
 p. 74. remiss, träge.
 a watching over — *to watch over*, überwachen.
 he might give — *in which he gave vent to*.
 easy to, nachsichtig gegen.
 lie (in his way) — *were*. H. 15.
 made it — *made it to himself*.
 entire — *great*.
 to know, kennen lernen.
 in a (course) — *in the*.
 I had (a large) — *I enjoyed*.
 and a free — *and had a free*.
 to use freedom, sich Freiheit herausnehmen.
 (obliged) by — *to*.
 to afford, aufweisen.

p. 75. TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

When I was ... I remember —
I remember ... when I was still.
 sir — not said in German.
 my man — *my boy* (Zunge).
 to get, bringen, or holen.
 I am sure, in der That.
 did I rue the day — *was I to repent it*.
 tired to death, todtmüde.
 (turned to me) with — *with the words*.
 to play the truant, die Schule schwänzen.
 to scud, sich fortmachen.
 in private life — *at home*.
 would set you turning — *would like* (mögen) *to set* (anstellen) *you to turn*.
 to render — *which rendered*.

p. 76. DANTE AND MILTON.

uniformly, durchaus.
 at this distance of time — *after such long time*.

It was — *it came*.
 it twined — *it changed*.
 nature, der Zustand, condition.
 to be said to, sollen.
 to take away from, entziehen (Dat.)
 (the evil) to come — *which there should come*.
 to pour forth, vergießen.
 to set a mark on, brandmarken.
 to hold somebody up by name, Jemanden namentlich bloßstellen.
 p. 77. High spirits, heitere Gemüthsart.
 singularly equable, außerordentlich gleichmäßig.
 in the prime of — *blooming of*.
 which is incident to our nature — *to which our nature is subject*.

ADVANTAGES OF DISCUSSION.

(there must) be discussion —
a discussion take place.
 fact, Thatfachen.
 In the case of any person ...
 how has it become so? —
How has any person ... come into this position?
 to make some approach to knowing the whole of a subject, sich einigermaßen der Kenntniß eines Gegenstandes in seinem ganzen Umfange nähern.
 in carrying it into practice —
in its execution.
 p. 78. being cognisant of all —
as he knows all.

ON WAGES.

from the one working — *because the one works*.
 at keeping accounts — *with the keeping* (führen) *of his books*.

If there were — *If it caused.*
time, der Zeitaufwand.

p. 79. the supply — the number.
(the reason) is — *is this.*

A long time must be spent —
It costs much time.

to turn out, sich herausstellen
als.

the expensiveness of edu-
cation — *an expensive*
education.

a fine (painter) — *a good.*

from their being more limited
in supply — *because their*
number is more limited.

p. 80. There is this kind —
This kind ... takes place.

at whatever wages — *at the*
price which.

to choose, sich gut befinden.
whether, sei es, *be it.*

to leave free, sich selbst über-
lassen.

what he thinks — *for how much*
he thinks (halten).

I am free, es steht mir frei.

p. 81. to do any good, irgend
welchen Vortheil bringen.

farm-labourers — *labourers in*
the country.

happened to be — *was.*

It is worth my while, es scheint
mir vortheilhaft.

the best hands — *the best.*

to raise, bauen.

who would have been glad...

than — *who much rather*
would have worked for less
wages than.

at a higher rate — *better.*

so as to escape the law, ohne
dem Gesetze zu verfallen.

some such — *a similar.*

hardships — H. 11.

p. 82. THE CHARACTER OF CATO.

he was certainly — *we must*
confess that he was certainly.

to measure by, abmessen nach.

H. 1.

the rule, das Gesetz.

to be disappointed of an end,
einen Zweck nicht erreichen.

to seek, erstreben.

private conduct — *private life*
(compound).

banishing — *banished.*

as suggesting — H. 1.

of acting — Verbal noun.

to what — *to that which.*

could control him — *was superior*
to him.

instead of managing ... so as
to mitigate — *instead ... so*
to manage that he mitigated.

so that, with the best etc.
— H. 10.

his general (behaviour) — *ge-*
nerally his.

yet, from — H. 10.

strength of mind — compound.
(weak places) of — *in.*

which, when managed — H. 6.

1. 12.

(would) betray, verleiten. H. 13.

contrary to — H. 8.

to be agreeable to, im Einflange
stehen mit.

which, by — H. 6.

by, nach, according to.

would make — H. 13.

p. 83. ORIGIN OF THE WHITE, THE
RED, AND THE BLACK MEN.

Seminole — *of the Seminoles.*

were erected — *were made.*

setting forth — H. 1 or 8.

begged — H. 5.

the interest he takes — H. 14.

have concluded — H. 5.

It will do, es paßt, or es ist.

will not do — *does not therefore*
suit.

handed down — H. 8 or 1.

he undertook — *he under-*
took it.

to try his hand again — *to make another trial.*

He did so — *He did this.*
he was — *it was.*

p. 84. I call you — *why I call you.*

to live, seinen Lebensunterhalt gewinnen.

working-tools, Handwerkzeug.
H. 11.

without notice — *without regarding them.*

hard, fest.

The white man however — H. 2.
(the box) of — *with.*

his turn came, er kam daran.

I have no choice left, mir bleibt nichts übrig.

he has continued to do — *he did also still now.* H. 6
and 7.

p. 85. without ... knowing — *without that ... knew.*

knew of the matter — *learnt (erfahren) about it was that.*

which he told then was — *of which he told then that it was.*

by knowing — H. 3.

for reading etc. — H. 2.

“WITH BRAINS, SIR.”

a dilettante student, ein studirender Dilettant.

sir — not said in German.

of what — *of that which.*

when asked (such a question) — *when one put to them.*

detailing — *to detail, auseinanderlegen.*

to go to — *to penetrate into.*

to be anxious, gern wollen.

p. 86. to snap one's fingers, mit seinen Fingern ein Schnippen schlagen.

Again — *Another case.*

having been preceded by — *His predecessor had been.*

how to copy — *how one ought to copy.*

Suppose you try — *Try it once.*
at best only, höchstens.

ADVENTURE OF JONES WITH A HIGHWAYMAN.

p. 87. I am a stranger to (the road) — *I do not know.*

to hold a discourse, ein Gespräch führen.

to put in one's word, ein Wort mitsprechen.

as you have — *like you.*

to return (into the pocket), wieder zurückschicken.

p. 88. to make one's escape, entschlüpfen.

no otherwise than — *only.*

to get the better of, überwinden.

run him through the body — *run your sword through his body.* H. 15.

to take the trouble — *to give one's self the trouble.*

p. 89. so to do — *to do it.*

without encountering any mishap — *without that any accident met them.*

LORD CHATHAM ON A PROPOSAL TO EMPLOY INDIANS IN THE WAR.

to have encroached — *to encroach.*

to be called upon, berufen sein.

p. 90. the lawn, das leinene Gewand.

to frown at, mit finstern Unwillen sehen auf.

to send forth, aussenden.

p. 91. this deep — *this great.*

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

moored, vor Anker.

impregnable — *as impregnable.*
on the strength, kraft.

to sweep, durchstreichen.

to bear down, lossegehn.

close battle — *battle*.

p. 92. He showed — *He gave*.
of leading inside — *how one*
could sail into the midst of
(mitten in).

left — *left it*.

to lead the van, das Vorder-
treffen anführen.

to fall — herniebersinken.

might, etwa, *perhaps*.

to fold, einziehen.

rearward — *in the rear*.

to fasten, sich hängen.

(the) very, selbst, *even*.

p. 93. (they had) then, vorher.
blank — *smooth*.

spars — *mast*.

p. 94. A STATE DIFFICULTY.

to carry out — *to take*.

intense — *impenetrable*.

happened to be — *was*.

a perch — *place*.

gloried in — *was full of pleasure at*.

constructively, gewissermaßen.

disloyalty, der Mangel an Unter-
thanentreue.

I say, Hören Sie mal.

p. 95. the checkstring, die
Leine.

jury-reins, Nothzäume.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

unwarily, unbedachtſam.

the increase, die Zunahme.

to require, zwingen.

assiduous in their attendance —
seeking her presence.

making him the present of —
presenting him.

the last extremity, das Aeußerſte.

p. 96. to try an experiment,
einen Versuch machen.

to prevail on, bewegen.

would make this last appeal —
at last would appeal.

much delay — *long delay*.

to fall, verfallen.

to affect, unruhig machen.

the near approach, die An-
näherung.

she never could — *that she never*
could it.

to resign one's self over, sich
überlassen.

to be expressive of — *to express*.

she cared — *she would*.

the chief vent which she gave
to her despondency — *the*
chief-signs by which she gave
vent to her despair.

p. 97. nor — *and that ... not*
even.

SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

you more than — *one not only*.
to have wanted — *to have pos-
sessed no*.

inwards, in sein Inneres.

made him — *caused him to*.

but — *without that*.

p. 98. contemporaries — *as con-
temporaries*.

to equal, gleichstellen.

at the highest, auf dem Höhe-
punkte.

to make love, lieben.

performed — *brought*.

to delight, lieben.

mechanic people, Handwerks-
leute.

(he has) done — *committed*.

to invade, Eingriffe machen in.

p. 99. the idiom, die Eigen-
thümlichkeit.

the greater wit — *the man of*
greater mind.

INDUSTRY AND APPLICATION.

improvement — *application*.

the young, die jungen Leute.

the direction, die Unterwei-
sung.

to acquire habits of industry —
to accustom one's self to application.
 and hope — *and in the hope upon success.*
 from all — *with all.*
 already — *already now.*
 to languish, erschaffen.
 advancing, vorgerückt.
 He who is a stranger to industry — *To whom industry is (a) strange(r).*
 the vehicle, das Lebensprincip.
 of our possessing — *that we possess.*
 fatally powerful — *extraordinarily pernicious.*
 p. 100. (with) death — *perdition.*
 to include, begreifen.
 to saunter away, verschleubern.
 as the relaxation — *as relaxation.*
 the business, die Beschäftigung.
 they become the gulf ... and poison of — *they swallow ... and poison.*

YORICK'S DEATH.

to take his last sight — *to throw a last look upon him.*
 to draw, bei Seite ziehen.
 he was within a few hours of giving — *he would in a few hours give.*
 he summoned up the man within him, er nahm alle seine Kräfte zusammen.
 p. 101. gladly, gern.
 cheering up his voice — *giving to his voice a more cheerful sound.*
 to make, abgeben.
 his right being still etc. — *whilst he still firmly held with his right (hand) that of Eng.*

that ails it — *that could ail it.*
 to give (blows), versetzen.
 to depart, entfliehen.
 something of — *a kind of.*
 a roar, ein lautes Geräusch.
 p. 102. the monumental inscription, die Grabmalinschrift.
 as (denote) — *which.*

THE CHARACTER OF ALEXANDER POPE.

was below himself — *did not show the talent which one ought to have expected from him.*
 wit and humour — *to be witty and humorous.*
 a week at a time — *a whole week.*
 the turn — *the talent.*
 of all the genus irritabile vatum — *of the whole irritable race of bards.*
 he is in fault, er ist Schuld daran.
 the passage, die Stelle.
 in some (degree) — *to a certain.*
 p. 103. letters — *the fine sciences.*
 venture — *venture to pronounce.*
 this piece of classical blasphemy — *this blasphemy against the Classics.*
 he may be supposed to be — *one may suppose that he.*

THE HEBREW RACE.

greatly — *in a high degree.*
 to organize, ins Werk setzen.
 accumulating — *collecting.*
 for (the German) — *what concerns.*
 p. 104. treasure — *money.*
 to apply to, angehen.
 drew to — *brought on (herbeiführen).*
 like myself, meinesgleichen.

and very properly so — *who was it with good right.*
to (my anecdote) — *in order to come upon.*

attended — *came.*

very different ... to, ganz anders ... als.

p. 105. fervent with picture and emotion, glühend von Bildern und geistiger Erregung.

p. 108. to enumerate — *to enumerate it.*

men of fashion, Modemänner.
thrill into raptures — *tremble into ecstasy.*

little (do they) — *hardly.*

BOYISH SCENES AND RECOLLECTIONS.

boyish — *from my childhood.*

yards — *steps, paces.*

the house — *the house which.*

to carry about with us, mit herumtragen.

in (1800) — *in the year.*

the country parts, — die ländlichen Theile.

p. 107. dreary — *lonely.*

fluttered with — *beat violently from (vor).*

to take, ausnehmen.

going ... and not a bad road — *who drove ... the not bad road.*

whisked me — *brought me quickly.*

came rushing — *rushed.*

to look, hinsehen.

to drop, zusammenstürzen.

came to reflect — *reflected.*

what a change — *supply: did I find.*

to go through, durchleben.

how altered — *how altered was.*

p. 108. VIEW OF MEXICO FROM THE SUMMIT OF AHUALCO.

buoyant — *light.*

came on — *came to.*

distance — *every distance.*

in such demand — *which were sought.*

to be abundant, in großer Menge vorhanden sein.

p. 109. rival capital — *compound.*

the vision, der Anblick.

broke on — *showed itself suddenly to.*

when — *where.*

laid low — *cut down.*

however cold — *however cold he may be.*

the emotions — *the feelings.*

the cloudy tabernacle, das Wolkengezelt.

glow — *fire.*

GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.

likewise, dergleichen.

waiting, etc. — *who waited for strangers to entertain them.*

he espied — *he saw.*

p. 110. to grow jealously angry, sich heftig ereifern.

THE COMMITTAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS TO THE TOWER.

The committal to, die Einlieferung in.

not unnaturally, natürlicherweise.

p. 111. a criminal information, eine Criminalklage.

the court of King's bench, das Oberhofgericht.

to enter into recognisances, auf eine Verpflichtung eingehen, sich dem Gerichte zu stellen.

(they) refused — *refused it.*
 to be advised, berichtet sein.
 a case, ein Rechtsfall.
 of libel — *concerning a libel.*
 to choose, es für gut halten.
 a legal question, eine Rechts-
 frage.
 to be guided — *to let themselves*
be guided (Act.)
 legal advice, Rechtskundige,
those who know the law.
 persisted — *persisted thereupon.*
 to be in the habit, pflegen.
 waists — *girdles.*
 p. 112. to see — *to see after it.*
 to be done, geschehen.
 there was such a show of — *one*
saw so much.

FORTUNE NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

p. 113. to place, hinstellen.
 without giving — *without to*
make.
 bad fortune — *misfortune.*
 to grow fond of, lieb gewinnen.
 unfraght — *unknown.*
 to be sure of — *to rely upon.*

THE WORKS OF CREATION.

was in a glow — *glowed.*
 to pass through, durchdringen.
 takes notice of — *mentions.*
 p. 114. to dispose, anordnen.
 to walk, einhergehen.
 he takes his progress, er schreitet
 auf seiner Bahn dahin.
 I believe — *as I believe.*
 to fall into, verfallen auf.
 then, gerade.
 respective, entsprechend.
 a blank, eine leere Stelle.
 as it is possible — *and it is*
possible that.
 the more still — *the greater.*
 p. 115. to travel down, herunter-
 gelangen.
 first — to be left out.

THE RELATIVE VALUE OF GOLD AND SILVER.

greatly, bedeutend.
 relatively, im Verhältniß.
 as to lead us to believe — *that*
they lead us to the belief.
 and the more so, und dies um
 so mehr.
 to meet, entsprechen.
 shadowed forth — *predicted.*

p. 116. THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON IN 1755.

in — *in the year.*
 modern — *more recent.*
 (shaken) from — *in.*
 which are supposed — *of which*
one supposes.
 to be said, sollen.
 to float to, sich erheben auf.
 to be stated, sollen.
 p. 117. to the number of about
 eight or ten thousand per-
 sons — *about eight or ten*
thousand in number.

Off, vor.
 in latitude ... N. — ... *of*
northern latitude.
 (Captain) Clark had his ship —
Clark's ship was.
 to strain, aus den Fugen bringen.
 to throw up, in die Höhe werfen.
 p. 118. to travel, sich fort-
 bewegen.
 was then — *stood then.*
 to commit (havoc), anrichten.
 the introduction, das Ein-
 bringen.
 the supply, der Zufluß.
 to be accomplished, geschehen.

THE BROWNS.

within the memory, im Bereiche
 des Gedächtnisses.
 a the — read: at the.
 p. 119. at all, überhaupt.
 cloth-yard — *three foot long.*
 their lives — *the fate of their life.*

on the whole — *in the whole*.
 the best thing — *the best*.
 are better — *fare better*.
 came to be taken — *should be made*.

WAT TYLER.

had originated in — *was introduced under*.
 was ordered (lassen) — H. 12.
 to charge, belasten, besteuern.
 p. 120. being handled — H. 1.
 killed — H. 5.
 going — H. 1.
 of one — *of a man*.
 a tiler — H. 8.
 struck — H. 5.
 gathering in numbers — *growing in (an) number* — H. 1.
 to stop, anhalten.
 to be true — *to remain true*.
 lying — H. 1.
 dirty-faced — *with dirty faces*.
 noisily — *in their noisy manner*.
 their coming — *that they might come*.
 they terrified them into lowering — *they so terrified (solche Furcht einjagen) them, that they lowered*.
 p. 121. said to be — *of which it is said that it is*. H. 12.
 to set fire to, verbrennen, to burn.
 to throw open — *to open*.
 who was seen — H. 12.
 cup and all — *together with (fammt) the cup*.
 they got (back) — *they went*.
 in the best way — *as well as*.
 rioting away — *with their riot*.
 at a moment's notice, augenblicklich.
 whom they supposed etc. — *of whom they supposed*. H. 9.
 to the number of 60,000 — *60,000 in (an) number*.

coming after them — *of their descendants*.
 any more — *again*.
 they should be pardoned for past offences — *past offences should be pardoned to them*.
 p. 122. to cry out for, schreien nach.
 to make certain, sich vergewissern.
 to go, hingehen.
 he was seen — H. 12.
 to finish some one, Jemandem den Garaus machen.
 a fawner, ein Speichellecker.
 which will find — H. 13.
 higher nature — *more noble nature*.
 Seeing Wat down etc. — *When Wat's people saw that he lay on the ground, they immediately*.
 p. 123. to take by surprise, überraschen.
 he was met by somebody — *somebody met him*.
 the then usual end — *the end which was then usual*.
 all he had said — H. 14.
 DEATH OF TWO LOVERS BY LIGHTNING.
 September 1. — *the first (Acc.) September*.
 a spreading — *a shady*.
 well-set — *well-built*.
 about 25 — *about 25 years old*.
 to bear (labour), verrichten.
 p. 124. of each other — *mutual*.
 It was ... that — H. 16.
 matching to her complexion — *holding to (an) her face to see whether they suited (passen für) her complexion*.
 (sunk) on, gegen.
 to rake together, zusammenraffen.
 all solicitous — H. 8.

those ... hearing — H. 2.
to strike dead, erschlagen.
next to living — *next that so to live.*
done — *done it.*
he has honour, ihm widerfährt Ehre.
was to be — *was that to be.*
the very emanation — *the emanation.*

p. 125. LIFE OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, KING OF SWEDEN.

A.D. 1594 — *in the year 1594 after Christ's birth.*
for, in.

being left — *and was thus left.*
his bordering — *who adjoined him.*
on the North — *in the North.*
to gain on, Vortheile abgewinnen.

Woe be — Woe.

though a child ... is a man — *a child ... is though a man.*
had much of glory — *were very glorious.*

of possibility and credit — *possible and credible.*

with (posterity) — *to.*

he would march — H. 13.

no more (trouble) — *gave him no more.*

of its own accord, von selbst.

p. 126. keeping the clock of his own time — *whilst he reserved to himself to choose the favourable moment.*

to cozen, verleiten.

anger him into it — *bring him by anger into it.*

manners — H. 11.

a short cut — *short work.*

in taking — H. 4.

of yielding — *of surrender.*

p. 127. thereof — *of that.*

the asking of his banns, sein Aufgebot.

him to be — *of him.*

CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU.

his proceedings — *his actions*
either — *be it.*

little short of — *which nearly bordered on.*

It is ... that — H. 16.

this — *he.*

from bringing — H. 3.

p. 128. which we know — *of which we know that they.*

as what — *as something that.*

at worst — *in the worst case.*

not so much as — *not even.*

to cheque, durchweben.

spotted — *had to exhibit single-ones.*

It is ... which. H. 16.

to brave — *to brave him.*

is found — *works.*

led — *led to it.*

of harbouring — H. 3.

unsocial — *without society.*

in reversing — H. 3 or 4.

p. 129. DISCOVERY OF THE HOLY LANCE AT ANTIOCH.

familiar, gewöhnlich.

the distress, die Bedrängniß.

to stop, bannen.

there was — *there lived.*

affected — *pretended.*

p. 130. the ground was opened — *the earth was thrown out.*

the suspense, die Erwartung.

freely — *without hesitating.*

pittance — morsel.

thrown open — *widely opened.*

p. 131. complexion — *kind.*

proclaimed — *declared.*

DISCOVERY OF A COLOSSAL SCULPTURE AT NIMROUD.

the sculpture, das Bildwerk.

to uncover, ausgraben.

the remainder, der übrige Theil.

in admirable preservation — *wonderfully well preserved.*

p. 132. remote, weit hinauf-
reichend.

human-headed — *with human heads.*

at the top, oben.

on catching (the first glimpse) —
as soon as he caught.

to catch the first glimpse, an-
sichtlich werden.

anticipated — *foresaw.*

It was — *It lasted.*

to prevail upon, bewegen.

p. 133. EFFECTS OF THE DEATH
OF NELSON.

Effects — *the consequences.*

to start, zusammenfahren.

to turn pale — *to become pale.*

to take into the account of,
berücksichtigen bei.

at an end, als zu Ende.

to defeat, schlagen.

to contemplate, denken an.

posthumous, nach dem Tode
ertheilt.

p. 134. to be in existence,
existiren.

the course of nature, der ge-
wöhnliche Lauf der Dinge.

good old — *very high.*

the martyred patriot — *the
patriotic martyr.*

the translation, die Himmel-
fahrt.

HOUSES AND FURNITURE OF THE
NOBLES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

well-sized, geräumig.

generally speaking — *in general.*
beyond, dahinter.

p. 135. by men — *by possessors.*
few can be traced higher —

*to few can be ascribed an
older origin.*

such — *so great.*

advance or decline — *the rising
or sinking.*

than — *than through.*

which had been missed by —
which had escaped.

not a glimpse, keine Ahnung.
into (a country), nach.

furnish — *make.*

glazed windows — *glass win-
dows.*

a lancet-shaped window, ein
Spitzbogenfenster.

p. 136. the period — *the time.*
the furniture, die Habe, pro-

perty.

as late as, und zwar erst unter.
domestic buildings, Wohnhäuser.

as soon as — *so early as under.*
libraries — *collections.*

for the table, bei Tisch.

to remain, übrig sein.

A.D. — *after Christ's birth.*

in 1572 — *from the year 1572.*

the provision, die Ausstattung.

p. 137. to be lodged, wohnen.

a farm-house, eine Meierei.

there has been a change, eine
Veränderung ist vor sich ge-
gangen.

(division) of — *in.*

the early part — *the beginning.*

the cottager, der Rothfasse.

MILTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

that I — *and that I.*

to note for deformity, als miß-
gestaltet kennzeichnen.

Yet, what — *Yet, what would
be thereby.*

the same — *even so.*

to think oneself quite a match,
sich durchaus für gewachsen
halten.

the injury, die Verletzung.

p. 138. to affect, beeinträchtigen.
which it behoves every one

to be prepared to endure — *to
the endurance of which every-*

body ought to be prepared.

which may — H. 6.

to choose rather, lieber wollen.
 — period — time.

THE CZAR PETER IN ENGLAND
 IN 1698.

the relation of, der Bericht über.
 the Czar's coming out of —
that the Czar left.

p. 139. soon — easily.
 to be affected — to suffer.
 the measure, die Fällse.
 to be mechanically turned,
 Anlagen zu mechanischen Fertigkeiten haben.

he designed — he intended to
 build.

to travel — upon travels.
 that way — in this regard.
 I cannot but, ich kann nicht
 umhin.

to raise up, erheben.
 to be mindful, gedenken.
 p. 140. put — thrown.
 to have stayed — to tarry.
 all round, um ganz ... herum.
 far from, weit davon entfernt.
 the tenderness, die Milde.

FROM A MOORISH LEGEND.

opened — came.
 to break forth, erschallen.
 p. 141. to seek, auffuchen.
 to be taken up in, geweiht
 sein (Dat.).
 by the heels — on the feet.
 (to trouble one's self) with, um.
 the whole of them — all.
 to attend to, besorgen.
 to follow pursuits, Geschäften
 obliegen.
 to examine into, prüfen.
 a citizen of the world — com-
 pound.
 p. 142. he remained ... per-
 plexed — he remained ... in
 doubt as before.
 there was — arose.
 to balk of, betrüben um.

nestled it in his bosom —
caressed it.
 sat — sat there.
 can I — can I it.

COUNSEL TO YOUNG LADIES.

p. 143. Sallies, spöttische Re-
 denarten.
 ill-looking — ugly.
 to laugh at, belächeln.
 to applaud, mit Beifall auf-
 nehmen.
 a famous Persian scholar —
celebrated by his learning in
(the) Persian.
 to set to, anfangen.
 to gather together, versammeln.
 met — came under.
 to stop (the nose), zuhalten.
 p. 144. to be equal, gleichen.
 to approve, loben.
 on his way, seines Weges.
 It gave — it caused.
 home — to heart.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CITY OF MADEIRA.

be it remembered — H. 12.
 strictly, durchaus.
 p. 145. to choose, es für gut
 befinden.
 the fountain sides — the sides
 of the fountains.
 topmost — highest.
 the fare, der Passagier.
 to demand charity, um Almosen
 bitten.
 indifferently — without dif-
 ference.
 the majordomo, der Haushof-
 meister.
 of whatever calling — of
 whatever calling you may be.
 tended — tended to it.
 p. 146. practice — business.
 more especially, ganz besonders.
 anything but — nothing less
 than.

disposition — *character*.
it is impossible but — *one must*.

THE LORD HELPETH MAN AND
BEAST.

p. 147. corner — *corner of the earth*.
among — *to*.
beneath it — *in it*.
in order that, damit.

p. 148. THE STORY OF A DISABLED
SOLDIER.

than — *than the one*.
held up — *held up to us*.
to enlarge upon something in
tones of declamation, sich mit
beffamatorischem Tone über
etwas auslassen.
to be conscious, sich bewußt
sein.
to sympathize, Theilnahme em-
pfinden.
There is — *there lies in it*.
to encourage — *who encourage*
him.
for our — H. 15.
exalted — *high*.
p. 149. fellows, Mitmenschen.
gazers on — *spectators of*.
entertain — *endure*.
to what — *with that which*.
I knew him etc. — H. 9.
to think proper, sich gut halten.
master — *my good Sir*.
to go through, durchmachen.
thank Heaven — *to Heaven be*
thank.
to be put upon the parish,
der Gemeinde zur Last gelegt
werden.
a wandering sort of a man —
a sort of wandering man.
p. 150. at all, gar.
they fixed me — *they gave me*
a fixed abode.
to know — *to learn*.
an easy kind of — *an easy*.

in the day — *of the day*.
had my ... provided — *was*
provided with.
what of that — *what had that*
to say.

I had the liberty of — *I was*
allowed to run about in.
to bind out, verbingen.
crossing — *running over*.
what will you have on't —
what must (Imperf.) come,
came.

breed, seed and generation —
parents, descent and family.
the sessions, die Gerichtssitzung.
up to London to Newgate —
to Newgate in London.

p. 151. as ever I was in —
as any one in which I ever ...
was.

put — *brought*.
to bind, ausbingen.
as in duty bound to do — *as*
it was my duty.

to go down — *to go*.
about (the town) — *in*.
desired me — *summoned me*.
I had my choice left — *the*
choice was left to me.
the post, die Eigenschaft, *quality*.
to serve (campaigns), mit-
machen.

here — *there*.
(to make somebody) a — *to*
the.

it was not my good fortune —
I was not so fortunate.

to have a promotion, avanciren.
p. 152. the sea-business, das
Seewesen.

was about — *did*.
but that — *if not*.
into (a place), nach.
for my part — *what concerned*
me.

nothing to me — *nothing extra-
ordinary*.

seasoned — *accustomed to it*.

with ... about me — *wrapped up in.*

if I lend a hand — *to lend a hand* (beihilflich sein) *thereby.*
to do his business, ihn abfertigen.

about his middle, mitten um seinen Leib.

(been) here — *upon the sea.*

to run our chance — *to venture it with him.*

p. 153. to it we went — *we went at* (losgehen auf) *him.*

to have left behind, übrig haben.
it has gone hard with him, er ist übel gefahren.

by good fortune, glücklicherweise.

my chance — *my fortune.*

in (admiration) — *full of.*

I can not avoid, ich kann nicht umhin.

AN AMERICAN CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

the experience, die Praxis.

sent him — *prescribed to him.*
the measure, das Mittel.

p. 154. and used — *who used.*
to feel disappointed, betrübt sein.

He became so much interested —

His interest for her grew so.
to be married, sich verheirathen.
to sink, erliegen.

to acquiesce in, zugeben.

the propriety, die Verständigkeit.
he continued (to improve) — *his health* (Zustand) *continued.*

to be anxious, sehr gern wollen.

A LADY CURED OF POLITICAL AMBITION.

to turn to, vornehmen.

to be gratified, Genugthuung finden.

p. 155. venture — *venture it.*

conversational and political influence — *by their mind influence in society and politics.*
which — *as it.*

Between ourselves — *Said between ourselves.*

I suspect — *I think.*

be that as it may, sei dem, wie ihm wolle.

to be conscious, sich bewußt sein.

deep — *add: it may be.*

embassy — *affairs of state* (compound).

a (notion) — *the.*

p. 156. to bear to see, mit ansehen.

to snuff up, einsaugen.

this is what would be called —
H. 16 and 12.

too strong etc. — *too strong as that feeble women could bear it.*

To my face — *that to my face.*
H. 15.

prove — *prove it.*

to speak on, fortfahren.

in a rival salon — *in the salon of a rival.*

the she, das Frauenzimmer.

p. 157. for my good — *to my best.*

kept — *followed.*

from that day to this, bis zum heutigen Tage.

knew — *learnt.*

GREAT IDEAS.

immense, ungeheuer.

to seize on, begreifen.

and he has — *so has he.*

than has — *than it has.*

to visit, besuchen.

p. 158. histories — *never used in the plural in German.*

the record, der Bericht.

the amount, die Masse.

of which etc. — *whose foundation ... that knowledge* (pl.) is.

THE PATRIOT KING.

Governors — *Regents*.
to appoint, einsetzen.
to do so — *to execute this*.
the collective body, der gesammte Staatskörper.
(can be) tasted — *enjoyed*.
p. 159. to stand in competition with one another, sich gegenseitig den Rang abzulassen bestreben.
spoils — *robbed things*.

the diminution, die Schmälerung.
(restraint) on — *of* | far different, ganz ander.
conspiring — *contributing*.
to be a trust — *as a trust*.
to no more than — *only to that, which*.
sole, alleinig.
would have it believed — *will make believe*.
p. 160. took it — *took this crown*.
whether (expressed) — *whether those conditions were*.
to imply, stillschweigend voraussetzen.
to any good purpose — *what regards the good purpose*.

PART II.

POOR DIGGS.

p. 161. The quarter to etc. — *The ringing of the bell indicated that it was a quarter to ten*.
the specimen, das Exemplar.
of boyhood — *of boy*.
the tail, der Schwanz.
to warn off, abschrecken.
in no time, augenblicklich.
to resist appearances — *to resist the influence of external appearances*.
p. 162. to himself — *own*.
to be drawn towards, hängen an.
household goods, Möbel.
for the time being — *which he possessed at the time*.
the lot, der Posten, die Nummer.
one — *one shilling*.
the baize, der Fries.
a paper case, eine Papiermappe.
much the worse for wear, durch den Gebrauch sehr abgetragen.

of how to get — *how they could get to it*.
beggars — *fellows*.

p. 163. HEROISM OF A MINER.

the assistant, der Gehülfe.
at the top — *above*.
to manage, schaffen.
to break — *to make*.
horrible to relate — *I write it with horror*.
the windlass man — *the man at the windlass*.
to bruise, verletzen.
what — *what has become*.

DOTHEBOYS HALL BREAKS UP FOR EVER.

very recently, ganz kürzlich.
p. 164. minor — *more subordinate*.
to pull (hair), zerzausen.
aggravating, schlimm, bad.

rendering himself a great comfort — *and behaving himself to the great comfort.*

to confront, sich stellen vor.
to snatch off, abreißen.
to offer, üben.

forced — *brought by force.*
clustered, zusammengebrängt.
to rush, hereinstrizen.

What's to do, was ist los.

p. 165. to hurt, mißhandeln.
to hurrah, hurrah schreien.

look out — *pay attention.*

the walls had echoed — *it had echoed from the walls.*

were destined to — *should.*

(respond) to — *to (auf) it.*

CONVERSATION OF A COMPANY OF EPHEMERÆ.

sweet — *agreeable.*

skeletons — *skins.*

to happen to see, zufällig sehen.

to (the study) — *in.*

through (curiosity) — *out of.*

make — *understand.*

broken, abgerissen.

one a — *of which one was a.*

regardless of, unbestimmt um.

p. 166. to put down in writing — *to write down.*

there was some — *there existed a certain.*

to all — *to the whole.*

(it must) then — *there.*

continue — *live.*

above ... longer — *still longer than.*

which I ... to enjoy — *as*

I ... to enjoy it.

to engage, bewideln.

my compatriot inhabitants — *my countrymen, the inhabitants.*

p. 167. how small — *how small is.*

they say — *which, as they say.*

to (an) — *for.*

the pursuit, die Bestrebung.

solid — *true.*

in meaning well — *with good intentions.*

lady — *female.*

now and then, bann und wann.

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.

to live, fortleben.

can live on long — *can long live on.*

we refuse — *we will not.*

to perish, dahinsterben.

to remember be but to lament — *the remembrance would be only a lamenting.*

p. 168. crushed — *broken.*

to soften away, milbern.

fond regrets, inniges Bedauern.

and not feel a compunctious throb — *without feeling one's heart beat repentingly.*

mouldering — *changing into dust.*

added a sorrow — *caused a sorrow more.*

(added) a furrow to the silvered brow — *the forehead surrounded by silver-white hair increased by one furrow (die Falte).*

to venture in, anvertrauen.

(Dat. of Pers.).

generously, rüchhaltslos.

given — *caused.*

p. 169. thronging upon thy memory, Dein Gedächtniß bestürmend.

about — *over.*

take warning — *be warned.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE DIVERSIONS OF THE COURT AT LILLIPUT.

in ridicule of — *in order to make ridiculous.*

country shows — *the spectacles of the country.*

for — *in regard to (auf).*

extended — *which was.*

to desire, sich ausbitten.

patience — *permission*.

This diversion etc. — *With this diversion only those persons occupy themselves.*

liberal — *good*.

to entertain — *to be allowed to entertain.*

p. 170. This is supposed —

People believe this alludes.

principal (secretary) — *first.*

in my — *according to my.*

to be attended, verbunden sein.

to be on record, erwähnt werden.

to receive (a fall) — *to suffer.*

There is — *They have.*

of six (inches) — *six.*

I have not observed the least resemblance of — *I have not seen them even only in the least resembling.*

parallel to the horizon — *equally high from the ground.*

p. 171. to creep under something, unter etwas fortziehen.

to advance, vorwärts bewegen.

to depress, nach unten bewegen.

he has it entirely to himself,

er thut es ganz allein.

girt, geschlungen.

the middle — *the middle of the*

body.

ACCORDANCE BETWEEN THE SONGS OF BIRDS AND THE DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF THE DAY.

aspects etc. — *times* (compound).
the propriety, die Angemessenheit.

the aspect, der Zustand.

at which — *during which.*

to the greatest advantage, am
vorteilhaftesten.

to be impressed, durchdrungen
werden.

to rise, entstehen.

a variety, eine bunte Schaar.

p. 172. now and then — *here and there.*

the vocal exertions — *the exertions of the voice.*

his inferiors in sound — *those who are inferior to him in sound.*

to be inferior, nachstehen.

we see — *we see then.*

to pour forth, erschallen.

to charming advantage — *enchantingly beautiful.*

sets him to — *brings him into.*

to close — *let us close.*

to send forth, erschallen lassen.

to tend, geeignet sein.

to be adapted to, übereinstimmen mit.

bear — *have.*

in harmonizing — *to make harmonious.*

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

p. 173. take (the hint) — *understand.*

So — *When therefore.*

and they — *and these.*

to close up, sich nähern.

to be in the act, dabei sein.

p. 174. came — *fell.*

The shock — *This shaking.*

the dreaminess, der träumerische

Zustand.

there was — *I had.*

like what — *like to that what.*

carnivora, Raubthiere.

the back of the head, der Hinterkopf.

a flint one, eine Flinte.

to take effect, seine Wirkung thun.

must have been — *must have happened in.*

his paroxysm of dying rage —
*the attack of rage (Wuth-
anfall) of his death.*

to crunch, zermalmen.

THE RESIGNATION OF THE EMPEROR
CHARLES V.

the transaction, die Handlung.
p. 175. as might leave — *that it should leave.*

his queen — *his consort.*

the chair of state — *the throne.*
in calling — *at (bei) the calling together of.*

to call together, zusammenberufen.

the instrument etc., die Acte (form a compound).

in hand — *in his hand.*

to recount, herzsählen.

(of his) age — *life.*

the indulgence, die Befriedigung.

p. 176. by sea, zur See.

to be equal, gewachsen sein.

in any degree — *anyhow.*

to be fond of, veressen sein auf.

as to — *that he should like to.*

to wear out, aufreiben.

to add to, vereinigen mit.

during — *in.*

amidst — *by.*

to implore, bitten um.

to retain, bewahren.

sense — *feeling.*

to carry along with him, mitnehmen.

to pour forth, ausschütten.

says he — *said he.*

made such large additions — *added so much.*

some regard would have been due — *you would have owed some regard.*

when — *where.*

With these I dispense — *These I remit (erlassen) to you.*

p. 177. when (you shall) — *where.*

address — *speech.*

ready — *was upon the point.*

with the fatigue of — *from fatigue after.*

the fatigue, die Mattigkeit.

to afford, übrig lassen.

to be seated, gelegen sein.

p. 178. the apartment, die Wohnung.

the accommodation, die Aufnahme.

such, dergartig.

to be hung, tapeziert sein.

into (a garden), nach ... zu.

PHETON.

estate — *age (compound).*

enslaved to — *were slaves of.*

such — *of that kind.*

p. 179. discovered — *found.*

slavery to — *dependence of.*

that (each) — *according to which.*

lest — *that.*

to prey upon, berauben.

all the (more), desto.

gave — *gave of it.*

man and man — *men.*

as of ... to — *as between ... and.*

most truly, durchaus wahrhaftig (Adj.).

they are, — read: they are.

to sink to the level of — *to become equal to.*

to pass down, überliefern.

if he were to ask — *if he asked.*

seeing — *for we see.*

to take to be, sich denken.

to do well, gedeihen.

p. 180. THE INEQUALITY OF MANKIND.

a fashionable topic — *an object of conversation, which was in fashion.*

(observation) by — *of.*

by himself — *alone.*

very much — *in (a) high degree.*

to analyze, untersuchen.

good for nothing, nichts nütze.

to be made up, zusammengesetzt sein.

each — of *each*.
 as money will — *as money*.
 call it — *say*.
 to get, verschaffen.
 p. 181. other things being equal — *under equal circumstances*.
 to be productive of, erzeugen.
 the wrong side — *the side which was wrong*.
 to muster up, aufstreiben.
 Why, now there is — *There you have for example*.
 this town a — *in this town as a*.
 to bring, vorbringen.
 p. 182. Were that to be — *if this were*.
 tends greatly — *contributes much*.
 upon an equality — *equal*.
 LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON.
 to acknowledge a letter, den Empfang eines Briefes anzeigen.
 you know — *as you know*.
 to be established, aufgehoben sein.
 p. 183. being thoroughly known — *to know them profoundly*.
 Whether, gleichviel ob.
 everything — *all in all*.
 give you a habit — *accustom you to it*.
 the ornamental parts — *the parts serving as ornament*.
 unadorned solidity, ungeschmückte Grundsichtigkeit.
 to do in, ausrichten, hinreichen für.
 no matter — *does nothing to the thing*.
 p. 184. A SCIENTIFIC DOG.
 to give, angeben.
 near, in der Nähe.
 a country village — *a village in the province*.

to wrap up, mit Bandagen umwickeln.
 At length his paw etc. — *When at length his paw began to pain him*.
 to pay attention, Aufmerksamkeit zuwenden.

PARALLEL BETWEEN CROMWELL AND NAPOLEON.

has struck — *has filled*.
 p. 185. the excess, die Uebertretung.
 the same — *were the same*.
 there can be no — *one cannot draw an*.
 far (unlike) — *quite*.
 to fix — *to place*.
 coming — *stepping forth* (auftreten).
 to give way — *to give themselves up*.
 popular — *universal*.
 p. 186. quick in — *easily inclined to*.
 the moral, die Lehre.
 the prodigiousness, die ungeheure Größe.
 recovering — *feeling again*.
 the parallel, das Ebenbild.

LEARNING BY HEART.

happy music — *beautiful harmony*.
 feel (admirable) — *find*.
 to give, widmen, to devote to.
 do (theirs) — *do it with*.
 p. 187. of time — *of the world*.
 altogether, durchaus.
 to give, verwenden (auf), to employ.
 once given — *add: to it*.
 into (possession) — *into our*.
 better far, bei weitem besser.
 to win from, einnehmen gegen, to dispose against.
 the self-congratulation, das Selbstlob.

to stale upon — *to become insipid with.*

that time when — *the age in which.*

the committing to memory, das Auswendiglernen.

a matter of course, eine Sache, die sich von selbst versteht.

to presume, vorgeben.

p. 188. to suggest, erwarten lassen.

stock pieces, allbekannte Stücke.

THE GEYSIRS.

along which we skirted — *on whose margin we went along (entlang gehen).*

we began to see — *we at last saw.*

a piece of sloping ground, ein Abhang.

under — *at the foot of.*

to become fixed, sich heften.

I felt — *I was.*

hill face — *slope of the hill.*

very, gerade, just (Adv.).

set off — *run.*

By the time — *When.*

to get a rise out of somebody, sich auf Jemandes Kosten lustig machen.

All that is ... is — *It is only.*

p. 189. the very edge — *till close to the edge.*

to disagree, Unwohlsein verursachen.

of mingled pain and rage — *of pain mingled with rage.*

to chuck in, hineinwerfen.

nature — *his nature.*

by the time we were — *when we arrived.*

three days', dreitägig (Adj.).

start to our feet — *jump up.*

p. 190. jerking, ruckweise, stoßweise.

crests — *tops.*

to hold its own, es anshalten.

a broken purpose, ein unterbrochenes Vorhaben.

the features, die Momente. sun-lit, sonnen erleuchtet.

OF WILHELM MEISTER.

so many — *with so many.*

rhetoric, der rhetorische Aufwand.

A very provoking etc. — *A book which very much provokes the curiosity.*

p. 191. the award, die Zuerkennung.

to embody, verkörpern.

dignified, würdig.

at a rate — *in such a measure.*

the convention, die Höflichkeit. fountain — *origin.*

the rendering, die Spendung.

to the human race — *which can be rendered (erzeugen) to the human race.*

to answer to, hören auf.

extreme — *with the greatest.*

the impurity, das Laster.

were disgusted — *were filled with disgust.*

crammed with — *full of.*

the persons etc. — *the persons are so ... so that the book.*

what good — *as much good ... as.*

assured — *in the conviction.*

PUNISHMENT OF A SPY.

p. 192. full — *in their whole fullness.*

the romance, die Romantik.

detached, einzeln bestehend.

waving with — *on which moved themselves.*

into his presence, vor ihm.

to keep out of his sight, aus seinen Augen entfernen.

summons — *command.*

from which she — *but she.*

coming — *they come.*

the agony of spirit, die Todes-
angst.

ecstasy of — greatness of his.
p. 193. to compress, zusam-
menpressen.

to be taking their last look
of — to throw a last look
upon.

deepest — highest.

whom he swore he loved — of
whom he swore that he loved
him.

if it were — even if it were.
this wretched petitioner for —
this wretch who begged for.
long descended — those of old
stem.

I ever — I still.

p. 194. in momentary ex-
pectation of sharing — in the
expectation every moment to
share.

the mortal agony, die Todes-
angst.

to splash, platschen.

to watch, aufpassen.

to guard lest, extricating him-
self ... he might have —
whether perhaps he made
himself loose ... and.

securely, fest.

without effort — without making
an effort.

settled calmly — became again
calm.

the unit of that life — this one
life.

GRACE DARLING; THE HEROINE OF THE SEA.

to give, versehen.

proceeding — sailing.

to be wrecked, Schiffbruch
leiden.

from, von ... aus.

to intervene, dazwischenlaufen.
the breaker, die Sturzwelle.

survivors of — men who had
survived.

to scramble, kriechen.

temporary, gegenwärtig.

p. 195. to drench, durchnässen.
he stopped, er hielt sich damit
auf.

the chance, die Möglichkeit.

to catch sight of, erblicken.

got out — shoved into the sea.

to some — a.

bring — bring it.

the lee, die Windseite.

exploit — deed.

the print, das Rattunkeid.

the self-consideration, die In-
betrachtziehung seiner selbst.

p. 196. to possess, sich bemäch-
tigen (Gen.).

LORD BACON.

prescient, prophetisch.

foresight — foreseeing spirit.

to contemplate, denken an.

embalming — making immortal.

of its own — for itself.

to exult in, frohlocken über.

appreciated with — read with
enjoyment at the side of.

unequal, nicht gewachsen.

mortified, niedergeschlagen.

the essay, die Abhandlung.

current — read.

come home — touch (Acc.)

bosoms — feelings.

to hope to find etc. — to ex-
pect that a vast (großartig) ...
should be also a writer.

p. 197. to enter into, eingehen
auf.

NELSON AND HARDY.

illustrations of naval daring —
bold deeds on the sea.

to experience great difficulty —
to find it very difficult.

a feature of novelty — a new
feature.

the inciting cause — *the cause*.
 to a display of — *to display*.
 more conspicuously — *in a still higher degree*.
 in the cause — *for the welfare*.
 a first-rate, ein Linienſchiff erſter Klaſſe.
 boasting, rühmlich.
 Captain — *under Captain*.
 to get under weigh, unter Segel gehen.
 gaining on — *sailing faster than*.
 as to — *about*.
 p. 198. taking a view of — *observing*.
 there was no doubt of ... gaining on — *without doubt ... approached*.
 threw — *brought*.
 deeper — *greater*.
 before — *when*.
 late, von vorhin, of a little while ago.
 astern of — *behind*.
 recover — *save*.
 the fallen man — *the man fallen into the water*.
 to that effect — *to indicate this*.
 the headmost ship of the chase, das vorberſte der jagdmachenden Schiffe.
 within, auf.
 of the Minerve — *the Minerve*.
 p. 199. No sooner said than done, geſagt gethan.
 to carry down towards, zu führen. (Dat.)
 it would appear — *as it appeared*.
 who, surprised ... must — *who was surprised ... and must*.
 to confound, ſtutzig machen.
 to be an equal match for, gewachſen ſein. (Dat.)
 on board of her — *on board*.

in our wake — *behind us*.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN LONDON IN 1750.

the text, das Motto.

p. 200. to go towards, dazu beitragen.

overstocked — supply: *with them*.

to spring up, ſich erheben.

so slight — *one so slight*.

to doze, einſchlummern.

to get from, hervortreiben.

frightened, etc. — *from fear beside himself*.

to fling up, aufreißen.

to do (mischief), anrichten.

felt, erlebt.

to be frightened, ſich fürchten.

can't help going — *must go*.

was on — *was that on*.

being — *taking place*.

into White's — *to White's coffee-house*.

to lay bets on, darauf wetten.

scandalized, entrüſtet.

I protest — *Truly*.

puppet-show, etc. — *whether it be a puppet-show or the last (jüngſt) judgment*.

literally — *really*.

adds to — *increases*.

p. 201. is, that, etc. — *is this: because the second shock happened etc.*

it prevails — *the opinion reigns universally*.

(will) be — *take place*.

another month — *a month later*.

to keep, begehren or abhalten.

who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House — *who had supped at Bedford House and had remained there late*.

the other night, neulich Abends.

prevails so much — is so universal.

these three — the last three.

to remove, sich begeben.

that is — that means.

out of doors, im Freien.

all to-night — the whole next night.

are of — belong to.

on purpose, absichtlich.

I (suppose) — as I.

p. 202. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

the manner, die Behandlungsweise.

which may be said, etc. — of which one may say that it approaches.

unbends — turns himself.

his own — peculiar to him.

the ornament, die Ausschmückung.

the colloquial plainness, die

Einfachheit der Unterhaltungssprache.

it is — it is done (geschähen).

There is ... in — We find with.

(choice) of — in.

than (would) — even more than.

There is — There lies.

careless — unfiled.

roughness — rough exterior.

for sustaining it — in order

to execute it with them.

the association, der Anfang.

p. 203. CHARACTER OF HENRY VIII.

Left — Left to himself.

trying — dangerous.

with his character, etc. — whilst

his character was still unformed.

far his senior — considerably

older than he.

through (England) — in the

whole of.

to him — towards him.

unfailing — unweakened.

habit — life.

we are not left to — we need not.

the perception, die Abfassung.
an irresistible vigour of purpose

— their purpose with irresistible vigour.

In addition to this — To this.

p. 204. ability — mind.

to form, gründen.

was among — belonged to.

the construction, die Einrichtung.

no more — not older.

order — degree.

highest (stretch) — widest.

In private, im gewöhnlichen Umgange.

though never undignified —

though always dignified.

considerate, rücksichtsvoll.

into — after.

as a consequence, in Folge dessen.

He had the splendid tastes —

he loved the brilliant pleasures.

substantially — in the most essential.

acted out — followed.

p. 205. to take to be, halten für.

(to see) that — after that, that.

that they had yet rather, etc.

— that they rather be saved than lost.

if it were not, es wäre denn.

allow him the benefit of —

regard (berücksichtigen) ... to his advantage.

career — life.

to be careful, dafür sorgen.

to bear oneself through, durchmachen.

forced — brought.

the collision, die Collision.

of (discipline) — of the proper.

p. 206. unbroken — uninterrupted.

of control — of every control.

serious — great.

about him — adhering (an-

haften) to him.

by the condition, *fract.* (Prep.)

THE STARLING.

to blacken, *schwarz darstellen.*
 she (overlooks) — *and she.*
 to unbarricade, *entriegeln.*
 tyrant of a — *tyrannical.*
 heyday — *middle.*

(I took) to be — *for that.*
 further attention — *regarding it further.*

In my return back — *At my return.*

twice over — *twice.*

I stood looking — *I remained standing and looked.*

it ran — *it ran to meet (entgegen).*

towards — *on.*

cost — *cost it.*

turned about — *walked round.*

p. 207. there was no getting,
 etc. — *that one could not get it open (aufbekommen).*

as if — *as if he were.*

I vow — *I vow it.*

I never had my affections —
my sympathy never was.

to awake, *erregen.*

where the dissipated spirits,
 etc. — *at which my dissipated spirits, which had befooled (zum Narren haben) my reason, so suddenly perceived their error.*

true to nature, *naturgetreu.*

in tune — *in their tune.*

up-stairs, *die Treppe hinauf.*

ON HUMAN GRANDEUR.

near — *in the neighbourhood of.*

lived at the sign of, etc. —
had the king of France on his sign.

in turn — *again.*

vulgar admiration — *the admiration of the vulgar people.*

I am led — *I feel myself inclined.*

p. 208. to find — *to see.*

the acclamation, *die Beifallsbezeugung.*

the very next — *already the next day.*

fixed — *stuck.*

to save, *auffparen.*

puny, *feinsich.*

in detail, *im Einzelnen.*

paints — *describes something.*

equally, *gleicherweise.*

forward, *entgegen.*

are shouted in their train —
receive the shouts of acclamation (das Beifallsgeschrei) of those who are in their train.

no times — *no times were.*

To such — *At (bei) such.*

bustling, *geschäftig.*

to halloo, *schreien.*

with scarce ... left — *without even scarcely leaving.*

to flatter — *which flattered them.*

that I can — *so much I can.*

p. 209. RISE AND DECLINE OF THE STYLE OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.

the rise, *die Hervollkommenung.*

the decline, *die Ausartung.*

to correct, *beredeln.*

polished, *abgeschliffen.*

(spread) through, *über.*

condensed, *gedrängt.*

of Queen — *of the time of Queen.*

to do — *to accomplish.*

to have been possessed of —
to have possessed.

to outgo, *darüber hinausgehen.*

considerably, *bedeutend.*

the temper, *die Stimmung.*

accordingly, *daßer.*

infinite, *außerordentlich.*

the manner, *die Schreibweise.*

p. 210. untutored, ungebildet.
go far — *be almost sufficient.*
to retain, behaupten.

and, recommended as it was,
etc. — *and as it moreover*
recommended itself by the
happy choice with which they
executed it.

to depart, abgehen.

so (lately), erst.

provincial — *in the provinces.*
the people at large — *the*
whole people.

like — *that was like (gleich-*
kommen) to.

business — *style.*

the extinction, das Erlöschen.

the altar must be heaped with
fuel — *fuel must be heaped*
upon the altar.

p. 211. fastidiousness — *fasti-*
dious manner.

began and ended — *the be-*
ginning and the end of.

elaborate, gefeilt.

fluency — *flowing along (dahin)*
of the language.

fit, geeignet.

to discredit, entfräften.

order — *kind.*

apparent, klar.

the thinking, die Denkfungsart.

p. 212. to pervert, auf Abwege
leiten.
the dogmatism, das gebieterische
Wesen.

the reasoning, die Verstandes-
operation.

SUFFERINGS DURING THE SIEGE OF GENOA.

won — *won for them.*

under — *at the foot of.*

very extremity — *most extreme*
end.

the point of chief importance
— *the most important point.*

till — *before.*

hopeless — *without hope.*

as Genoa — *as that by Genoa.*
its very — *just its.*

held out . . . a — *gave . . . the.*
to reduce, zur Uebergabe zwin-
gen.

to derive, beziehen.

the naval commander-in-chief.

der Oberbefehlshaber zur See.
the assistance of — *help with.*

p. 213. to draw upon, an-
greifen.

open to the full range, etc. —
enjoys the southern sun in its
whole course (Kreislauf).

to cut up, abschneiden.

it was possible — *one could*
possibly.

the roadside, die Landstraße.

in the first place — *before all*
things.

lingering, schleichen.

starved to death — *died the*
death of hunger.

p. 214. PERSONAL TRAITS OF GEORGE II. AND QUEEN CAROLINE.

ingredients — *circumstances.*

to form, hervorruhen.

taking all his notions from —
judging everything according
to.

to whose temper — *to whom.*

a stranger, fremd. (Adj.)

I dare say — *probably.*

whatever good — *all the good*
that.

consequently, daher.

to fall on, zusallen. (Dat.)

bestowed — *bestowed them.*

was (making) — *would be*
called (heißen).

with him — *for him.*

to (a useful size) — *before it*
reached.

to run away, durchgehen.

poor — *the good.*

I have got — *I have.*

p. 215. (experience) of, in *Bezug auf*.

to affect, *vorsetzen*.

(her will) to his, dem seinigen zu Gefallen.

turning and bending — to be given by one word: *inclining* (*hinneigen*).

to do — *to do it with*.

calm, ruhiges Wetter.

I obtain it, es wird mir gewährt.

the people — *those*.

women (favourites) — *female*.

it was currently reported — *one spoke everywhere of it*.

p. 216. for her to dare — *as that she should have dared it*.

as jugglers do — *as jugglers with that he — which he*.

to be read to, sich vorlesen lassen.

to be a slave, slavisch untergeben sein.

AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

p. 217. slightly, etwas.

in manner — *in his manner*.

collected, besonnen.

on the (enemy) — *to the*.

fleet of foot, schnellfüßig.

any such — *such a one always*.

to skulk, heimlich entschleichen.

do you? — *really?*

desire — *will*.

over — *spread over*.

by (the most), bei.

no matter, gleichviel.

ungainly, wenig anziehend.

would be — *might well be*.

on a — *out of a*.

warm towards — *turn themselves to*.

information — *information which lay*.

servants and all — *even to the servants*.

p. 218. take over — *lead through*.

to fall sick of, erkranken an.

in the event — *in the case*.

the religious service, der Gottesdienst.

any longer — *still*.

I am done — *it is over with me*.

his danger — *the danger*.

persisted — *persisted on it*.

to leave — *to go*.

to raise one's self up, sich aufrichten.

CHARACTER AND APPEARANCE OF MR. PECKSNIFF.

It has been remarked — *People have made the remark*.

So he was — *He was it indeed*.

inside — *body*.

p. 219. the direction post, der Wegweiser.

that was all — *nothing else* (weiter.)

heights of collar — *compound*.

So did — *The same did*.

just, ein klein wenig.

dropped — *hung down*.

in kindred action with — *in similar attitude like*.

oily, geschmeibig.

understood — *supposed as known*.

pursuit — *business*.

p. 220. can be said to be — *one can call*.

the premium, das Lehrgeld.

the case of mathematical instruments, das Meßzeug.

as the case might be, je nachdem.

on the two-pair front, zwei Treppen hoch nach vorn.

stiff-legged, steifschienlig.

in the act — *on the point*.

available, ausfüßbar.

GENERAL WOLFE TO HIS ARMY
BEFORE QUEBEC, 1759.

now stands in full view — *lies now in its whole extent.*
on equal ground — *in equal battle* (Kampf.)

to face, sich gegenüberstellen.

p. 221. the chief dependence, die Hauptstütze.

exercised — *required.*

irregular, schwanken.

their backs — *the back.*

prostrate — *beaten.*

fair — *not unfavourable.*

just objects — *justly select victims.*

INFLUENCE OF PATRIOTISM ON
NATIONAL PROGRESS.

permit — *permit it.*

p. 222. to be developed — *in order to develop them.*

best — *most possible.*

possible — *possible to obtain.*

whom — *which men.*

(spread) through — *over.*

to gather up into, zusammen-
lenken auf.

keener sensibility — *better estimation.*

unweeded, unausgegüht.

p. 223. from within, aus dem Innern.

to rear, auferziehen.

more proudly dear — *dearer by the pride with which they can call it their own.*

the patriotic affection, die Vaterlandsliebe.

fattens — *makes fruitful.*

to exhaust, ausaugen.

to feed, versorgen.

princelings — *little princes.*

to the very — *against the own.*

to superannuate, veraltet machen.

temporary, zeitweilig.

to remember, im Andenken be-
halten.

p. 224. the mirror, der Rufter-
spiegel.

to converge, sich vereinigen.

acts of severity — *severe ac-
tions.*

dependents — *subjects.*

to (them), gegenüber.

gave (sanctity) — *bestowed.*

it is believed to be, es soll
sein.

to retain, (sich) bewahren.

keep — *have it always.*

institutions, Staatseinrichtungen.

in compliance with — *in com-
plying to.*

came — *became.*

intense — *in high degree.*

p. 225. laborious, mühsam her-
vorgebracht.

OF REVENGE.

runs to — *is inclined to it.*

office — *power.*

(a prince's) part — *office.*

(no man) doth — *who doth.*

why? — *why then?*

like — *like with.*

thorn and brier, Stacheln und
Dornen.

p. 226. is for those — *is that
for such.*

which there is, etc. — *for which
there is no law in order to
remedy them.*

the revenge — *that the re-
venge.*

punish — *punish it.*

beforehand — *in the advan-
tage.*

it is (two) — *he has.*

(seemeth) to be — *to consist.*

not so much, nicht soviel.

to do (hurt), zusetzen.

wrongs, Beleidigungen.

we are (commanded) — *it is
to us.*

And so — *And so it is.*

in a (proportion) — *in the same.*

green — *open*.
to do well, gut werden.
who as they are, etc. — *who*
end unfortunate according as
(je nachdem) *they are mischie-*
vous.

ON THE VALUE OF WORKS OF
FICTION.

works of fiction, Dichtungs-
werke.
Is it, geschieht es.
to learn, kennen lernen.
p. 227. the guess, die Raths-
maßung.
misjudge — *judge it wrongly*.
at the end of years — *after*
years.
Say — *let us suppose*.
took (a part) — *played*.
one would — *as one should*.
I have the command of it, es
steht mir zur Verfügung.
opportunity, zeitgemäß.
to stop, zum Stillstand bringen.
landed — *let him land*.
p. 228. no more — *just a little*.
dying speech — *last speech*
before his execution.
prejudiced — *influenced by a*
prejudice.
the dons — *the professors of*
moral.
object — *cause*.
to tax — *to exact* (zumuthen
with Dat. of Pers.) *something*.
I take up — *I take into the*
hand.
amount — *treasure*.
in solution — *in the dissolved*
state.
to live again, wieder aufleben.

THE DISASTERS WHICH BEFELL
JONES ON HIS DEPARTURE, ETC.

to have missed — *to miss*.

had it not been for — *had not*
existed.

p. 229. happening to intervene
— *accidentally intervening*.
to deviate, abseits gerathen.
of approaching — *of the ap-*
proach to (an).

hyperbolical violence — *vio-*
lence of exaggeration.

to offer, anthun.

of losing what — *of the loss*
of a thing which.

to the (contrary) — *of the*.

gripping, kniderig.

to serve sufficiently, hinreichen.
grew more and more positive
— *maintained always more*
decidedly.

that they were out of — *that*
they had lost.

when they first — *immediately*
when they.

some ... or other — *one or*
the other.

p. 230. I wish — *I wished*.
a small matter, eine Kleinigkeit.
has continued rising ever since
— *has since that time always*
become stronger.

very (certain) — *quite*.

to raise — *to produce*.

in my time — *in my life*.

any, irgend welcher, e, es.

halfpence — *copper coins*.

to be sure — *surely*.

what may — *of that which*
may.

was likely to occasion — *pro-*
bably would cause.

greatly, bebedeutend.

conferred — *caused*.

had recovered — *stood again*
upon.

as — *as to*.

the very first, der allererste.

p. 231. with him — *under his*
hands.

to be come to, zur Last fallen.

his own — *with his own.*
 have seemed — *seemed.*
 I dare swear — *I should like*
to swear upon it, that.
 daylight — *bright.*
 may — *would be able.*
 Jones was attentive to — *Jones's*
attention was occupied with
that.
 received — *suffered.*
 regained — *sat again upon.*
 no harm was done — *he had*
received no injury.

TO ME. —

have been — *have allowed to*
pass (verfließen).
 it is — *it was done (geschehen).*
 are due — *I owe.*
 p. 232. delaying — *delaying*
it.
 as I can — *as possible.*
 to be mortified, *sich sehr ärgern.*
 to receive, *erfahren or haben.*
 to do one's best endeavours,
sich aufs Beste bestreben.
 of the first hands — *originals.*
 I was to see — *I went there*
in order to see.
 where — *and where.*
 to see it — *to find it.*
 the size — *of the size.*
 one entire — *one single.*
 worth observing, *bemerkens-*
wert.
 with all etc. — *which all mo-*
tions so naturally imitated.
 from the life — *from a living*
one.
 (cabinet) was — *contained.*
 p. 233. these forty — *since*
forty.
 very well worthy, *büchsaue*
würdig.
 they (assured) — *as they.*
 held up — *carried.*

THE COMPARISON OF WATCHES.

to be, *vorhanden sein.*
 of his forgetting — *he would*
forget.
 such as would etc. — *that even*
Mars would have recoiled.
 has been kept etc. — *has*
waited for you since an hour.
 He is sorry for it, *es thut ihm*
Leid.
 I am so late — *that I come*
so late.
 by me — *according to my*
watch.
 p. 234. to present, *hinhalten.*
rather — almost.
 you are too fast — *that your*
watch is fast (vorgehen).
 you are too slow — *yours is*
slow (nachgehen).
 loses — *is slow.*
 certain, *überzeugt.*
 must be (wrong) — *must go.*

THE FIRE OF LONDON.

as far as (Epsom) — *even in.*
 time, *an der Zeit.*
 to see into, *untersuchen.*
 correct — *true.*
 the house — *the family.*
 was no such thing — *existed*
nothing of the kind.
 to set off, *davon reiten.*
 round — *quick.*
 p. 235. sure enough, *wahr-*
haftig.
 to vow, *behaupten.*
 which, however . . . was — *and*
that this must (Imperf.) be
a dreadful one, was.
 with the (natural) — *from a.*
 I pushed on — *I rode further.*
 seemed — *seemed to be.*
 to cause (a fire), *anlegen.*
 I began to meet carts — *carts*
met me.

there was . . . abroad — so
great was the quantity of
people in the street.

yet in such a gazing silence —
who yet at the same time
(dabei) were gazing (hinaus-
starren) so silent.

seemed as if in bravado —
sounded as boastful.

a meeting of cross-roads, ein
Kreuzweg.

the vial, die Schale.

to typify, bildlich darstellen.

to get through, durchkommen.

the water-side — the bank of
the river.

in one's face — before one.

p. 236. overhead — over us.

the top, die Decke.

removing — bringing.

shuffling, verworren.

to give way, einfallen.

near me — in my proximity.

yards — paces.

with agony — she suffered
pains.

as I did — as I.

there must be a dreadful loss
of lives — the loss of (an)
life must (Imperf. Subj.) be
terrible thereby.

I took boat — I betook myself
upon a boat.

stirring, erregt.

a world of — very much.

grim — grave.

which they did — and they
fled.

from doing so — from (an) it.

different from — a man diffe-
rent from.

p. 237. my court friends — my
friends from court.

the reason, die Art und Weise.

the sound, das Geräusch.

nothing less, nicht geringer.

to mix up, vermischen.

the splitting, das Zerßen.

one way — in one direction.
the dabbling, das Sprengen.
in a basin — of water from a
basin.

as a whole, im Ganzen.

to look upon, ansehen.

thoroughfare — street.

to bethink oneself, in sich
gehen.

to obtain, fassen.

greatest — strongest.

argument, — argument for it.

the very (ruins) — even the.

p. 238. to choose to, mögen.

to come in aid, zu Statten
kommen.

A FABLE.

Once upon a time . . . were —

There was once a giant and
a dwarf; they were.

to make a bargain, ein Ueber-
einkommen treffen.

to deal (a blow), versetzen.

angry, wütend.

fairly — smoothly.

to travel on, weiter reisen.

in distress — crying for help.

struck — did.

was up with — had reached.

p. 239. every one — all.

(joyful) for, über.

relieved — now relieved.

all fell before him — all was
cut down by him.

like to have — almost.

to cry out, zurufen.

honour for ever — eternal
glory.

to declare off, sich lossagen.

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

An impeachment of somebody,
eine vom Unterhause gegen
Jemand gerichtete Anklage.
the (application) — which.

to be attendant upon, erwachsen aus.

no ... whatsoever, gar kein ... to establish, feststellen.

he has — *he has done it.*

at his sole — *alone after his.*

p. 240. Slaves — *As slaves.*
(danger) from, von Seiten (Gen.).

consequent on — *a consequence of.*

on the part of — *in.*
landed men, Landbesitzer.

bear — *bear it.*

to deny, abstreiten.

his opinion — *it as his opinion.*

is to use — *has to use.*

from its (practice) — *from the.*

to submit, zulassen.

to hear ... made — *to hear how ... are made.*

to teach — *to show.*

in their use — *in the use.*

Was there ever heard — *Has one ever heard of it.*

p. 241. to have office, ein Amt bekleiden.

whole, sämtlich.

to attempt, unternehmen.

have not — *have it not.*

equally — *without distinction.*

subjection to, Abhängigkeit von.
prior to — *older than.*

paramount to, erhaben über.

to stir, sich herausbewegen.

VANCE AND LIONEL AT THE COUNTRY FAIR.

country — *in the country.*

abounding in — *full of.*

the village-green, der Rasenplatz.

pretending, anspruchsvoll.

the fabric, die Gebäulichkeit.

pig-faced — *with the pig-face.*

p. 242. and occupying, etc. —
where it occupied the most

visible and most advantageous position.

the play-goer, der Schaulustige.
from the height, etc. — *from whose shoulder as from a height down.*

It was now sunset — *The sun was just going down.*

fullest — *thickest.*

as was notably proved — *as it clearly showed itself.*

from (the rustic), von Seiten.

with amused good humour —
with good humour, because they amused them.

there was that about them —
they had a certain something on them.

to propitiate liking, die Herzen der Leute gewinnen.

individualized — *described.*

ranging — *reaching.*

the digestive organs, die Verdauungsorgane.

it would be a worse world —
this world would not be so good.

to escape from, hervorkommen (unter).

clusters — *locks.*

p. 243. the jean shooting-cap,
die Jägermütze von englischem Feder.

jauntily, zierlich.

good-looking, hübsch.

provocative, herausfordernd.

that would push its way up —
of which one could be sure

that it would work itself up
(sich hinaufarbeiten).

pleasantly, in süßlicher Weise.

to write poetry, dichten.

the imperial, der Ziegenbart.

left ... convinced — *gave the conviction.*

somewhere, so ungefähr.

to strike the eye, in die Augen fallen.

much (more than), bedeutend.
no paradox — *not paradoxical*.
few indeed were the — *there were very few*.

gold gleaming through it — *a golden glitter*.

fell — *fell upon it*.

inclining to curl, mit einer An-
lage zum Lockigen.

in its texture — *to feel* (an-
fühlen).

fringed — *surrounded*.

wore — *showed*.

p. 244. in laughing — *when he laughed*.

even, gleichmäßig.

(clearly) cut, gezeichnet or ge-
schnitten.

essential — *as essential*.

to the personal pretensions of
the male sex — *with the male sex ... in order to be allowed to make claims upon beauty*.

to turn down, herunterklappen.
a mother's darling, ein Mutter-
söhnchen.

UNCLE TOBY AND HIS MINIATURE SIEGES.

rood and a half — *one-and-a-half roods*.

is not in — *lies not in* (an).

I am sure, wahrlich.

I was (almost) — *that I was*.
to come down, auf's Land
gehen.

I have been informed, mir
wurde mitgetheilt.

with plans along with him —
and had plans by him.

let ... have set down before —
might ... besiege.

what town they pleased —
any (irgend eine beliebige)
town.

as soon as ever, sobald nur.

let it be what town it would

— *might it be a town which it would*.

to the exact — *exactly to*
(gemäß) *the*.

p. 245. sweetly, wunderschön.
past-done, früher ausgeführt.

(little) else — *more*.

the ceremony of — *the mere*.

the posture of defence, der
Vertheidigungsstand.

to run — *to draw*.

the main body, das Hauptwerk.

the conveniences and inconve-
niences — *the advantages and disadvantages*.

as much — *the same*.

and so on — *and so they con-
tinued*.

greater sight — *more beautiful
spectacle*.

to have stood — *to stand*.

p. 246. contents — *the ope-
rations which were contained
in the former*.

stood-over — *watched* (über-
wachen) *the work of*.

up it, hinauf.

to fix, — *to plant*.

the apostrophe, der Ausruf.

to compound, mischen.

due west — *straight from west*.

Flanders — *Flandrian*.

to carry on, ausführen.

related — *described*.

At the latter end — *Towards*
(gegen) *the end*.

the suit of clothes, der An-
zug.

had — *procured for himself*.

treated — *made a present*.

to stand — *which was to stand*.

a little kind of — *a kind of
little*.

for him and the Corporal, etc.

— *to the holding* (Abhaltung)
*of a conference and a council
of war between him and the
Corporal*.

p. 247. in case of rain — *for the case that it rained.*
to paint over, anstreichen.

(CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF.

carries . . . in — *shows . . . to.*
the person, die Persönlichkeit.
come upon us — *have for us.*
the relish, der Genuß.

the apprehension, das Begriffs-
vermögen.

like — *to be compared (Act.) to.*

at the comforts — *at (über) the happiness.*

p. 248. the love, die Neigung.
to give vent, Luft machen.

the heart's ease, die Fröhlich-
keit.

the over contentment, die Ueber-
zufriedenheit.

there is — *there reigns.*

the keeping, die Uebereinstim-
mung.

does (his body) — *does it with.*

carves out — *gives (vorlegen).*
as he would — *like.*

a haunch of venison, eine Wild-
pretteule.

where there is cut, etc. —
where one is richly provided with it.

fatness — *of fatness.*

of meat — *meat.*

to keep up, halten.

the round, der Bechjel.

a rump-and-dozen — *to a piece of beef and a dozen bottles.*

is as much in — *proceeds (ver sich gehen) as much in his.*

engross — *hold down.*

and stupify — *also does it not stupify (verbummen) them.*

crude, groß.

to keep (ball), zuwerfen.

have done — *have left off.*

trying, herausfordern.
the account, die Geschichte.

out of the way — *extraordi- nary.*

with (only one), bei.

worth of — *for.*

as a trick, betrugsweise.

to humour, befördern.

p. 249. convenience — *that which suits (passen) him.*

object to — *have against.*

in (a moral) — *from.*

think — *think of it.*

to the life — *as if he lived.*

number of pleasant, etc. — *the*

variety of pleasant points of view (Gesichtspunkt) from which he allows us to see certain etc.

retrospective, rückwirkend.

the evasion, die Ausweichung.

to float, hinaustragen.

round on — *about.*

at a moment's warning — *is every moment ready for it.*

to put a check upon, Schranken setzen.

to be delivered, sich entleiben.

p. 250. THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

to ride, spazieren reiten.

by himself — *alone.*

to gather, abpflücken.

before him — *before his eyes.*

to set off, davon laufen.

across, quersfeldein.

where — *there where.*

getting — *to be left out.*

to come up, herankommen.

Don't you? — *Really not?*

as much — *the same.*

to root up, ausgäten.

to feed on, abweiden.

this fine — *during (bei) this fine.*

had you — *might you.*

set you to work — *put you (aufstellen) to this work.*

just by, nicht bei.
 p. 251. out in — upon.
 Ever since, Von . . . an.
 such as — things like.
 to kick — to kick them.
 (dirt) with — with them.
 to field — into the field.
 (bring) up — back.
 to run for errands, Gänge
 machen.
 you know, doch or ja.
 I suppose, doch.
 to let in (water), laugen.
 p. 252. had have — should
 like to wear.
 to hurt, drücken.
 to get (under), sich stellen.
 (Then) I do — I hold out.
 Are you not dry — Does your
 throat not become dry.
 quite a — a whole.
 Sir? — What do you say?
 to make, veranlassen.
 and that it is, und zwar.
 I will, schon.

MACHIAVELLI AND MONTESQUIEU.

the fairness of mind, der Ge-
 rechtigkeitsinn.
 p. 253. splendid, prunkvoll.
 a happy phrase — a fine form.
 to place, versetzen.
 sought out — sought.
 wide, ausgebreitet.
 in consequence, deshalb.
 Specious, scheinbar gut.
 but careless of collecting —
 without caring for the collec-
 ting of.
 a fine thing, etwas Geistreiches.
 the phenomenon, die Thatsache.
 will not suit — do not suit.
 to chip, beschneiden (dazu).
 Procrustean, antilibianisch.
 to put up, sich begnügen.
 p. 254. veracious, wahrheits-
 getreu.

by a double right, aus zwei-
 fachen Rechtsgründen.
 the affectation, die Ziererei.
 at any cost, um jeden Preis.
 the manner — the style.
 likely, geeignet.
 polished, gebildet.
 (trick) of — in.
 the fallacy, das Falsche.

ON TEDIOUS STORY-TELLERS.

for his (punishment) — to the.
 our (countryman) — as our.
 Guicciardine — read: Guic-
 ciardini.
 (that) gave — related.
 (known) by — under.
 p. 255. thrown — laid.
 far from being — little.
 known a challenge sent —
 known how a challenge was sent.
 to know, erleben, to experience.
 that has not — to which do
 not belong.
 though the character etc. —
 though I would recommend . . .
 that which was said of the
 last of these authors.
 loving — dear.
 over (the bottle), bei.
 the point, die Pointe.
 (lay it) home — to the heart.
 into a point of mirth or in-
 struction — with a merry or
 instructive end.
 to make amends, Ersatz geben.
 p. 256. within their memory —
 as far as they can think back.
 to be a (sufficient) — as a.
 might be . . . in telling — could
 employ . . . in order to tell.
 reckoned — reckoned as.
 the talking world — society.
 conversable — destined for
 conversation.
 which is (this), und zwar.
 make them — bring to it.
 hearing — to be listened to.

are about — *intend*.
to be adapted, passen.
when — *at* (zu) *which*.
where — *at* (an) *which*.
measure out — *indicate*.

p. 257. one round of my watch
to speak in — *to talk so
long until the hand of my
watch has turned round* (sich
herumbrehen) *once*.

that is, das heißt.

to call down, rufen.

make it appear — *show*.

turned of — *more than*.

(he may) take — *claim*.

rounds of the watch — *minutes*.

to extend — *as if it extended*.
I am at liberty, es steht mir
frei.

troubled, beäfftet.

RESULTS OF CIVILIZATION.

Observe — *Let one see*.

the sorter, der Assortierer.

the carder, der Kräppler.

the scribbler, der Wolltrager.

p. 258. the drugs, die Dro-
guen.

which (come) — *and which*.

corners — *ends*.

to form — *to make*.

the feller of the timber — *the
woodcutter*.

the burner of the charcoal —
compound.

to be made use of — *whose
charcoal is used*.

to attend, besorgen.

the smith, der Schlosser.

must all of them — *they all
must*.

next the skin, unmittelbar auf
dem Leibe.

the kitchen-grate, der Ofenrost.

by a long, etc. — *upon a long
sea and land-transport*.

to serve up, anrichten.

the victuals, die Speisen.

in (preparing), bei.

to keep out, abhalten.

p. 259. the very meanest, der
allergeringste.

according to what we ... the
easy — *in the, as we ... easy*.
to accommodate, einrichten.

REFINEMENT FAVOURABLE TO HAPPINESS AND VIRTUE.

to receive, anerkennen.

the indolence, die Ruhe.

as an indulgence to — *in re-
gard to* (auf).

to take a man from himself,
einen Menschen außer sich selbst
versetzen.

to turn, lenken.

(they are) so far, insoweit.

(in times) when — *where*.

nourished — *it is nourished*.

the ease, das Nichtsthun.

you (deprive) — *and you*.

p. 260. the refinement, die
Verbollkommenung.

reasonably, vernünftigerweise.

to affect, einwirken auf.

profound — *coarse*.

to cultivate, pflegen.

the fund (of), der Schatz (für).

the conversation, die Umgangss-
prache.

the breeding, die gute Erziehung.

as well as their behaviour etc.

— *refine in the same degree as
etc.*

So that ... it is impossible but
they — *So that it is impos-
sible, that they should not etc.*

to converse together, sich unter-
einander besprechen.

p. 261. to link together, ver-
binden.

(are found) to be peculiar —
as peculiar.

prosperous, wohlhabend.

the commodity, das Bedürfnis.

(time) that — *where*.
 in (the exigencies), bei.
 turned — *used*.
 the superfluity, das überflüssige
 Ding.
 enjoyment of, Freude an.
 ages, ein Zeitalter.
 the public — *the state*.
 of (commerce) — *in*.
 Not to mention — *without*
mentioning.
 to infest, heimsuchen.
 throws off its bias — *brings*
into confusion.
 above (rigour), vor.
 p. 262. the chief characteristic,
 das Hauptkennzeichen.
 inveterate, erbittert.
 foreign, auswärtig.
 to resume the man, das Mensch-
 liche wieder annehmen.
 adds (new force) — *gives*.
 (found) among, bei.

NECESSITY OF PRECISION IN USING LANGUAGE.

in using — *in the use of*.
 names — *words*.
 to belime, befeimen.
 p. 263. By this it appears —
After this it is clear.
 from (the beginning), von . . .
 an.
 From whence — *from this reason*.
 cast up (many) — *join*.
 to cast up (a sum), ansetzen.
 to clear, berichtigen.
 (flutter) at, gegen.
 the acquisition of science, das
 Erlangen von (allem) Wissen.
 make . . . to be — *cause that . . .*
are.
 as (men), je nachdem.
 letters, das Wissen.
 any other whatsoever, irgend
 ein anderer.

p. 264. ARMINIUS.

A. D. 9. — *from the year 9*
after Christ.
 unsuccessful, unglücklich.
 overrunning — *inundating*.
 unconnected in — *not related*
with.
 to come over, herüberkommen.
 nationally speaking — *from the*
national stand-point.
 There seems — *It seems as if*
we had.
 decisively, entschieden.
 more truly, eher.
 the rising, der Aufstand.
 to be acquiescent, sich fügen.
 highest — *best*.
 p. 265. the training, die mili-
 tärische Disciplin.
 tenacity of purpose — *tenacity*
(Beharrlichkeit) in the prose-
cution of a purpose.
 was believed to be — *was*
held for.
 to be, vorhanden sein.
 self-governing, unabhängig.
 filled — *formed*.
 left void — *forsaken*.
 of the equestrian order — *of*
a knight.
 It was part of — *It belonged*
to.
 refinements — *education*.
 dignities — *distinctions*.
 I succeed, es gelingt mir.
 to adhere to, es halten mit.
 throughout (her wars) — *in*.
 to aspire to, erstreben.
 page — *the writings*.
 ADAPTATION OF THE COVERING OF
 BIRDS TO THEIR CONDITION.
 Adaptation of the covering —
The covering . . . is adapted.
 vulgar — *superficial*.
 p. 266. all inclined — *accor-*
ding to which they all incline.

stem — *lower part*.
 the vestment, die Bekleidung.
 as that — *that*.
 equally — *so*.
 anything more so — *still any-
 thing of the kind*.
 to set to work, anstrengen.
 the stem, der Kiel.
 used — *occurring* (vorkommen).
 I believe, meines Wissens.
 are meant — *one understands*.
 to strip off, abreißen.
 separate — *single*.
 laminae — *thin stripes*.
 p. 267. drawing — *moving*.
 place — *position*.
 to be wanted, nöthig sein.
 unite — *are joined*.
 the apposition, die Aneinander-
 stellung.
 to part asunder, trennen.
 to be, stattfinden.
 to catch, festhalten.
 the texture, die Structur.
 to reclasp, sich wieder zusammen-
 haken.
 contiguous, aufeinanderfolgend.
 now for — *what now concerns*.
 p. 268. to shoot forth, hervor-
 strecken.
 together, aneinander.
 (curved) after — *in*.
 towards, nach . . . zu.
 the extremity — *the end*.
 forced — *shoved*.
 crooked, hakenförmig.
 to enter, greifen.
 to hook, festhaken.
 to fasten, zuhalten.
 succeeds for the use — *fulfils
 the purpose*.
 was — *was this*.
 to reclasp, wieder einhaken.
 In (the ostrich), Bei.
 the want, das Nichtvorhanden-
 sein.

which constitution, etc. — *how
 much this constitution of the
 feathers however makes them
 fit, etc.*

flowing honours — *waving or-
 nament*.

to reckon, ansehen als.

greatly, sehr.

our business is — *we occupy
 ourselves*.

as (they are) — *in so far*.

In the small order . . . their
 creator has given them —
*To the small species of birds
 their creator has given*.

p. 269. universally, durchgehends.
 a bed — *an under-garment*.

next their bodies — *which lie
 next (zunächst) to their body*.
 to keep in, zusammenhalten.

WOMAN IN THE HOMERIC AGE.

the side, die Beziehung.

to hold, einnehmen.

on (special), aus.

elevated, erhoben.

elaborate, erfindet.

the place, die Stellung.

p. 270. very highest, aller-
 höchst.

range — *height*.

to have fallen somewhat short
 of it — *not quite to have
 reached it*.

his average is, er ist im Durch-
 schnitt.

in the highest instances — *in
 the most favourable cases*.

there is here — *exists in this
 point or regard*.

central, innerlich.

all besides — *all other*.

holds — *possesses*.

he wrought out, er wirkte aus.

to grow up, sich entwideln.

paramount, vorherrschend.

PART III.

p. 271. BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

he came within etc. — *he was not any more quite one day's journey distant from.*

he made his quarters — *he struck (aufschlagen) his camp. before — before him.*

horse and foot, Reiterei und Fußvolf.

which held him — *by (an) which he suffered.*

lay still — *was inactive.*

on board (their ships) — *on (auf).*

to remove, sich bewegen.

was (to retire) — *was undertaken.*

(to depend) upon — *upon it. all — to receive all.*

the month of — *to be left out.*

was (only) — *was made.*

is understood — *one does know. closely, hart.*

p. 272. besides, abgesehen von. clear, einfach.

upon such — *thus upon a.*

as (they believed) — *that.*

the ground, das Terrain.

advantage-ground — *advantageous position.*

the execution, das Gemetzel.

to be upon some one, über einen herfallen.

knocked on the head — *struck to the ground.*

the service, das Treffen.

upon (the enemy) — *among.*

heels — *swiftness.*

very many were — *it happened with very many.*

marks — *scars.*

the face — *in the face.*

by very good will — *quite on purpose.*

p. 273. accommodation — *quarters.*

LABOUR AND RECREATION.

to expand, erweitern.

the pursuit, die Beschäftigung.

the working hour, die Arbeitsstunde.

to be, entstehen, arise.

the contraction, die Beschränkung.

the convergence, die Concentrirung.

the saying, der Ausdruck.

about (something), mit.

so that — *if (so lange) only.*

the extent, die Verbreitung.

moment — *moment even.*

to be standing, da stehen.

fairly — *fully.*

in a fright — *timidly.*

moment's — *short.*

to be neglectful of, vernachlässigen.

p. 274. animal — *physical.*

Not a . . . by any means, Durchaus kein.

pressure — *necessity.*

getting — *earning.*

the love, die Eucht.

upon the face of it, augenscheinlich.

to dignify — *to bestow a value.*

For (a hundred) — *Among.*

to drive, anspornen.

nature — *abilities.*

pursuits — *studies.*

EDUCATION OF MARTIN SCIBLERUS
BY HIS FATHER CORNELIUS.

the fundamentals, die Anfangsgründe.

to employ, anstrengen.

of the creation of the world
— where the creation of the world was shown.

p. 275. brought — made.

to make ... contribute — that ... contributed.

a suit of clothes, ein vollständiger Anzug.

He was made to observe this
— His attention was directed (lenken) upon that.

the sign-post, das Aushängeschild.

in the midst of, mitten in.
truly — well.

boggled — tortured (abquälen) himself.

for, lang or hindurch.

his learning to write — to teach him how to write.

waxed — coated (überziehen) with wax.

p. 276. which ... observing — for when ... observed it.

to stamp, bedrucken.

above the rest — more than in the others.

in Greek — Greek.

at eight years old, achtjährig.

He had (so early) — He found.
done — done it.

in imitation of it — after it.

OF SUSPICION.

the suspicion, der Verdacht.

to lose, entfremden.

check with business, whereby
— paralyze that in commerce without which.

to go on currently and constantly, fortbestehen und dauern.

to take place, sich einstellen.

as in the example of H. VII.
— of which H. VII. gives an example.

with (examination) — after.

likely, gegründet.

There is nothing etc. — Nothing causes a man more frequently to have (hegen) suspicion.

p. 277. to know more — themselves more knowledge.

would man have — will men.

to account upon — to consider.

as to provide — that he provides himself so.

he suspects — appears suspicious to him.

it may do — that it can do (zufügen).

to gather, schöpfen.

to communicate with, mittheilen.

to know — to learn.

he did (before) — it was the case.

would not be done to men of base natures — one would not do to (gegenüber) people of low character.

suspected, verdächtig.

a passport — the leave.

to discharge — to purify.

ADDISON.

a profound — high.

the plunge, der Störmung.

There is, Es findet sich.

whereas, während.

the capacity, die Anlage.

p. 278. the insight into, das Verständniß für.

which I take to be one — and I consider (halten für) the one.

to walk about, umhergehen in.
in public — how they appear publicly.

over (a blue), um.

darling, allerliebste.

to eye, beäugeln.
 at the Garter — *in the inn to the Garter.*
 blazes — *drives in pomp and splendour.*
 the drawing room — *the presentation at court.*
 went to — *were necessary.*
 drums — *casks.*
 (of his) day — *time.*
 the haunt, der Aufenthaltscert.
 it is past praying for — *every prayer against it is vain.*
 a man's man — *a man for men.*
 I take it — *I believe.*
 to pace' Change — *read: to pace 'Change.*
 to pace — *to walk up and down.*
 to hint a little doubt, einen leisen Zweifel laut werden lassen.
 to damn him etc. — *to praise him so that one indeed blames him.*
 ceaseless, endlos.
 p. 279. laughs — *breaks out in.*
 to point out, aufmerksam machen auf.
 turning — *looking.*
 the brain-crack, die Sparre.
 to call out, zurufen.
 the pomposity, die Wichtigkeit.
 the assize-court, das Assisengericht.
 to mistake, irrigerweise halten.
 to salt — *to salt with it.*
 the game-preserve, der Wildschütz.
 touched, afficirt.
 such as — *of the kind as it.*
 their hearing and reading — *that which they have read and heard.*
 out of (those two vestments) — *who is not put (setzen) in.*
 to light up, sich erheitern.

(sense) of — *for.*

p. 280. happy, vergnügt.
 a country merry-making, eine ländliche Lustbarkeit.
 town (Adj.), städtisch.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY ASSASSINS.

revolutionary — *of the revolution.*

cause to fall — *let cut off.*

engaged in — *who committed.*

yet, bisher.

(the moment) that — *in which.*

aspiring, ehrlich.

trust — *trust upon it.*

that mere smallness of numbers etc. — *the insignificant number of a party alone would prevent its reckless (nichtsachtend) ambition to destroy the virtuous but irresolute part of mankind.*

p. 281. specifically, ganz besonders.

opinion — *their opinions.*

nothing whatever, gar nichts.

a forcible point of view, ein grelles Licht.

to distract, theilen.

imposing array — *fear-inspiring sight.*

to be adequate, gewachsen sein.

to throw, versetzen.

to fail, seinen Zweck verfehlen.

THE QUACK PHILOSOPHER DISCOMFITED.

some . . . or other — *this or that . . .*

arose upon — *arose (sich hervorschreiben) thence, that.*

the power, die Fähigkeit.

downwards, nach unten.

as to a strap or two — *one or two straps.*

to start, zu laufen anfangen.

to take a bold sweep, sich einen
fühnen Schwung geben.
the impetus, die Bewegung.
to be retarding, aufhalten.

p. 282. As it was not — *As
this was not the case.*
in the light of — *as.*
to keep up, fortsetzen.
to think of, sich denken.
at full stretch — *in full swift-
ness.*

to a certainty — *certainly.*
he could not bring etc. — *to
the bearing of which he could
not resolve himself.*

disgraceful, zur Schande gerei-
chend.

in (some), bei.
different — *other.*

p. 283. any more, noch weiter.
to shell out, herausbombardi-
ren.

been in — *had.*

to lower the pitch, den Ton
herabstimmen.

presumed — *by him supposed.*
to annoy, ärgern.

female visitors — *girls who
were with her on a visit.*

to arrange, veranstalten.
the point under discussion, der
zu untersuchende Punkt.

of us — *towards us.*

sonorous, hell.

the most excruciatingly mean
— *the meanest of the mean.*

I did not — *I could not.*
without a moment's interval,
augenblicklich darauf.

to chime in, hineintönen.

the peal, der Ruf.

continued to come round —
*made thus continually the
round (die Runde).*

to make head, sich anstemmen.

the round robin, die Zirkelschrift.
sweeping bows — *bows.*

tentative, versuchsweise.

the (sweeping) fusillade, das
Zirkelfeuer.

to join, einstimmen mit.

p. 284. BEHIND TIME.

the curve, die Biegung or Curve.
ahead — *before him.*

to be late, sich verspätet haben.
the up train — *the train to
the capital.*

had been behind time — *had
come too late.*

was going on — *was being
fought.*

Column after column — *one
column after another.*

to precipitate, schleubern.

carry (the position) — *take.*

from across the country —
from some distance.

in season, zur rechten Zeit.

be right — *go well.*

an attacking column, eine An-
griffscolonne.

a (prisoner) — *as a.*

leading — *great.*

commercial circles, die Handels-
welt.

preserved — *saved.*

to meet (bills), einlösen.

maturing — *grown.*

The steamer — *The arrival of
the steamer.*

p. 285. on inquiry — *when
one inquired (sich erkundigen).*
(the next) arrival — *ship.*

led out — *led.*

human — *a man's.*

circumstances etc. — *most pro-
voking circumstances.*

in his behalf — *to his favour.*
felt (confident) — *was.*

was up — *came.*

to draw, fortziehen.

swung revolving — *moved hither
and thither, turning in the wind.*

down hill, den Hügel hinunter.
which (he waved) — *with which.*

frantically, (wie) wahnsinnig.
 rider — messenger.
 comparatively, verhältnißmäßig.
 had been too slow — *was slow*
 (nachgehen).

mak'ng etc. — *and let . . .*
arrive too late.

he always fails, ihm schlägt
 Alles fehl.

because for ever etc. — *because*
they come always too late.

p. 286. PIONEERS OF SCIENCE
 AND LITERATURE.

the pioneer, der Bearbeiter.
 to be favourable to — *to fa-*
our.

finding — *finding that.*

to conclude, halten für.

known — *known to us.*

made . . . to — *let.*

to open to, bahnen für.

perceived to be so — *perceived*
(erkennen) as such.

we are . . . to — *we think of.*

of (their own), aus.

attained — *made.*

they did — *those knew it.*

to be before, zuvorkommen.

has got — *has brought.*

so — *it . . . also.*

their pains etc. — *the pains*
of those who first . . . were of
another sort.

scantling of — *short.*

p. 287. COUNTRY HOSPITALITY.

country — *in the country.*

the notion, die Bedeutung.

mankind easy in their commerce
 — *the intercourse of men easy*
with one another.

understandings — *minds.*

to fall, verfallen.

instances — *cases.*

to (consider) — *if we.*

very, eigentlich.

intended — *which should.*

to make us easy — *to ease*
(erleichtern) life to us.

wishes — *intentions.*

in (a visit), auf or zu.

to keep, festhalten.

to urge, nachdrücklich versichern.

whispered — *whispered some-*
thing to.

slipped — *let slip.*

I had a mind for — *was*
agreeable to me.

vowed — *insisted upon it.*

absolutely . . . my stomach —
quite . . . my appetite.

at a (distance) — *in some.*

it was as much as my life
 was worth — *I should (mög-*
gen) not do it, as dear as my
life was to me.

p. 288. so (put), dabei.

to tip the wink, winken.

October — *October-beer.*

came — *had come.*

to get ready — *to saddle.*

stir — *away.*

much bent — *firmly resolved.*

in my own defence — *in order*
to save myself from them.

(first) thing — *best.*

kept me to my loss — *enter-*
tained me badly.

was turned — *she had turned.*
backward and forward — in
and out.

at me — *to me.*

far off, fern.

large, reichlich.

my repose — *the repose.*

(importuned) me — *me with*
it.

p. 289. to call, rufen.

measures — *lists (Schranken).*

carry me a short cut — *lead*
me a nearer way.

he (told me) — *as he.*

a piece of civility, eine Höflich-
 keitsbezeugung.

had like to have cost — *could easily have cost* (zu stehen kommen) *me dear*.
 of my neck — *to break my neck*.
 took up — *cost*.
 recover — *catch*.

THE RIVALS.

Odds, levels and aims, Post
 Schußlinien und Ziele.

It is (for) — *yes*.
 Stay now — *Wait*.
 show — *show it*.
 along — *on*.
 There (now) — *See*.
 a gentleman's — *for a man of education* (Bildung).
 best of all, am allerbesten.
 if he was out of sight — *if you could not see him at all*.
 p. 290. merit — *merit in it*.
 so near — *from so near*.
 do — *pray*.
 to bring down, niederschließen.
 at a long shot — *from great range*.
 the accident, das Unglück.
 is there — *have you*.
 there's no being shot at —
 (there) *cannot be shot at one*.
 the same, gleich.
 there is very snug lying, es
 liegt sich sehr hübsch.
 nothing like — *nothing so good as*.

there (Sir L.) — *so*.
 the attitude, die Pösitur.
 Odd! der Tausend.
 to stand, sich hinstellen.
 edgeways, seitlings.
 of its own head, von selbst.
 you in the body — *your body*.
 p. 291. 'twill be very hard,
 es müßte ganz seltsam zugehen.
 to fix, sich stellen.
 clean through, ganz und gar
 durch.

never do any — *do you no*.
 (through) me — *my body*.
 may they — *certainly*.
 into the bargain, obendrein.
 Sure, doch.
 I say, hören Sie.
 somehow, as I did — *I do not know why . . . as before*.
 a word or two — *a few words*.
 to look, sich umsehen.
 at the palms — *out of the palms*
 (Fäuste).

p. 292. POOR RELATIONS.

haunting — *striking*.
 a drain — *a claim*.
 the drawback, der Nachtheil.
 the rising, das Emporkommen.
 demands etc. — *demands entertainment . . . despair of it*.
 full, befehlt.
 to fill, einnehmen.
 to accommodate, unterbringen.
 some — *a certain*.
 to drop in, mit vorsprechen.
 to importune, nöthigen.
 to stick, bleiben.
 to press upon, aufbringen.
 p. 293. to imply, andeuten or
 zu verstehen geben.
 with your — *as your*.
 by half — *by far*.
 the diffidence, der Mangel an
 Selbstvertrauen.
 a casual dependent — *a kind of dependent*.
 inasmuch, alldieweil.
 'tis odds — *one can bet upon it*.
 to make one at the whist-table
 — *to take part in (an) a game of whist* (Whistpartie).
 on the score of, vorzüglichend.
 to thrust in, vorbringen.
 to institute, anstellen.
 With a reflecting sort of — *In a manner which contains a certain kind of*.

(the urn) is — *has*.
there was — *there lay*.
a carriage of your own — *an own carriage*.
did not know — *he had not known*.

till (lately) — *until first*.

the crest, das Wappen.

dismiss — *push*.

fairly — *happily*.

female — expressed by the gender.

p. 294. to pass off, Revue *pass* firen lassen.

he is hopeless, es ist ein verzweifelter Ding um ihn.

to affect to go threadbare, aus Liebhaberei schönig gehen.

take them to be — *believe it*.

there can be no disguise in it,

es läßt sich nicht verleugnen.

or what does she — *else what could she do* (Subj.)

Nine times out of — *In nine cases of*.

is something — *is that*.

provoking, unangenehm.

he is most ostentatiously sensible to his inferiority, er trägt das Gefühl seiner untergeordneten Stellung sehr zur Schau.

He may require to be repressed — *It may be necessary to repress him*.

there is no raising — *it is impossible to raise*.

of taking wine — *of emptying a glass of wine*.

(troubling) him — *him with it*.
to correct, zurechtweisen.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ADVANTAGES AND EVILS OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

bears a noble countenance — *offers a noble appearance*.

to riot without control, uneingeschränkt schalten und walten.

disunited, zerstückt.

p. 295. private — *individual*.

the service, die Obsequenheit.

the trial by combat — *the judicial decision by the duel*.

to have no connexion with, nichts zu thun haben mit.

the feudal customs, die Eigenthümlichkeiten des Feudalsystems.

convenient — *favourable*.

establishment — *introduction*.

with those of industry — *with the industry*.

unavailing, fruchtlos.

but (through) — *but also*.

p. 295. to be valued, schätzenwerth.

they were — *then it were*.

to purge off, fortzuschaffen.

most etc. — *as most . . . it was punished*.

the very essence, das innerste Wesen.

the feudal tenure, der Lehnsdienst.

most (branded) — *and most*.

throughout, durchweg.

The feudal course of jurisdiction, der Gang der Lehnsrechtspflege.

the trial by peers, das Rechtsverfahren, nach dem man nur durch seines Gleichen gerichtet werden kann.

p. 296. calculated, geeignet.

the standard, die Norm.

of right — *of that which is right*.

that one — *the one from its use* (Nießbrauch).

other — *other with it*.

ample scope — *sufficient occasion*.

placed — *brought*.

the supporter, der Vasall.

to spring up, entspringen.

the energy, die Thatkraft.

community — *humanity*.
 the preservative, das Erhaltungsmittel.
 collateral, nebenächlich.
 subservient, untergeordnet.
 to (more), bei.
 enlarged, umfassend.
 in a moral view — *from a moral stand-point*.
 to hold, behaupten.
 a middle place — *its position in the middle*.
 in the — *of the*.
 the conformity to, die Uebereinstimmung mit.

p. 297. PRAISE AND BLAME.

remember — *let one remember*.
 It stands to reason — *It is natural*.

be ignorant — *bear the stamp (Gepräge) of ignorance*.

may be experimental — *is an experiment*.

mistaken — *wrong*.

you (allow) — *one or people*.

to launch out — *to be torn along (dahinreißen) to*.

the probability is — *it is probable*.

which you — *of which you ... that*.

the haste, die Uebereilung, involving — *joined to (mit)*.

dashing, schnell.

(his hope) is — *lies*.

to run a chance, Gefahr laufen.

much (reward) — *great*.

beyond, über ... hinaus.

p. 298. get too far above you — *surpass you too far*.

to urge, antreiben.

acclamations, Lobeshochhebungen.

to cry, zurufen.

to dash up, zueilen.

early, jung.

(pleasure) is — *lies*.

kind, lieblich (gegen).

to nip, vernichten.

the blossoming, die Blütezeit.

to bear on, sich beziehen auf.

may remain unchilled — *does not chill* (erstarren).

though — *though it remained*.

happens — *is the case*.

to give — *that to cause*.

to flash, leuchten.

worthiness of his — *merit on his part*.

before — *in presence of*.

he has ... of his own — *he himself has*.

p. 299. to go, hingehen.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT CHURCH.

a country Sunday — *a Sunday in the country*.

thought of — *invented*.

the whole village — *all inhabitants of the village*.

best — *most friendly*.

to join together, sich vereinigen.
 a churchman, ein Anhänger der Kirche.

to rail in, ein Geländer ziehen um.

to his (estate) — *into the possession of his*.

his parishioners — *the people of his parish*.

irregular — *irregular in their church-visit*.

to make them kneel — *to bring them to the kneeling down*.

to join, einfallen.

to go about, herumziehen.

the landlord, der Grundherr.

will suffer — *allows*.

in it — *in church*.

into a — *by a*.

p. 300. recovering — *awaking*.

to lengthen, nachziehen.

(the singing) Psalms — *of the Psalms*.

pronounces — *says*.

everybody else — *all others*.
 to call out, *zurufen*.
 to one — *to a certain*.
 to mind, *hübsch darauf achten*.
 This John etc. — *It appears*
that this John.
 is remarkable for being — *is*
known for it to be.
 at that time — *just*.
 kicking — *striking against*
each other.
 parish — *the inhabitants of the*
parish.
 polite, *gebildet*.
 every now and then, *hie und*
da.
 to understand, *ansehen*.

VISIT TO A MODEL PRISON.

he took them with him, *er*
nahm sie mit.
 p. 301. model, *musterhaft*.
 cut out — *cut off*.
 cut out, girl etc. — *cut out*
from the lanes etc. and girl.
 Gateway — *A gateway*.
 all round, *rund umher*.
 some (thousand) — *about*.
 within the compass, *im Bereiche*.
 in their respective cooking places
— in the respective places,
where they were prepared.
 the hour of promenade, *der*
einstündige Spaziergang.
 substantial, *gediegen*.
 the composure, *die Haltung*.
 whatever, *was sonst noch*.
 the getting up of clean — *the*
cleaning of.
 the furtherance, *das Hilfsmittel*.
 precautions of privacy — *pre-*
cautions in secret.
 to point out, *bezeichnen*.
 to seem, *den Anschein haben*.
 to cherish — *flatter*.
 of ancient military etc. —
with old habits from the army
etc.

p. 302. professionally — *by*
profession.
 a humane — *he had a humane*.
 to challenge, *einflößen*.
 in the voice it was — *in his*
voice lay something.
 gentlest — *her gentlest*.
 there would be no disobeying
— dared not remain disobeyed
(unbefolgt).
 there would be no living —
one could not live.
 for many years past — *since*
many years.
 to give, *verwenden (darauf)*.
 as there were — *that there*
just were.
 he had been set upon — *which*
had been assigned to him.
 the other way — *in opposite*
direction.
 best — *best so*.
 to go on, *stattfinden*.
 the unfeasibility, *die Unaus-*
führbarkeit.
 visiting — *inspicierend*.
 gently, in *gelinder* or *milber*
Weise.
 to pull down, *herunterreißen*.
 on (these) — *among*.
 much a — *a great*.
 having their rations cut short
— the shortening of their ra-
tions.
 p. 303. your very — *even*
your.
 to have such a work etc. —
that one had cut out (erfinden)
such a work.
 at all, *überhaupt*.
 the generality, *die Mehrzahl*.
 imp — *devil*.
 angry, *wütend*.
 (if you) look — *look after it*.
 base natured — *of base nature*.
 (and) other — *after other*.
 of him — *his*.
 first (of the) — *in the first*.

the order, die Reihenfolge.
 with a treadwheel — *whilst the treadwheel is.*
 evermore, ewig.
 p. 304. these — *and these.*
 misconduct — *sinning.*
 except — *except that.*
 temporary, zeitweise.
 to constrain, einschränken.
 set upon — *given to.*
 to hold together, Stuch halten.
 to do, hinreichend sein.
 the sediment, die Hefe.
 it has not even a chance to do — *there is not even a possibility that it should be sufficient.*
 the outlook, die Aussicht.
 to start from — *which was given.*

AN IRISH POSTILION.

to set off, abfahren.
 p. 305. inarticulate, sprachlos.
 the body, der Kasten (of a coach).
 (one door) swinging open — *was open and swung hither and thither.*
 the blind, der Vorhang.
 up — *were drawn up.*
 to tie, zusammenbinden.
 pegs — *pegs served.*
 to rub down, striegeln.
 to start, fahren.
 with (a raw) — *had.*
 to poke, strecken.
 to break, zerreißen.
 jagged, eingeseht.
 the noises he made — *the sounds which he produced.*
 by way of threatening etc. — *in order either to threaten his horses or to encourage them.*
 preparing — *preparing for it.*
 top — *roof.*
 Any way, wie dem auch sei.
 there's no better etc. — *one*

cannot find a better one than this.
 why — *look only or really.*
 to please, belieben.
 that way — *so.*
 first, Anfangs.
 to set out, abfahren.
 p. 306. barring — *with the exception.*
 the luckpenny, der Glücksgrößen.
 rising — *going at (losgehen auf) the fourth year.*
 to claw, zerren or ziehen.
 so — *then.*
 to get into, steigen auf.
 coachman-like, nach Kutscherfitt. well-worn, abgenußt.
 a bar, eine Stange.
 a trusty bartly for — *read: a trusty, Bartly, for.*
 Throw me the loan of a trusty — *Lend me a coat.*
 Bartly — *Bartholomew.*
 in charge of — *who had under his care (Aufsicht).*
 Sure, nun.
 on (my leg) — *round.*
 Arrah! Se da.
 to get on, losfahren.

PREJUDICES.

free — *free of it.*
 p. 307. none of his own — *no own.*
 to knowledge — *to the acquisition of knowledge.*
 he recriminates — *he makes counteraccusations.*
 by the same rule — *of the same kind.*
 clear — *justified.*
 for ... to examine — *that every-one examines.*
 to deal fairly with, Gerechtigkeit widerfahren lassen.
 their own minds — *the development of their mental abilities.*

as (unquestionable) — *as upon*.
 from (truth) — *far from*.
 party reference, der Parteigeist.
 but never regards — *without*
ever regarding.

almost, wohl.

will (bear) — *can*.

to dress up, ausstaffiren.

be selfcondemned — *condemns*
himself.

p. 308. the assent, die Be-
 hauptung.

no greater — *not stronger*.

after (all his) — *in spite of*.

so much as — *even*.

the anticipation, die vorgefaßte
 Meinung.

to give out, vergeben.

to be settled, beruhen.

the evidence, der Beweisgrund.

the adherence, die Zustimmung.

forward condemnation — *con-*
demnation beforehand (von
 vorn herein).

unheard etc. — *without having*
heard it etc.

which what is it but — *and*
what else is this but.

RIGHT OF RESISTANCE TO GOVERNMENT.

Right of resistance — *About*
the right to resist.

tests — *principles*.

the morality, das Sittliche.

object — *cause*.

Such — *of such kind*.

p. 309. In the case of, in
 Rücksicht auf.

adequate, entsprechend.

provided, vorausgesetzt.

to be, vorhanden sein.

with justice to (their own na-
 tion) — *without becoming*
unjust to (gegenüber).

owes — *has to pay*.

they and their enemies are alike

— *itself as well as its enemies*
are.

is not likely to expose — *ac-*
cording to likelihood (voraus-
 sichtlichweise) *does not ex-*
pose.

to be altogether disproportion-
 ate to, in gar keinem Ver-
 hältniß stehen mit.

are required to — *are to*.

against, gegenüber.

on (which), über.

to exercise, pflegen.

to make (war), führen.

(obedience) from — *of*.

p. 310. for (which), wegen.

each other's, gegenseitig.

foreign, auswärtig.

throughout, durchweg.

in point of fact — *in reality*.

permanently, stets.

the failure, das Mißlingen.

internal contest — *civil war*.

peculiar — *an exceptional pe-*
culiarity.

intestine war — *civil war*.

to bear along, fortreißen.

to overthrow, stürzen.

to repair, verbessern.

its fall becomes precipitate —
it is precipitately ruined (zu
 Grunde gehen).

p. 311. to be incident, beglei-
 ten.

the domestic dissension, die
 Bürgerfehde.

effect — *influence*.

most, die Mehrzahl.

particulars — *sides*.

of recourse — *to take his re-*
fuge.

reverence for — *to honour*.

to carry on, führen.

the succession, die Reihenfolge.

to involve, mit sich bringen.

wide, ausgebehnt.

the waste, die Vernichtung.

disaffected, unzufrieden.

the chance, die Wahrscheinlichkeit.
 seit.

the aggravation — *the evils which are.*

(responsibility) to, für.
 environed — united.

p. 312. THE STATE OF MAN BEFORE THE FALL.

aspiring, strebsam.

as command — repeat the pronoun.

intuition, geistige Wahrnehmung.

nimble, gewandt.

the proposing, die Aufstellung einer Behauptung.

the agility, die Schnelligkeit.

the quiet, die Rast.

not so much find etc. — *he did not so much find the things as he made them intelligent.*

a (philosopher) — as a.

appeared — pres. tense.

to view, schauen.

the essence, das innere Wesen. (no pl.)

the contingent, die Thatsache.

the experiment, die Erfahrung.

the proposal, das Vorbringen.

to settle into, werden zu.

p. 313. poring — attentive investigation.

knocking — *that one knocked.*

our first being — *the first moment of our existence.*

to attend, inne wohnen.

the privative, der Mangel.

the act, die Thätigkeit.

the report, die Kundgebung.

collect — *conclude upon.*

then, von damals.

now — still now.

to guess at, errathen.

(antiquaries) do — *do with.*

disappearing, verwischt.

remain — are.

decays — ruins.

comely — beautiful.

p. 314. FATHERS AND ELDER SONS AMONG THE GREAT.

who, die wir.

our betters — *those who stand above us.*

to be served, seine Mahlzeiten angerichtet bekommen.

every now and then — *always from time to time.*

be sure to drop one day or the other in the right place — *certainly come one day to the right man.*

Mr. Eaves, Herr Lauscher.

whereas, während.

such as, wie.

I am kept out of, mir wird vorenthalten.

to be descended, abstammen.

(heir) to — of.

do you mean to say — *will you assert.*

the possession, die Besitznahme. it stands to reason, es ist selbstverständlich.

experienced — had.

be aware — known.

Then again, Und nun or Und ferner.

p. 315. (do) and — namely.

the estate — *the house.*

to chop off, abschlagen.

so (the case) — *this.*

a great man, ein vornehmer Herr.

drop off — *fly from.*

grin — *smiling face.*

that is, das heißt.

to lay out, anlegen.

he could afford to bear — *he needed to cherish.*

SUPERIOR MORALITY OF CHRISTIAN COUNTRIES.

Superior — *The better condition of.*

minute, feinstlich.

we are — *we are it.*
 the want, das Nichtvorhandensein.
 to be capable of being — *if I could be.*
 to be guilty, sich schuldig machen.
 p. 316. to detract from, herabsetzen.
 I observe — *I observe that.*
 that the best . . . are common to them with — *that they have the best . . . common with.*
 no difficult matter — *not difficult.*
 to assign, anführen.
 (instances) in — *of.*
 public or private — *be they public or private.*
 set off — *not set off* (herverheben.
 vulgarly — *universally.*
 public virtue — *patriotism.*
 such, dergleichen.
 to attain to, erlangen.
 beyond — *surpassing.*
 the spirit, die Geistesstärke.
 as (it approaches), je nachdem.
 from — *from the same.*
 to make, sich bilden.
 this very — *our own.*
 p. 317. by-the-by, beiläufig gesagt.
 diffident, sich selbst entwürdigend.
 from whence — *from whom.*
 o draw, herleiten.
 dare — *dare it.*
 to make, anstellen.
 remote, längst vergangen.
 enter — *minge itself.*
 allowed — *allowed that.*
 I am pleased, es beliebt mir.
 however you may think fit etc. — *although you would, I suppose (wohl) think fit* (für gut befinden) *to characterize it very differently.*
 the minute philosophy, die Kleinlichkeitsphilosophie.
 their (unnatural) — *the.*

gladiatorian — *gladiator* (compound).
 infamous, erniedrigend.
 and death — *and to the most infamous (ehrlös) death.*
 or a whole — *or the condemnation of a whole.*
 Or more — *Or could anything be more.*
 been matched — *found their equal.*
 that is believed . . . by us — *as we would believe.*
 p. 318. to omit, nicht erwähnen.
 CONSIDERATIONS OF THE VANITY AND SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.
 the succession, die Aufeinanderfolge.
 to (every) — *which occurs (widerfahren) to.*
 where, wehinein.
 divides — *decides.*
 to live over again, wieder durchleben.
 of (our age) — *in.*
 enter into the — *become an.*
 to fall, ausfallen.
 p. 319. still every — *thus after every (je).*
 it is odds but — *one could bet upon it.*
 to take in pieces, auseinander nehmen.
 to loosen, ablösen.
 next — *then.*
 to become entangled, außer Ordnung gerathen.
 baldness, Kahlschöpfigkeit.
 the dressing, der Aufputz.
 many (more) — *others.*
 rotten, schlecht.
 to feed, zehren.
 the outer chamber, das Vorzimmer.
 upon his . . . of — *upon the . . . of his.*
 to lay up, aufspeichern.

to reckon, Rechnung führen
über.

nostrils — *mouth*.

we have the less etc. — *every word which we speak costs something of our life*.

to act, herbeiführen.

to dress up, ausstaffiren.

p. 320. quarter — *season*.

to minister, bereiten.

time — *life*.

to bind upon — *to cover with them*.

to minister, beitragen.

OF DELAYS.

delays — *putting off*.

part and part — *one part and again a part*.

it is — *it sounds*.

common — *known*.

to turn, zusehren.

the noddle, die Platte.

in front, vorn.

to take hold, zufassen.

turneth — *turneth to one*.

to be received — *in order to take hold (anfassen)*.

hard clasp — *badly to hold*.

well to time the beginnings,
— *that to begin and attack things at the right time*.

more dangers etc. — *there are more dangers by which people have been deceived than such by which they have been overcome*.

to meet, entgegen gehen.

nothing near — *not nearer*.

to keep a watch upon, bewachen.
it is odds, man kann darauf wetten.

have been — *have been it*.

was (low) — *stood*.

and so to shoot — *and thus shot them*.

p. 321. to teach, anleiten.
here is — *that is*.

maketh go — *makes*.

(things) are — *have come*.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

Sea — *Sea-piece*.

It is — *It represents*.

prolonged, anhaltend.

streaming, in Streifen dahin-
ziehend.

the ridge, der Wogenrücken.

swell — *height*.

local, auf eine Stelle beschränkt.

deep drawn, tiefgeschöpft.

along — *in*.

the trough, die Vertiefung.

bathes like blood — *bathes it like with blood*.

to toss, sich erheben.

fitfully, stoßweise.

the understrength of the swell,
die von unten wirkende Kraft
der Brandung.

p. 322. fire — *light*.

reckless, blindlings dahinstür-
zend.

the added — *still the added*.

the flying, der Flug.

the breaker, die Sturzwelle.

to gather, verdichten.

low — *dark*.

to advance, zuschreiten.

guilty, schuldbeladen.

written — *drawing (abzeichnen)*.

which signs the sky with horror
— *which gives to the sky the*

sign of horror.

reduced — *forced*.

to rest, gründen, to found.

the conception, die Auffassung.

wrought out, ausgeführt.

a life, ein Menschenleben.

a morbid hue, ein krankhafter
Ton.

the deathfulness, die Todesfülle.

HINTS FOR TRANSLATION.

1. — (a) The men, *hearing that noise, ran away.* Die Leute liefen davon, als sie jenen Lärm hörten.
 (b) the child, *having never yet seen such a monster, was afraid.* Das Kind, welches noch nie solch ein Ungeheuer gesehen hatte, fürchtete sich.

A participial clause is translated into German by a dependent sentence with either a Conjunction (a) or a Relative (b).

2. — The Saxons, *having conquered the greater part of Britain, founded seven Kingdoms.* Nachdem die Sachsen den größeren Theil von Britannien erobert hatten, gründeten sie sieben Königreiche.

When a participial clause (*having conquered etc.*) separates the Subject (*Saxons*) from its finite verb (*founded*), this participial clause, having been turned into a dependent clause with a Conjunction, is often put before the principal sentence, the Subject (die Sachsen) entering into the former and being repeated by a pronoun (*sie*) in the latter.

3. — (a) He grew very strong *by carrying a heavier burden every day.* Er wurde sehr stark dadurch, daß er jeden Tag eine schwerere Last trug.
 (b) They could not agree *about dividing their prize.* Sie konnten sich nicht darüber einigen, wie sie ihre Beute theilen sollten.
 (c) They had entered the river *without knowing it.* Sie waren in den Fluß gelangt, ohne es zu wissen (ohne, daß sie es wußten).

If a verbal noun (*carrying, dividing*) is preceded by a preposition, the verbal noun is translated by a dependent sentence or an Infinitive. When the whole clause represents an Adverb of cause [as in (a)] or of manner [as in (b)], it must be rendered by a dependent sentence having its preposition preceded by "da".

4. — They quarrelled about *dividing* the spoils. Sie zankten sich über die Theilung der Beute.

Sometimes however the verbal noun (present participle) can be rendered by a noun in German.

5. — Cæsar passed the Rubicon and, having followed Pompey with an army into Greece, beat him at Pharsalus. Cæsar überschritt den Rubicon, und nachdem er dem Pompejus mit einem Heere nach Griechenland gefolgt war, schlug er ihn bei Pharsalus.

If two principal clauses (Cæsar passed . . . and beat . . .) having the same Subject (Cæsar) form one sentence, and if in the second inversion takes place, the subject must be repeated by a pronoun (er) unless the same words which cause inversion in the second principal clause also cause inversion in the first.

6. — (a) They got hard knocks and hard work in plenty, *which* was on the whole what they looked for. Sie bekamen tüchtige Stöße und schwere Arbeit in Fülle, und dies war im Ganzen, was sie erwarteten.
(b) Upon *which* . . . Hierauf . . .
Und hierauf . . .

In English the Relative is frequently employed when the previous preposition may be considered as complete: in German the Demonstrative is employed in such cases; mostly with the addition of "und".

7. — Give him what is left. Gebt ihm was noch übrig ist.

In German the particle "noch, still", ought be added wherever the sense will allow it, even where it is considered superfluous in English.

8. — (a) Her robes, *embroidered with gold*, fell in ample folds upon the ground. Ihr mit Gold gesticktes Gewand fiel in weiten Falten auf die Erde.

- (b) Such people, *only attentive* to what passes among the stars, forget that they are still denizens of this world. Solche Leute, die nur (indem sie nur) auf das ihre Aufmerksamkeit richten, was sich unter den Sternen zuträgt, vergeffen, daß sie noch Bürger dieser Welt find.

In English attributes or attributive clauses frequently follow the word which they qualify; in German this is very rare: they must, if possible (as with Adjectives) be put before such word, or be changed into a dependent — generally relative — clause.

9. — (a) He ordered *them* to be destroyed. Er befahl, daß man sie zerstörte.
(b) *He* was believed to be an honest man. Man glaubte (H. 12), daß er ein ehrlicher Man sei.

In English (as in Latin) the construction of the Accusative or Nominative with an Infinitive is frequently used after verbs of "*saying*", "*thinking*" etc.; in German this construction is rendered by a dependent clause with "daß".

10. — Although, in the beginning Alfred appeared in such a bad light, he soon made himself a general favourite. Obgleich sich Alfred Anfangs in so schlechtem Lichte zeigte, so machte er sich doch bald zum Liebling Aller.

In English, sentences frequently begin with several Adverbs, adverbial clauses, or Conjunctions, not dependent on each other nor joined by a Conjunction expressing coordination; this must be avoided in German, not more than one of such Adverbs etc. being allowed to precede the finite verb, or Subject.

11. — Considering the time he made great progress in his studies. Wenn man die Zeit in Anschlag bringt, so machte er große Fortschritte in seinen Studien.

There are many words in English which being in the Singular, must be translated into German by a word in the plural, and vice versa. It is of great importance that the Student should direct his attention to such cases.

12. — He was offered a high price. Man bot ihm einen hohen Preis an.

In English the Passive is frequently used when in German the Active ought to be employed.

13. — (a) The season of the year *would* not permit them to depend upon their supplies by sea. Die Jahreszeit erlaubte ihnen nicht, sich von der Zufuhr ihrer Vorräthe auf dem Seewege abhängig zu machen.
 (b) He *would* frequently carry him to the puppet-show. Er pflegte ihn häufig ins Puppentheater zu nehmen.
 (c) He *would* go, although I told him of the dangers which were awaiting him. Er bestand darauf zu gehen, obgleich ich ihm die Gefahren auseinanderlegte, die ihn erwarteten.

In English the parts of the so-called auxiliary verb "will" sometimes add nothing — beyond indicating the tense — to the meaning of the verb which they accompany (a), sometimes they signify "to be accustomed" "to use" (b), sometimes "to insist" (c).

14. — We now admire the coin only for the stamp it once bore. Wir bewundern die Münze jetzt nur wegen des Stempels, den sie einst trug.

In English the relative pronoun is frequently not put where it must be given in German.

15. — (a) They cut off *his* head. Sie schlugen ihm den Kopf ab.
 (b) I suppose, to protect the country *of the Bavarian*. Wohl gar um dem Baier sein Land zu schützen.

The English possessive pronoun (a) and the possessive case (b) are often rendered in German by the Dative case — in the former instance (a) of the corresponding personal pronoun.

16. — *It is* with the pure hope of giving his parents pleasure that he comes. Er kommt mit der reinen Hoffnung seinen Eltern Freude zu machen.

In English sentences frequently begin with "*It is*" or "*It was*" and continue with "*that*", "*who*", etc.: in German the two clauses ought to be changed into one principal sentence, leaving out the words indicated above.



